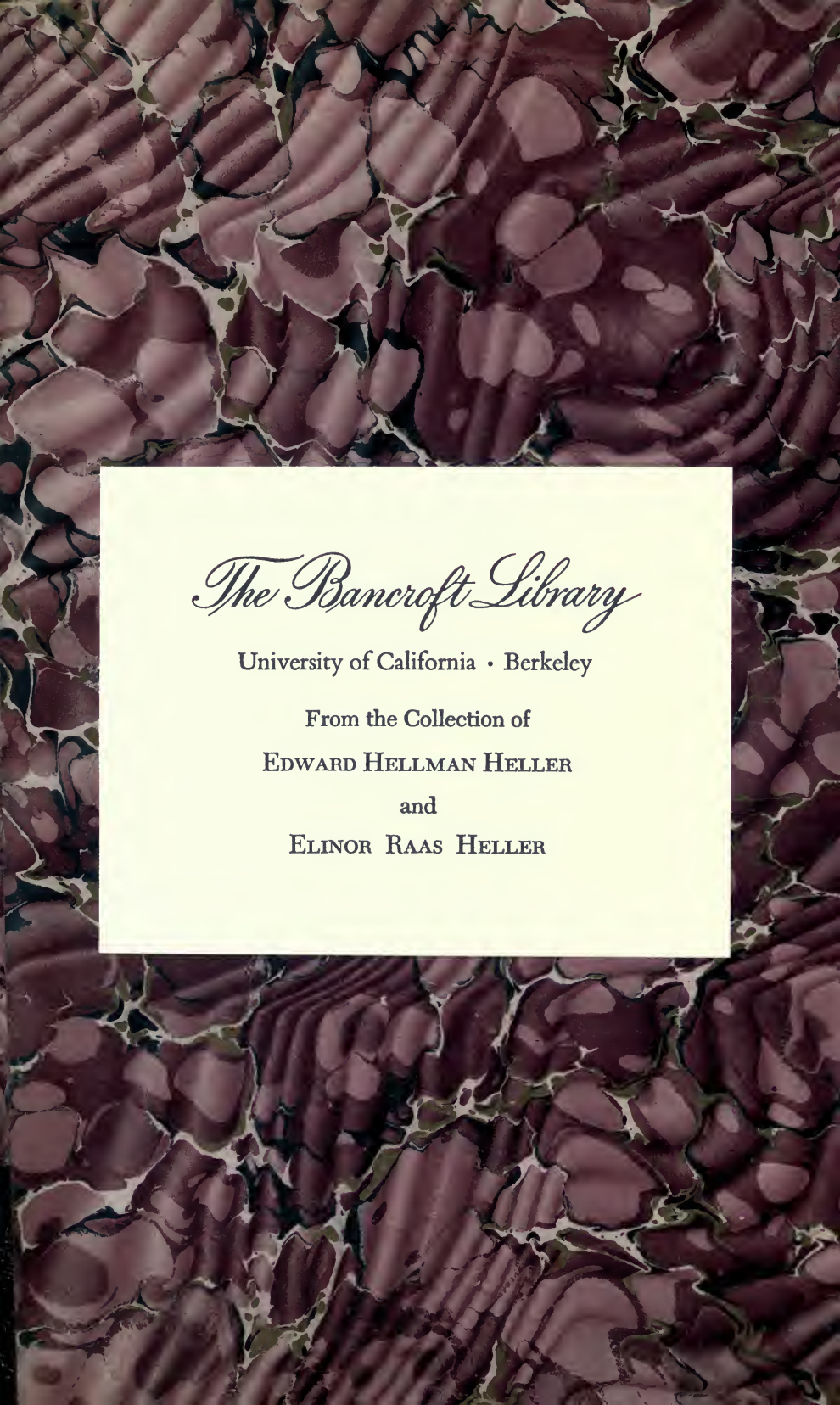



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Bishop Percy's

Folio Manuscript.

Ballads and Romances.

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND ASSISTANT TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROFESSOR CHILD, W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

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The Publications for 1864–65 and '66 are out of print, but a *Reprinting Fund* is now open for reprinting them. Thirty members are wanted to complete the 1864 subscription. A few copies of separate texts remain: of No. **4**,—Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320—30, edited by R. Morris, Esq., 10*s.*; and No. **5**, of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, bc Alexander Hume, ab. 1617 A.D., edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq., 4*s.*

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The Society's Report, January 1867, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc. can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, Henry B. Wheatley, Esq., 53 Berners Street, W.

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Ballads and Romances.

Vol. II.

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Vol. II.

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N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

As the first volume was specially that of Arthur and Gawaine, of Robin Hood and his great compeer, now almost forgotten, 'Randolph, Erl of Chestre,' so this second volume is specially that of Sir Grey, who did such mighty deeds for England, and the pathos of whose death in his hermit's cell near Warwick has never yet been worthily sung.

But the Arthur and Gawaine stories are here continued in *The Grene Knight*, the *Boy and Mantle*, and *Libius Disconius*; and we have besides, in the present volume, versions of some of the best of our English ballads, *Chevy Chase*, *Childe Waters*, *Bell my Wiffe*, *Bessie off Bednall*, &c. Of one of the best of them, *King Estmere*, Percy's ruthless hands (p. 200, note) have prevented us giving the MS. version of the folio. We have been unable to find any other MS. or printed copy of this ballad, and have therefore been obliged to put side by side in an appendix Percy's two printed versions of it, with all their differences from each other marked in italics, so that readers may judge for themselves as to his probable amount of alteration in the other parts.

The folio version of *Bell my Wiffe*—a ballad to which Shakspere's quotation of it in *Othello* has secured immortality—is believed to be the earliest known; and as it just filled a page

in the MS. it was chosen for photolithographing, and an impression of it will be given with Vol. III. for Vol. I.

John de Reeue is (among other pieces) here printed for the first time, and if it can be taken in any degree as a picture of the bondman's condition at the time it represents, or even the time it was written, it is of considerable historical value. At any rate, it shows us a merry scene of early English life. *Conscience's* tale is of a darker tint, but is valuable for its sketch of the corruptions of its times. The other historical ballads treat of fights and plots abroad and at home—of Agincourt, Buckingham's Fall, the Siege of Cadiz, Durham Field, Northumberland besieged by Douglas, &c. &c.,—but none of them are of more than average merit.

Mr. Hales has written all the Introductions, except those to *Cales Voyage* (for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, the Director of the Camden Society), to *Earle Bodwell* (which is reprinted from the first edition of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*), to *Boy and Mantle* (which is reprinted from Professor Child's *Ballads*), and the following by Mr. Furnivall: *Come, Come; Conscience; Agincourte Battell;* and *Libius Disconius*. Mr. Hales has also written the Introductory Essay on The Revival of Ballad Poetry in the Eighteenth Century.

For the text Mr. Furnivall is, as before, mainly responsible, and has to thank Mr. W. A. Dalziel for his help in reading the copy and proof with the MS. The contractions of the MS. are printed in italics in the text.

To the Revs. Alexander Dyce, W. W. Skeat, J. Roberts, and Archdeacon Hale; to Messrs. Chappell, Bruce, T. Wright, Planché, and Jones, the Editors tender their thanks for help in divers ways.

February 4, 1868.

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CORRIGENDA.

p. **9**, l. **68**, *for* armour *read* armor.
p. **16**, l. **253**, *for* and *read* &.
p. **23**, l. **9**, *for* [and] *read* &.
p. **28**, l. **6**, *for* with *read* with.
l. **22**, *for* betweon *read* betweene.
p. **29**, l. **77**, *for* thein *read* them.
p. **41**, l. **9**, *for* up *read* vp.
p. **46**, l. **7**, *for* bells *read* bell.
p. **60**, note **8**, *for* theye *read* they.
p. **63**, l. **134**; p. **66**, l. **203**, **215**; *for* and *read* &.
p. **72**, note [2]: *the* r *has fallen out of the A.-Sax.* Gram.
p. **77**, note, col. **1**, l. **2**; *for* missed. As *read* missed, as.
p. **140**, l. **109**, *add* witt *at the end of the line.*
note [1], *for* Strowt yn *read* Strowtyn.
p. **159**, l. **7**, *for* 1569 *read* 1659.
p. **164**, note [2], *for* terme *read* tenne.
p. **254**, l. **12**, *for* Robert *read* Richard.
p. **379**, notes, col. **2**, for "1867" read "*Babees Book*, &c. 1868."

N.B. The reading of the vol. with the MS. was stopt at p. 74 by the return of the MS. to its owners.

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1867.

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TEMPORARY NOTICE

TO

VOL. II., PART I.

THE many pressing engagements—literary, scholastic, and domestic—of Mr. Hales, are the cause of Part I. only of this second volume appearing instead of the whole volume, and also of the Introductions being slighter than before. On Mr. Hales's return from the Continent, Part II. of Vol. II. (the text of which is in type), and Vol. III. (with a Life of Bishop Percy by the Rev. John Pickford of Alvechurch) will be produced as quickly as possible. The owners of the Manuscript have kindly extended again the term for the return of it to them. October 1 is the date now fixed, and by that time the whole of the text must be ready. We hope the work will be finished then too.

Mr. Hales has written for this volume an Essay on the Revival of Ballad Poetry in England in the Eighteenth Century, and all the Introductions, except those to *Cales Voyage*,—for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, the Director of the Camden Society,—to *Come, Come*; *Conscience*; and *Agincourte Battell*, which are by Mr. Furnivall; and to *Earle Bodwell*, which is reprinted from the first edition of Bishop Percy's Reliques.

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To Mr. Chappell, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Planché, Mr. Jones, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, and the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the Editors tender their thanks for help of divers kinds.

August 11, 1867.

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THE REVIVAL OF BALLAD POETRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The last century in England was in more respects than one a valley of dry bones. About the middle of it, "they were very many," and "they were very dry." Shortly afterwards, "behold, a noise," and the bones began to come together. These signs of life were followed by a growing animation. From the four quarters came the wind, and breathed on the quickening mass. From the north it came in its strength; from the east and the west it blew vigorously; from the south it rushed with a wild furious sweeping blast that changed the face of the valley. So at last the century revived—its dull lack-lustre eyes brightened—its stagnant pulse leapt—it lived.

I do not now propose to attempt a full description of this mighty revival. But I propose confining myself to one particular feature of it—the appreciation of our older literature, and especially of our ballad poetry. The century that had long been fully satisfied with its own productions, at last recognised that the English literature of ages that had preceded it was not wholly barbarous. The century that had given up itself to rules, and reduced the art of poetry to a mechanical trick, at last acknowledged graces beyond the reach of its art. At last it was brought to see that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in its philosophy.

It discovered that there were innumerable beauties around it to which it had long been blind. It left its gardens and its

elaborate manipulations of nature to see Nature herself. It gave over refining the lily and gilding the rose to look at the flowers in their simple beauty. It became conscious of the exquisite beauties and glories of Switzerland, of the English lakes, of Wales. New worlds of splendour, and of noble enjoyment, dawned upon it. Not greater discoveries were made by Columbus and his followers four centuries before than were then made. The age, with all its self-complaisance, had been living in a prison. The doors were thrown open, and it came forth to feel and enjoy the fresh breezes and the gracious sunshine. A huger, more dismal, more cramping Bastile than that of Paris fell along with it. The age saw at the same time that, besides the beauties of nature, there were beauties that the art of former days had bequeathed it. It began to discern the subtle loveliness of old cathedral churches that studded the country. It had long eyed them with much disfavour. It had sadly disfigured them with adornments of its own devising, and according with its own notions. It had deplored them as monstrous relics of a profound barbarism. But at last the scales fell from its eyes, and it saw that these "tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts" were "amiable." It awoke to their supreme, lavish, refined beautifulness. So with respect to other branches of Gothic art, other fruits of the old Romantic times, they came to a better appreciation of them. Poets and poems that had for many a day been relegated to neglect and oblivion, were more frankly and fairly valued. Voices that had long been silenced or ignored began to find a hearing and a heeding audience. As Greek literature was revived in the fifteenth, so was Romantic in the eighteenth.

A fair criterion of the progress of the century in the recognition of the Romantic age is its appreciation of Chaucer. The most important event of the century regarding him is the appearance of Tyrwhitt's edition of him in 1775. Then at last

an attempt was made to vindicate his fame from the imputation of rudeness; to show that he, no less than the eighteenth-century poets, had some sense of melody, some talent for character-drawing, some power of language. Spenser was more readily and continuously accepted. The age sympathised with the moralising part of his genius, and found pleasure in imitating him. But, as I have said, I propose now considering the history of our ballad poetry; and to it I turn.

The most signal event regarding it is the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765. Let us see how the century was prepared, or had been preparing, for that famous publication.

Our English ballads, though highly popular in the Elizabethan age, as innumerable allusions to them in Shakespeare and the other dramatists, and in the general literature of the time, show, were yet never collected into any volume, save in *Garlands*, till the year 1723. They wandered up and down the country without even sheepskins or goatskins to protect them. They flew about like the birds of the air, and sung songs dear to the heart of the common people—songs whose power was sometimes confessed by the higher classes, but not so thoroughly appreciated as to induce them to exert themselves for their preservation. They were looked down upon as things that were very good in their proper place, but which must not be admitted into higher society. They were admired in a condescending manner. They were much better than could be expected. But no one thought of them as popular lyrics of great intrinsic value. No one put forth a hand to save them from perishing. The custom of covering the walls of houses with them that happily prevailed in the seventeenth century did something for their preservation. So secured, they had a better chance of keeping a place in men's memories, and meeting some day appreciative eyes. Towards the end of the said century were made one or two

collections of the broad sheets containing them. The black-letter literature of the people was collected rather for its curiousness than its power or beauty, by antiquaries rather than by poets or enjoyers of poetry. Whatever their motives, let us praise Wood and Harley, Selden [1] and Pepys, Rawlinson, Douce, and Bagford, for their services in gathering together and protecting the frail outcasts from destruction. They were as great benefactors of the old ballads as Captain Coram was of foundlings. Be their names glorified!

There can be no doubt that the powerful mind of Dryden justly appreciated the strength of our old literature, although he so far bows before the spirit of his age as to deface it for the reception of that age. Even when he revised and spoiled Chaucer's works, he felt the power of them. But he resigned his own judgment to that of his contemporaries. This Samson in his captivity consented to make merry and carouse with his captors—to translate the songs he loved into the Philistine dialect. He had a fine appreciation of the old ballads. "I have heard," says a *Spectator*, "that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour." He is, I think, the first collector of poems who conceded to popular ballads their due place,—who admitted them into the society of other poems—poems by the most Eminent Hands,—who perceived their excellence, and welcomed them accordingly. To other collectors of that date it was as disgraceful to a poem as to a man to have no father,

[1] Tradition says that Pepys "borrowed" a part of his Collection from Selden, and forgot to return it.—W. C.

or to be suspected of a common origin. Dryden rose above this prejudice. He showed one or two ballads the same hospitality as he extended to the poetasters of Oxford and Cambridge, whose name was Legion at this time. In the *Miscellany Poems*, edited by him, of which the first volume appeared in 1684, the last in 1708, eight years after his death, are to be found "Little Musgrave and the Lady Bernard," certainly one of the most vigorous ballads in our language; "Chevy Chase," with a rhyming Latin translation; "Johnnie Armstrong," "Gilderoy," "The Miller and the King's Daughters." But the evil that men do lives after them. Dryden, in his "Knight's Tale" and other works, had set the fashion of imitating and modernising our old poems. That fashion survived him. For more than half a century after his death, with the exception of the insertion of two or three in Playford's [1] *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*, and of the *Collection of Old Ballads* above referred to, we have produced in England imitations or adaptations of ballads—no faithful reprint of the genuine thing. The wine that the age had given it to drink was a miserable dilution, or only coloured water. Conspicuous amongst these imitators or adapters were Parnell, Prior, and Tickell. But there were two men in Queen Anne's time who had a genuine relish for old ballads, and who said a good word for them. These were Addison and Rowe. Addison's taste for them had been awakened during his travels on the Continent. "When I travelled," he writes, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness

[1] This Collection, though generally called D'Urfey's, was Henry Playford's. D'Urfey edited only the last edition (1719), in six volumes. Five were printed in 1714; the first volume in 1699.—W. C.

to please and gratify the mind of man." He gives, as is well known, two numbers of the *Spectator* to a consideration of "Chevy Chase," one to that of the "Children in the Wood." "The old song of 'Chevy Chase,'" he writes, "is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works." Then he quotes Sir Philip Sidney's famous words; and then adds, "For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song that I shall give my reader a critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing." And he proceeds to investigate the poem according to the critical rules of his time. He compares it with other heroic poems, and illustrates it from Virgil and Horace. He read the old ballad in the light of his age—viewed and reviewed it in a somewhat narrow spirit. But he did read it—he did look at it. In spite of the confining criticism and hypercriticism of the day, he did feel and recognise its power. "Thus we see," his *examen* concludes, "how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit." In another paper he calls attention to and expresses the "most exquisite pleasure" he had received from "The Two Children in the Wood," which he had encountered pasted upon the wall of some house in the country. He describes it as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and as having been "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age;" and then he discusses it after his manner. "The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." But he could not bring his

contemporaries to sympathise with him. They would not hear, charmed he never so wisely. His "Chevy Chase" papers were ridiculed and parodied by Dennis and Wagstaff and kindred spirits. To them perhaps he alludes in the concluding words of his notice of the other ballad he reviews: "As for the little conceited wits of the age," he writes, "who can only show their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire those productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art." He fought a losing battle. What appreciation of the old things there was at the beginning of the century was rapidly decaying. An age of elaborate artificiality, and studied affectation, was dawning.

I have mentioned Rowe as sharing Addison's appreciation of the old ballads. He takes for one of his plays a subject that was the theme of a widely popular ballad, and in introducing his tragedy, deprecates the adverse prejudices of his audience, and speaks boldly in favour of the elder literature, and against the wretched affectations of his time. The Prologue to his "Jane Shore," first acted in 1713, opens thus:

> To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,
> We'll treat you with a downright English feast,
> A tale which, told long since in homely wise,
> Hath never failed of melting gentle eyes.
> Let no nice sir despise the hapless dame
> Because recording ballads chaunt her name;
> Those venerable ancient song-enditers
> Soared many a pitch above our modern writers.
> They caterwauled in no romantic ditty,
> Sighing for Philis's or Cloe's pity;
> Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
> And sung her by her Christian name—'twas Jane.
> Our numbers may be more refined than those,
> But what we've gained in verse, we've lost in prose;
> Their words no shuffling double-meaning knew,
> Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

> In such an age immortal Shakespear wrote.
> By no quaint rules nor hampering critics taught,
> With rough majestic force they moved the heart,
> And strength and nature made amends for art.
> Our humble author does his steps pursue;
> He owns he had the mighty bard in view;
> And in these scenes has made it more his care
> To rouse the passions than to charm the ear.

But this advocacy, too, of a better taste was doomed to fail. Rowe, as Addison, spoke in vain. The literary dominion of France was growing more and more supreme. Protests in behalf of our old masters were urged fruitlessly. The charms of our ballad poetry were disregarded, were despised.

There were, however, others besides Addison and Rowe who had some slight sense of those charms, as for instance those whom we have named—Parnell, Tickell, Prior. Parnell's acquaintance with our older literature is shown in his "Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style." It is but a feeble piece, written in a favourite Romance metre—the metre of Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Topas"—and decorated with occasional bits of bad grammar to give it an antique look. Tickell's friendship with Addison could not but have conduced to some familiarity on his part with the old ballads. He seems to have been inspired by them in no ordinary degree. Apropos of his "Lucy and Colin," Goldsmith remarks: "Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is perhaps the best in our language in this way." The writer of it has evidently drunk from the old wells. The story is simple. It is told in a queer style—a sort of strange compromise between the simplicity of the old ballad language and the superfine verbiage that was rising into esteem in Tickell's own day. Lucy, the reader may remember, is deserted by her lover for a richer bride. She cannot survive this cruelty. She says, to quote well-known lines,

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay.
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

She is buried on the day of her false lover's marriage. The funeral cortège encounters the hymeneal. The bridegroom's old passion, too late, revives.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew his brow;
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

There is not the true note here, but there is a distant echo of it. In the handsome folio volume of poems published by Matthew Prior in 1718 was printed the "Not-Browne Maide," not for its own sake, but for the sake of a piece called "Henry and Emma," an extremely loose paraphrase of it, that the reader might see how magic was Mr. Prior's touch, who could transmute so rude an effort into a work so finely polished. However, Prior deserves some credit for having brought the old poem forward at all. His "Henry and Emma" won great applause. What a strange, instructive, significant fact, that when it and its original were placed before them, men should deliberately choose it! A morbid taste was prevailing with a vengeance. No plea that the language was obscure can be advanced in this case, as for Dryden's and Pope's versions of the *Canterbury Tales*. There is no obscurity in these words:

O Lorde, what is
This worldis blisse,
That chaungeth as the mone!
The somers day
In lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I hear you say
Farewel! Nay, nay,
We departe not soo sone;
Why say ye so?
Wheder wyle ye goo?

Alas! what have ye done?
Alle my welfare
To sorow and care
Shulde chaunge yf ye were gon;
For in my mynde
Of all mankynde
I loue but you alone.

But Prior's age did not care for their simple beauty. It could not value that art *quæ celat artem*. It could not enjoy wild flowers. To the above delightful speech it preferred the following:

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon,
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd;
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the nut-brown maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolved, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

Early in the reign of George I., then, the old ballads had grown insipid. Men had no longer eyes to see their wild graces. An age of rules was shocked by their fine irregularity. A moralising and sentimentalising age was horrified at their plain-spokenness and objectivity. A didactic age could conceive no interest in such spontaneous songs. It had narrow ideas of what is instructive, and it wanted instructing. It did not under-

stand the singing as the linnet sings. It wanted its theories illustrated, discussed, enforced. In a word, it confounded poetry and morality. It did not cultivate, and it lost the faculty of pure enjoyment. No wonder then, if, finding no response to its ideas in the old ballads, it turned away from them, and would not answer when they called, would not dance when they piped.

But even at this time, when they were rapidly nearing the *nadir* of their popularity, the ballads found a friend. In 1723 appeared a volume of collected ballads, followed three years afterwards by a second, in 1727 by a third. These three volumes formed that first collection of English ballads (there is only one Scotch [1] ballad among them) to which we have above adverted. Denmark had made collections of its ballads in 1591 and in 1695; Spain in 1510, 1555, 1566, and 1615. England—save the earlier Garlands—first did so in 1723. Scotland, without, so far as we know, any knowledge of what had been done in England, in the following year, when Allan Ramsay, a great student of "the Bruce," "the Wallis," and Lyndsay's works,

[1] Songs and ballads of rustic and of humble life were called "Scotch" from about the middle of the 17th century, and without any intention of imputing to them a Scottish origin, or that they were imitations. The same had before been called "Northern." Mr. Payne Collier repeatedly reminds the readers of the Registers of the Stationers' Company that this word "northern" means "rustic." (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 28, 1861, p. 514; Feb. 8, 1862, p. 106; Feb. 21, 1863, p. 145.) The substitution of "Scotch" seems to have commenced during the civil war, and perhaps only after Charles II. had been crowned King of Scots, when "Scotch" at length became a popular, and even a party word with the Cavaliers. The first writer in whom I have noted the change is Martin Parker, author of the famous Cavalier ballad "When the King shall enjoy his own again." (See, for instance, "A pair of turtle doves, or a dainty new Scotch dialogue between a yong man and his mistresse," subscribed Martin Parker, *Pop. Music*, p. 452.) After him came Tom D'Urfey, and many more. The use extended till, at length, even ballads relating to the northern counties of England, and so, in every sense "northern," were reprinted as Scotch. (See, for instance, "Nanny O," *Pop. Music*, p. 610, note *a*.) This conventional meaning of "Scotch" seems to have been accepted in Scotland as well as in England, for in no other sense could Allan Ramsay claim, among others, Gay's ballad, "Black-ey'd Susan," in the very first part of "A miscellany of Scots Sangs," or W. Thomson appropriate songs by Ambrose Phillips and other well-known Englishmen, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*. This remark is necessary because Percy has, throughout, taken the words "northern" and "Scotch" only in their literal local sense. —W. C.

having "observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural strength of thought and simplicity of stile our Forefathers practised," published his "Ever-Green, being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," and in the same year "The Tea-Table Miscellany, or a Collection of Scots Sangs, in three volumes." All three collections seem to have enjoyed a fair success. Who was the author of the English one is not known.[1] It is called "A collection of Old Ballads corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humorous, illustrated with copper plates." The editor adopts an apologetic motto for his book—some of the above-quoted words of Rowe. He writes, too, in an apologetic vein. "There are many," he says, "who perhaps will think it ridiculous enough to enter seriously into a Dissertation upon Ballads." He is evidently rather afraid of being thought a frivolous creature by his lofty-minded contemporaries. He is a little uneasy in introducing his protegées to the polished public. But he does his duty by them bravely, only indulging himself now and then in a little superior laugh at their expense. He gives what account he can of the theme of each one, and shows always a thorough interest in his work. But the time was not yet ripe for his labours. The popularity that attended the first appearance of his collection soon ceased. The predominant character of the age was not changed. The old voices could not yet secure a hearing. The age clung to its idols. Its Pharisaic spirit was too strong to be restrained. It could not yet believe that out of the mouth of the common people there was ordained strength.

After the middle of the century some promise was shown of

[1] Dr. Farmer ascribes it to Ambrose Phillips. See Lowndes, under "Ballads."—W. C.

a better era. In Capell's "Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Antient Poetry, compil'd with great care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of Worthy Authors," published in 1760, appeared the "Not-browne Mayde," no longer accompanied by a modernised version. This book gives hints of the reaction that was coming against the old manipulating method. "Fidelity to the best Texts," is its watchword. In the same year (1760) appeared Macpherson's Ossian, and produced an immense sensation. Bishop Percy, with the good wishes and assistance of many then distinguished men—of Shenstone, Garrick, Joseph Warton, Farmer—was supplementing the treasures of his wonderful Folio MS. from other quarters, and preparing the materials of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. About the same time (1764) appeared Evans's "Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards." Mallet's work on "the remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia," had already been published some years.[1] About the same time Gray was writing his Welsh and Scandinavian pieces.[2] At the same time Chatterton was striving to satisfy the new taste that was spreading with forgeries of old poems.[3] The first decade, then, of George III.'s reign is most memorable in the history of the

[1] Mallet (P.-H.) Introduction à l'histoire de Dannemark, où l'on traite de la religion, des mœurs et usages des anciens danois etc. *Copenhague*, 1755-56. *Les Monumens de la Mythologie et de la Poesie des Celtes* (trad. des *Edda*) ouvrage qui fait partie de cette introduction, ont aussi paru séparément avec un titre particulier, en 1756. *Brunet.* Percy's translation was published in 1770.—F.

[2] In 1767 he [Gray] had intended a second tour to Scotland. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his poems was published by Foulis at Glasgow; and at the same time Dodsley was also printing them in London. In both these editions, the "Long Story" was omitted. Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian poetry, written in a bold and original manner, were inserted in its place. *Mitford's Life of Gray*, Works, i. xlix.-l.—F.

[3] Published in 1777. He died Aug. 25th, 1770. His first article, purporting to be the transcript of an ancient MS. entitled "A Description of the Fryers' first passage over the Old Bridge," appeared in Farley's Journal, Bristol, Oct. 1768. *Penny Cycl.*—F.

revival of our ballad poetry. Then commenced an appreciation of it which has grown stronger and stronger with the lapse of years. Then it found itself so well supported that it was able to hold up its head in spite of peremptory contemptuous criticism. It feared no more the frowns of the great. Its beauty was no longer to be hid—its light no longer veiled away from men's eyes. "Even from the tomb the voice of nature cried." In the midst of conventionalisms and artificialities, Simplicity and Truth asserted themselves. The age was growing sick and weary of its old darlings; growing sensible that there was no salvation in them, no infallibility, no supreme delight in their worship:

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

Cinderella had sat by the kitchen fire for many a day. For many a day the elder sisters, tricked out in all the modish finery of the time, every attitude studied, every look elaborated every movement affected, had possessed the drawing-room in all their fashionable state. Cinderella down in the kitchen had heard the rustle of their fine silks and satins, and the sound of their polite conversation. She had been perplexed by their polished verbiage, and felt her own awkwardness and rusticity. She had never dared to think herself beautiful. No admiring eyes ever came near her in which she might mirror herself. She had never dared to think her voice sweet. No rapt ears ever drank in fondly its accents. She felt herself a plain-faced, dull-souled, uninteresting person, not worthy to receive any attention from any one of the fine gentlemen who adored her sisters, or to enter their well-mannered society. But her lowliness was to be regarded. The songs she had sung in the kitchen to the servants—her humble, unpretentious songs—they were to find greater favour than ever did those of her much-complimented sisters. She too was to be the *belle* of balls. It was about the year 1760 when the possibility of so

great a change in her condition became first conceivable. She met with many enemies, who clamoured that the kitchen was her proper place, and vehemently opposed her admission into any higher room. The Prince was long in finding her out. The sisters put many an obstacle between him and her. They could not understand the failure of their own attractions. They could not appreciate the excellence of hers. But at last the Prince found her, and took her in all her simple sweetness to himself. At last, to lay metaphors aside, England acknowledged the power and beauty of the ballads that had suffered for so long a time such grievous neglect.

At the accession of George III., William Whitehead was in the third year of his adornment of the Poet Laureateship. "The Pleasures of Imagination," "The Schoolmistress," "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality"—works which had been given to the world some sixteen or eighteen years before—were at the zenith of their fame. The general character of our literature at this time was wholly didactic. We cannot wonder, then, if the appearance of a poetry that was weighted with no overbearing moral, or other purpose, produced a tremendous effect. We may be prepared to understand the prodigious excitement caused by the publication in 1760 of "The Works of Ossian the Son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic language by James Macpherson." With all their magniloquence, they did not sermonise; they expressed some genuine feeling. Amidst all their affected cries there was a true voice audible. Three years subsequently, Bishop Percy, moved by Ossian's popularity, published a translation from the Icelandic language of five pieces of Runic poetry.

In the following year, 1764, appeared "Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards translated into English, with Explanatory Notes on the Historical Passages, and a short Account of Men and Places mentioned by the Bards, in order

to give the Curious some Idea of the Taste and Sentiments of our Ancesters and their Manner of Writing, by the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans, curate of Glanvair Talyhaern in Denbighshire" —a work with which Gray was familiar. Shortly afterwards appeared Gray's own translations, made from translations, of Norse and Welsh pieces: "The Fatal Sisters," "The Descent of Odin," "The Triumphs of Owen," and "The Death of Hoel." About the time, then, of the appearance of the *Reliques* in 1765, there was dispersed over the country some slight knowledge of the old Celtic and of Scandinavian poetry.

And now the age was ripe for the reception of such a collection of old ballads as had been published some forty years, but had then, after a short-lived circulation, fallen into neglect. Thomas Percy, the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, a graduate of Oxford, vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, was by nature something of an antiquarian. When "very young," he became possessed of a folio MS. of old ballads and romances. "This very curious old MS." he says in a memorandum made in the old folio itself, "in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn, I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend Humphrey Pitt, Esq. then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Prior Lee near that town; who died very lately at Bath; viz. in Summer 1769. I saw it lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y^e^ Parlour: being used by the maids to light the fire." "When I first got possession of this MS." he says in another entry in the same place, "I was very young, and being in no degree an Antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it; which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its margin; and in one or two instances, for even taking out the leaves, to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful." Besides this famous folio, he possessed also a quarto MS. volume of similar pieces, supposed

to be the same as one still in the hands of his family, and containing only copies of printed poems. The folio has remained in the hands of the Bishop's family in the greatest privacy hitherto; Jamieson and Sir F. Madden being (I believe) the only editors who have printed from it, though Dibdin was allowed to catalogue part of it. It is now at last, as our readers know, being printed just as it is. These volumes had in Percy a (for that time) highly appreciative possessor. He determined to introduce to the public some specimens of their contents. This proposal was promoted by the sympathy of many then distinguished men: of Shenstone, Bird, Grainger, Steevens, Farmer, and by others of still greater and more enduring note—Garrick and Goldsmith. At last, in 1765 appeared *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind) together with some few of later date.* The editor, even as the editor of the collection of 1723, of whom we have spoken, has, manifestly, some misgivings about the character of his protegées. He is not quite sure how they will be received by his polite contemporaries. He speaks of them, in his Dedication of his volumes to the Countess of Northumberland (he was extremely ambitious to connect himself with the great Percies of the North), as "the rude songs of ancient minstrels," "the barbarous productions of unpolished ages," and is troubled for fear lest he should be guilty of some impropriety in hoping that they "can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example. But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear when it is declared that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages." In his Preface he says that "as most of" the contents of his folio MS. "are of great simplicity, and seem to have

been merely written for the people, the possessor was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed." "In a polished age, like the present, he adds, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics [a foot-note cites Addison, Dryden, Lord Dorset &c., and Selden] have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination [Did "The School-mistress," "The Sugar-cane," dazzle the imagination?] are frequently found to interest the heart." Still more striking are the following words: "To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing." And then he buttresses his volumes with eminent names—Shenstone, Thomas Warton, Garrick, Johnson (we shall see presently how far Johnson was likely to smile on his undertaking), which "names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It hath been taken up and thrown aside for many months during an interval of four or five years." With such apologies and antidotes did the Reliques make their *début*! How strange—what a wonderful tale of altered taste it tells—that in order to make "Chevy Chase," "Edom o' Gordon," "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard," endurable, to reconcile

the reader to their rudeness, such charming *chaperones* should be assigned them as "Bryan and Pereene, a West Indian ballad by Dr. Grainger," "Jemmy Dawson, by Mr. Shenstone"! "Bryan and Pereene," "founded on a real fact," narrates how Pereene, "the pride of Indian dames," went down to the sea-shore to meet her lover, who, after an absence in England of one long long year one month and day, was returning to St. Christopher's and his mistress.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk, so neatly clad
She there impatient stood;

Bryan, seeing her in the said sea-green silk, impatient also, leapt overboard in the hope of reaching her sooner.

The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well-pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When ah! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart's blood dy'd the main.

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring;
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

And so the doleful ditty ends with an injunction to the "fair," to strew her tomb with fresh flowerets every May morning, to the end that they and their lovers may not come to similar distress." Jemmy Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels who took part in the '45, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in 1746.

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear;
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh! Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Poor Kitty inflexibly witnesses his execution.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Such were the pieces whose elegance was to make atonement to the readers of a century ago, for the barbarousness of the other components of the *Reliques*.

This barbarousness was further mitigated by an application of a polishing process to the ballads themselves. Percy performed the offices of a sort of tireman for them. He dressed and adorned them to go into polite society. To how great an extent he laboured in their service, is now at last manifested by the publication of the Folio. The old MS. contained many

pieces which, it would seem, were considered hopeless. No amount of manipulation could ever make them presentable. It contained many pieces and many fragments—thanks to the anxiety of Mr. Humphrey Pitt's servants to light his fires!—which the art of the editorial refiner of the eighteenth century deemed capable of adaptation; and Percy adapted them. The old ballads could reckon on no genuine sympathy. They were, so to speak, the songs of Zion in a strange land.

Percy, as the extracts we have quoted from his Dedication and Preface have shown, was not free from the prejudices of his time. He was but slightly in advance of them; but he *was* in advance of them. He *did* recognise the power and beauty of the old poetry, more deeply, perhaps, than he ever dared confess. And, though unconscious of the greatness of the work he was doing, did for us—for Europe—an unutterable service. He was, to the end, curiously unconscious of it. He had given a deadly blow to a terrible giant, and freed many captives from his thraldom, without knowing. Men are often reminded to be delicately careful in their actions, because they know not what harm they may do. They might sometimes be encouraged by the thought that they know not what good they do. Certainly Percy performed for English literature a far higher service than he ever dreamt of. He always regarded the *Reliques* as something rather frivolous. "I read 'Edwin and Angelina' to Mr. Percy some years ago," writes Goldsmith, in 1767, to the printer of the *St. James' Chronicle*, who had assigned Goldsmith's ballad to Percy, "and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual goodhumour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved of it." "I am so little interested about *the amusements of my youth*," writes Percy to his

publisher in 1794, "that, had it not been for the benefit of my nephew, I could contentedly have let the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* remain unpublished." The great effect the memorable work produced came "not with observation."

With all the consideration Percy showed for the prevailing taste, he did not succeed in winning over to his support certain great leaders of it. He was extremely solicitous to secure the approval of the leader of the leaders of it—of that supreme potentate, Dr. Johnson. In his Preface he twice mentions him: first, as having urged him to publish a selection from the Folio ("He could refuse nothing," he says, "to such judges as the author of the *Rambler*, and the late Mr. Shenstone,"); and secondly, as having lightened his editorial task with his assistance ("To the friendship of Mr. Johnson," he writes, "he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of his work"). But, for all these complimentary mentions, Johnson seems to have liked neither the work nor its author, as may be seen in *Boswell* again and again; thus: "The conversation having turned on modern imitations of ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned." The 177th number of the *Rambler* gives a satirical account of a Club of Antiquaries. Hirsute, we are told, had a passion for black-letter books; Ferratus for coins; Chartophylax for gazettes; "Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the natural taste. He offered to show me a copy of The Children of the Wood, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him." In his Life of Addison, after a sarcastic reference to his *Spectators* on "Chevy Chase," and Wagstaff's ridicule of them, he adds, in modification of Dennis's *reductio*

ad absurdum of Addison's canon—that "Chevy Chase" pleases, and ought to please, because it is natural—"In Chevy Chase there is not much of either bombast or affectation, but there is chill and lifeless imbecility. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind." With what horror the ghost of Sir Philip Sidney must have been struck if ever it was aware of this crushing dictum! Still more suggestive are his observations on another old ballad. "The greatest of all his amorous essays," he remarks in his Life of Prior, "is Henry and Emma — a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderness for the woman. The example of Emma, who resolves to follow an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation [would Johnson have said that the "Laocoon," or the "Venus de Medici," deserved an imitation? how could his critical rules have been applied to them?], and the experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy is such as must end either in infamy to her or in disappointment to himself." With these terrible sentences in our ear, let us read these stanzas:

Though it be songe
Of old & yonge,
That I shold be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge
That speke so large
In hastynge of my name;
For I wyll prove
That faythfulle love,
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse,
And hevynesse,
To part with you the same;
And sure all tho
That do not so
True lovers are they none.
For in my mynde
Of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

And,

I thinke nat nay
But as ye say,
It is no mayden's lore;
But love may make
Me for your sake,
As I have sayd before,
To come on foote
To hunt, to shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I
Your companey
May have, I ask no more.
From which to part,
It makyth my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For in my mynde
Of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Read these high passionate words, and think of Johnson's criticism.[1] He misses, evidently, the point of the poem—does not see how one noble idea permeates and vivifies every line, and glorifies the self-abandonment confessed.

Here may ye see
That women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable;
Late never man
Reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray
God that we may
To them be comfortable.

His criticism of the "Nut-brown Maid" makes his dislike of the old ballads intelligible enough. We can understand now how he came to despise and abuse them, and parody their form in this wise:

[1] Cf. Mr. Gilpin's (Saurey-Gilpin, an artist, 1733–1807,) remark, *apud* Nichols and Steevens' *Hogarth*, on the seventh plate of the Rake's Progress: "The episode of the fainting woman might have given way to many circumstances more proper to the occasion. This is the same woman whom the Rake discards in the first print, by whom he is rescued in the fourth, who is present at his marriage, who follows him into jail, and lastly to Bedlam. The thought is rather unnatural, *and the moral certainly culpable.*"

The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

Warburton, Hurd, and others heartily concurred in his opinion. Warburton thought that the old ballads were utterly despicable by the side of the exalted literature of his own and recent times. He called them "specious funguses compared to the oak."

But in the face of this contumely, looked down on and sneered at by the learning and refinement of the age, the old ballads grew dear to the heart of the nation. They stirred emotions that had long lain dormant. They revived fires that had long slumbered. The nation lay in prison like its old Troubadour king; in its durance it heard its minstrel singing beneath the window its old songs, and its heart leapt in its bosom. It recognised the well-known, though long-neglected, strains that it had heard and loved in the days of its youth. The old love revived. The captive could not at once cast off its fetters, and go forth. But a yearning for liberty awoke in it; a wild, growing, passionate longing for liberty, for real, not artificial flowers; for true feeling, not sentimentalism; for the fresh life-giving breezes of the open country, not the languid airs of enclosed courts.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,

so did the nation issue forth from its confinement, and conceive truer, more comprehensive joys.

The publication of the *Reliques*, then, constitutes an epoch in the history of the great revival of taste, in whose blessings we

now participate. After 1765, before the end of the century, numerous collections of old ballads, in Scotland and in England, by Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson, were made. The noble reformation, that received so great an impulse in 1765, advanced thenceforward steadily. The taste that was awakened never slumbered again. The recognition of our old life and poetry that the *Reliques* gave, was at last gloriously confirmed and established by Walter Scott. That great minstrel was profoundly influenced by the *Reliques*, both directly and indirectly, through Burger and others who had drunk deep of its waters.

"Among the valuable acquisitions," says Scott in his Autobiography, writing of his studies after his leaving Edinburgh High School, "I made about this time, was an acquaintance with Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' through the flat medium of Mr. Hoole's translation. But above all I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind wbcih had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration by an editor who showed his practical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge plantaine tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onwards so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and

to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time too I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

ON "BONDMAN,"

THE NAME AND THE CLASS,

WITH REFERENCE TO THE BALLAD OF "JOHN DE REEUE."

By F. J. FURNIVALL.

Johnson's definition of *bondman* is "a man slave." To it his latest editor, Dr. Latham, puts neither addition nor qualification; and the popular notion undoubtedly is, that whenever the word is used, of Early English times or modern, a *slave* is understood, one whose person, wife, children, and property, are wholly in his owner's power. We have to ask how far this popular notion is true with regard to our Bondmen, John de Reeue, Hobkin or Hodgkin long, and Hob o' the Lathe, and their class.

I do not find the word *bondman* in English till about 1250 A.D., taking that as the date of the *Owl and Nightingale*:

> Moni chapmon and moni cniht
> Luveþ and halt [1] his wif ariht;
> And swa deþ moni *bondeman*.
> (*Owl and Nightingale*, l. 1575, p. 49, ed. Stratmann, 1868.)

The earlier word was *bonde*, and the earliest the Anglo-Saxon *bonda*, which Thorpe rightly derives and defines as follows in his glossary to the *Ancient Laws*:

Bonda, boor, paterfamilias. This word was probably introduced by the Danes, and seems occasionally to have been used for *ceorl*; its immediate derivation is from O. N. *búandi*, contr[acted to] *bóndi*, villicus, colonus qui foco utitur proprio; part. pres. used substantively of *at búá*. Goth. *gabaúan* habitare; modern Danish *bonde*, peasant, husbandman.

Bosworth on the other hand defines *Bonda* as

1. One bound, a husband, householder. 2. A proprietor, husbandman, boor: *Bonde-land* land held under restrictions, copyhold.

[1] MS. Cot. *hlad*.

Whether 'one bound' (as if from *bond*, and-*a* one who has; like *wæd* a garment, *wæda* one who has a garment,) is the original sense of the word, is more than doubtful; and till the proof is produced, I reject the meaning as original,[1] though no doubt at a later period this sense prevailed over the Scandinavian one. Mr. Wedgwood says under Husband:

From Old Norse *bua* (the equivalent of G. *bauen*, Du. *bowen*, to till, cultivate, prepare) are *bu* a household, farm, cattle; *buandi*, *bondi*,[2] N. *bonde* the possessor of a farm, husbandman; *husbond* or

[1] bóndi (*d. i.* bóandi = búandi, *der Bonde, freier Grundbesitzer, Hausvater, pl. bœndr* mariti.—Möbius.

[2] Mr. Cockayne says "The word *Bond* bound has no existence but in Somner, whence others have copied it. Bosworth has built on *Bond* a guess, *Bonda* one bound, which is a delusion. For Bound, the true word is *bunden*, and for a Bond, *bend*." Mr. Earle also rejects the derivation from *bond*, and the meaning "one bound." Mr. Thorpe says that Ettmüller (p. 293) questions the *búandi*, *bóndi* derivation, but without sufficient grounds, in Mr. Thorpe's opinion. Haldorson accepts it "*Bondi* m. paterfamilias (quasi *bóandi*, *búandi*) en Husfader, Husbande, L. Colonus, ruricola, en Bonde, *Stórbœndr* prædicatores (Bonds with a large house and extensive ground), *Smabœndr* villici (Bonds with a small house and little yard)." Mr. Skeat notes "Bosworth also gives *Buend*, *bugend*, *bugigend*, as meaning an inhabitant, a farmer, from *búan*, to dwell, cultivate. This comes nearer to the Dan. and Sw. *bonde* as regards etymology, though it is not so near in form. Cf. A.-Sax. *búan*, Mœso-Goth. *bauan*, *gabauan*, to dwell, *bauains*, a dwelling-place. The G. *bauer*, peasant, is the Du. *boer*, and our *boor*. It is curious that the Du. *boer*, as well as the Sw. and Dan. *bonde*, signifies 'a pawn at chess.' I do not see how you distinguish between A.-Sax. *bonda* and A.-Sax. *buend*, unless you call the former a Danish word. In modern Danish the *d* is not sounded, and the *o* has an *oo* sound, so that *bonde* is called *boon-ne* (Lund's Danish Grammar)."

Professor Bosworth has kindly sent me the following note in support of the first meaning he assigns to *bonda*. It unfortunately came too late—in consequence of the illness of his amanuensis—to be worked up or noticed in the text. "Bundâ, bonda, an; *m.* I. *A wedded or married man, a husband*; maritus, sponsus. II. *The father or head of a family, a householder*; paterfamilias, œconomus. Then follow numerous examples, in proof of these meanings. I've gone over again all the examples, and I have enlarged what I had previously written, as to the origin of 'Bunda, bonda,' and given the detail in the following pages.—J. B." "Every word has its history by which its introduction and use are best ascertained. Bede tells us [Bk. I, 25, 2,] that Ethelbert king of Kent married a Christian, Bertha, a Frankish princess. The Queen prepared the way for the friendly reception of Augustine and his missionary followers, by Ethelbert in A.D. 597, who was the first to found a school in Kent, and wrote laws which are said to be "ásette on Augustinus dæge," *established in the time of Augustine*, between A.D. 597 and 604. The cultivation and writing of Anglo-Saxon [Englisc] began with the conversion of Ethelbert. Marriage, and the household arrangements depending upon it, were regulated by the law of the Church, and indigenous compound words were formed to express that law:—thus ǽ *law, divine law*; Cristes ǽ *Christi lex*, Rihte ǽ *legitimum matrimonium Bd.* 4, 5—ǽw wedlock, marriage, ǽwboren *lawfully born, born in wedlock*—ǽw-brica *m. wedlock breaker, m. an adulterer*, ǽw-brice *f. an adultress*, ǽwfæst-mann *marriage-fast-man a wedded man, a husband*; ǽw-nian *to wed, take*

husband the master of the house. Dan. *bonde* peasant, countryman, villager, clown.

Where the word occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Laws, Thorpe translates it "proprietor," and then "husband," meaning "husband who is a proprietor."

Swa ymbe friðes-bóte, swa þam *bondan* si selost, ⁊ þam þeófan si laðost.—*Æthelredes Domas*, vi. xxxii.[1]

So concerning "frithes-bot," as may be best to the *proprietor* and most hostile to the thief.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 322–3.

a wife—ǽw-nung *wedding, marriage*—ǽw-wif *a wedded woman*.—Hús-bunda, —bonda *a house binder, husband, householder*. This expressive compound is one of the oldest in the language. It is found in the interpolated passage of Matt. xx. between v. 28 and 29. The passage is in all the Anglo-Saxon MSS. of the Gospels, except the interlineary glosses. The *A.-Sax.* is a literal version of the Augustinian MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford [*Codex. August.* 857, *D.* 2, 14], from the Old Italic version, from which the Latin Vulgate of the Gospels was formed by St. Jerome about A.D. 384. Though we do not know the exact dates when the Gospels were translated from Latin into A.-Sax., Cuthbert assures us that Bede finished the last Gospel, St. John, on May 27, 735, [See Pref. to Goth. and A.-Sax. Gos. Bos. p. ix–xii]. As the three preceding Gospels were most likely translated before St. John, then the following sentence was written before 735, Se hús-bonda [hús-bunda in *MS. Camb. Ii.* 2, 11,] háte ðé árísan and rýman ðam óðrum, *the householder bid thee rise and make room for the other. Notes to Bosworth's Goth. and A.-Sax. Gos. Mt. xx.* 28; *p.* 576. Hús-bonda is also used by Ælfric in his version of the Scriptures about 970 [Ex. 3, 22.] Bunda, bonda *one wedded or bound, a husband*, from bindan; *p.* band, bundon; *pp.* bunden; *to bind*, must have been of earlier origin than the compound hús-bunda. It is a well-known rule that in *A.-Sax. a person or agent* is denoted by adding a,* as bytl *a hammer*, bytla *a hammerer*, ánweald *rule, government*, ánwealda *a ruler, governor*,—bunden, bund *bound*, bunda, bonda *one bound, a husband*. Bunda might be banda, as well as bonda, for *a* is often used for *o*, as monn for mann *a man*. The early use of hús-bunda, -bonda would at once indicate, that it was not likely to be of Norse or Icelandic origin. It could not be derived from the Norse búa *to dwell, part.* búandi bóandi *dwelling*, nor even from the cognate A.-Sax. búan *to dwell*, because the ú and ó are long in the *Norse* búa *to dwell*, búandi, bóandi *dwelling*, and the *A.-Sax.* búan *to dwell*, búende *dwelling*, búend, búenda *a dweller*, while the ú and o are always short in bunda and bonda. So in other compounds from bindan *to bind*, as bunde-land *bond or leased land, land let on binding conditions*. Bunda then is a pure Anglo-Saxon word, derived from bindan *to bind*. Búan *to dwell, with the part.* búende *dwelling*, and the noun búend, es; *m. a dweller*, is quite a distinct word. Búend has its own numerous compounds; as,—Land-búend *a land dweller, a farmer*; agricola. Áh-búend *one dwelling alone, a hermit*; ceaster-, eg-, eorp-, feor-, fold-, grund-, her-, ig-, land-, neah-, sund-, woruld- and þeód-búend."

[1] Ethelred, son of Edgar, succeeded to the throne, on the murder of his brother Edward, in the year 978, and died in 1016.—Thorpe's note in *Laws and Inst. of England*, vol. i. p. 280.

* To a substantive, not a verb or participle.—F.

Again, in the same sentence nearly repeated in *Cnutes Domas*, viii. (Canute died 12 Nov. 1035) "þam *bondan*, for the *proprietor*," p. 380–1. At p. 414–15, *Cnutes Domas*, lxxiii.

Conjux incolat eandem Sedem quam Maritus.

LXXIII. And þær se *bonda* sæt unwyd ⁊ unbecrafod, sitte þ wif ⁊ þa cild on þan ylcan unbesacen. And gif se *bonda* ær he dead wære, beclypod wære, þonne andwyrdan þa yrfenuman, swa he sylf sceolde þeah he lif hæfde.

And where the *husband* dwelt without claim or contest, let the wife and the children dwell in the same, unassailed by litigation. And if the husband, before he was dead, had been cited, then let the heirs answer, as himself should have done if he had lived.

So the Laws of King Henry the First (who reigned 1100–35 A.D.), repeating the last provision, say:

§ 5 Et ubi *bunda* manserit sine calumpnia, sint uxor et pueri in eodem, sine querela &c.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 526.

In 1048 A.D. the Saxon Chronicle uses *bunda* for a householding cultivator or farmer:

Ða he [Eustatius] wæs sume mila oððe mare beheonan Dofran . þa dyde he on his byrnan . and his ge-feran ealle . and foran to Dofran . þa hi þider comon . þa woldon hi innian hi þær heom sylfan gelicode . þa com an his manna . and wolde wician æt anes *bundan*[1]. huse, his unðances . and gewundode þone *husbundon* . and se *husbunda*[2] ofsloh þone oðerne. Ða weard Eustatius uppon his horse . and his ge-feoran uppon heora . and ferdon to þan *husbundon* . and ofslogon hine binnan his agenan heorðæ . and wendon him þa up to þære burge-weard . and ofslogon ægðer ge wiðinnan ge wiðutan . ma þanne xx manna.—*Saxon Chronicle*, ed. Earle, p. 177 (A.D. 1048.)

When he [Eustathius] was some miles or more beyond Dover, then put he on his armour, and all his companions (did likewise), and went to Dover. When they came thither, then would they lodge where they pleased. Then came one of his men, and would dwell at the house of a *cultivator* (or householder) against his will, and wounded the *cultivator*; and the *cultivator* slew the other. Then Eustathius got upon his horse, and his companions on theirs, and went to the *cultivator*, and slew him within his own hearth; and

[1] bundan, *gen. sing. goodman*, 1048. *Glossarial Index*.

[2] The equivalence of the *husbunda* with the *bunda* here is enough to explode the "moral-etymology" of a *husband* being so called because he is the band or binder-together of the house, even if Dr. Bosworth be right.

went then up to the guard of the city, and slew both within and without more than 20 men.

In a passage in *Hickes* the (no doubt) free *bunda*, paying a fine, is contrasted with the *thræll* who gets a flogging:

And ȝif hwa ðis ne ȝelæste . þonne ȝebete he ꝑ swa swa hit ȝelaȝod is . *bunda* mid xxx peñ. ðræl mid his hyde . þeȝn mid xxx scill.—From Hickes's *Dissertatio Epistolaris*, p. 108.

And if any one does not perform this, then let him make amends for that as is laid-down-by-law: the *bonde* with xxx pence, the thrall with his hide, the thane with xxx shillings.

Thus far then the evidence—for I do not admit Bosworth's "one bound" as right—points to the *bonde* being a freeman, and if not a landed proprietor, still a free tenant. The evidence of the freedom is strengthened if we may regard the Danish-named *bonde* as a Saxon-named *churl*—the name of one seeming to be used for the other, as Mr. Thorpe observes, for the *ceorla* was a free man, the "ordinary freeman" of Anglo-Saxon society, though obliged by "the feudal system" which "may be traced throughout all Anglo-Saxon history, to provide himself with a lord, that he might be amenable to justice when called upon." [1] Still, this vassalage was no *bondage* in the later or the modern sense of the term; the vassal churl was a freeman still, if we may trust Heywood.

In Alfred's time, and later, the *ceorl* had slaves. Sec. 25 of Alfred's Laws (translated) is:

If a man commit a rape upon a *ceorl's* female slave (mennen), let him make bōt (amends) to the *ceorl* with 5 shillings, and let the *wite* (fine) be 60 shillings. *Anc. Laws*, i. 79.

The A.-S. laws of Ranks enact that,

if a *ceorl* thrived, so that he had fully five hides of his own land, church and kitchen, bell-house, and "burh"-gate-seat, and special duty in the king's hall, then was he thenceforth of thane-right worthy.—*Anc. Laws*, i. 191.

Thorpe defines *ceorl* thus:

Ceorl. O.H.G. *charal.* A freeman of ignoble rank, a churl, twy-hinde man, villanus, illiberalis.

Twyhynde (*Man*), a man whose '*wér-gild*' was 200 shillings. This was the lowest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy. *Twelf-hynde*

[1] Heywood's *Distinctions in Society*, 1818, p. 325.

(*Man*), a man whose *wér-gild* was 1200 shillings. This was the highest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy.

The slave was a *þræl* or *þeow*. Mr. Thorpe considers *þræl* to be a Scandinavian word.

Next comes the question, did these bondes or ceorls continue free till the time of the Conquest? Kemble says not:

'Finally, the nobles-by-birth themselves became absorbed in the ever-widening whirlpool; day by day the freemen, deprived of their old national defences, wringing with difficulty a precarious subsistence from incessant labour, sullenly yielded to a yoke which they could not shake off, and commended themselves (such was the phrase) to the protection of a lord; till a complete change having thus been operated in the opinions of men, and consequently in every relation of society, a new order of things was consummated, in which the honours and security of service became more anxiously desired than a needy and unsafe freedom; and the alods being finally surrendered, to be taken back as *beneficia*, under mediate lords, the foundations of the royal, feudal system were securely laid on every side.—Kemble, *The Saxons in England*, vol. i. p. 184.

The very curious and instructive dialogue of Ælfric numbers among the serfs the *yrðling* or ploughman,[1] whose occupation the author nevertheless places at the head of all the crafts, with perhaps a partial exception in favour of the smith's.—Ibid. p. 216.

Mr. C. H. Pearson also says not:

Not only were slaves increasing, but freemen were disappearing. The ceorl is never mentioned in our laws after Edward the elder's time. If he became the villan of a later period, he was already semi-servile before the Norman conquest. If he passed into the freeman,[2] sometimes holding in his own right, and sometimes under a lord's protection, the class did not number 5 per cent. of the population at the time when Domesday was compiled, was virtually confined to Norfolk and Suffolk, and had not even a representative in the counties south of the Thames. It is evident that the bulk of the Saxon people was in no proper sense, and at no time free. Even the free in name were virtually bound down to the soil with the possession of which their rights were connected, and from which their subsistence was derived; . . . the idea that any man might go where he would, live as he liked, think or express his thoughts freely, would have been repugnant to the whole tenour of a constitution which started from the Old Testament as a model, preserved or incorporated the traditions of Roman law, and regarded the regulation of life as the duty of the legislator.

[1] This should be compared with the second extract from *Havelok* below.

[2] Had he not always been free?

The mention of *villan* brings us to the Conquest[1] and to Domesday-book. On every page of the latter *villani* are mentioned, and the articles of enquiry for the composition of it show that the enquiry into the population and property of each district "was conducted by the king's barons, upon the oaths of the sheriff of each county, and all the barons, and their French-born vassals, and of the hundredary (reeve of the hundred), priest, steward, and *six villeins of every vill*," &c. (Heywood, p. 290, note). The question for us is, are we to take as free men or not these villans, who were to help in settling what "served for centuries as the basis of all taxation, and the authority by which all disputes about landed tenures and customs were decided," who were to state "on oath what amount of land there was in the district, whether it was wood, meadow, or pasture, what was its value, what services were due from its owners; and generally the numbers of free and bond on the estate" (*Pearson*, i. 374).

The arguments of Serjeant Heywood for the identity[2] of the *villein* with the *ceorl* or *twihynde man* seem to me very strong indeed; and Mr. Pearson tells me that in the earlier use of the word *villanus*, the first which he knows,—namely, that in the preamble to the Decree of the Bishops and Witan of Kent about keeping the peace under Athelstan, which speaks of *Thaini, Comites, et Villani*,—he thinks that "villan" means "ceorl" very literally.

Serjeant Heywood first shows that the *Textus Roffensis*, in explaining a passage from the *Judicia Civitatis Lundoniæ* like that quoted above from the Anglo-Saxon Laws[3] "makes it

[1] Of the name *villanus* Serjt. Heywood says, "I have not met with it in any authentic documents till about the time of the Conquest, but it is found in the laws of Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and Henry the first. Among the Saxons were many words descriptive of persons engaged in husbandry, as ceorls, cyrlisc men, geneats, tunesmen, landsmen, &c., but the proper appellation for a villan has not been ascertained."—Pp. 290–1. But see the next paragraph above.

[2] Mr. Pearson says we must "understand it with the reservation that while the vast majority of the ceorl class had degraded into the position of villans, others were distributed in the different ranks of society as freemen, socmen, and perhaps in some cases bordars and cottars. It must be remembered that the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum* use the word *villanus* to translate the Saxon *geneat*, and that the word *ceorla* does not occur in the whole document."

[3] De gentis et legis honoribus. Fuit quondam in legibus Anglorum ea gens et lex pro honoribus, et ibi erant sapientes populi honore digni, quilibet pro sua ratione; comes et *colonus*, thanus et rusticus (*eorl and ceorl, thegen and theowen*).

Et si colonus tamen sit, qui habeat integras quinque hydas terræ, ecclesiam et culinam, turrim sacram (*bell hus*) et

relate to villan and not to ceorls (L. *coloni*), whence we may infer that the author considered them as the same persons" (*Dissertation*, p. 185). He next shows that the eighth law of William the Conqueror, which makes the were of a villan only 100 shillings, was probably wrongly transcribed; and that the seventieth law of Henry I. expressly defines the free twihind as a villan:—"the were of a twihind, that is, a villan, is five pounds: *twyhindi, i. villani, wera est IV lib';*"—and the 76th law classes the twihinds among the free men. Also that

in other parts of the laws, villans are ranked with ceorls and twihinds. Moreover the weres of a cyrlisc man & [that is, or] a villan are expressly mentioned, and required to be regulated in the same manner as that of a twelfhind.[1]—*Heywood*, p. 295.

Another proof may be adduced from their being liable to the payment of reliefs which never were called for from the servile class. When, therefore, provision was made in the laws of William the Conqueror for the exaction of a relief from every villan, of his best beast, whether a horse, an ox, or a cow, we must conclude that, at the time of compiling those laws, namely, about four years after the Conquest, a villan was a freeman,

and this notwithstanding the concluding words of the law, *et postea sint omnes villani in franco plegio*, which must be taken as confirming an old truth, for the payment of one relief —which villans before the Conquest had paid—could not have turned an unfree man into a free one. Serjeant Heywood adds:

Another powerful argument in favor of the supposition that villans ranked among freemen, arises from the consideration that, unless this had been the case, the bulk of the population of England must have been found in the servile class. We cannot imagine that the farmers, who held at the payment of rent, either in money or kind, could be so very numerous as to furnish victuals for the armies which were collected, provide members for all the tythings, and crowd the public assemblies which were held for judicial purposes. But upon the demesne lands of almost every lord, villans might be found, and if they were admitted to bear the name, and partake of the privileges of freemen, and rank with ceorls or twihinds, the difficulty vanishes (p. 300).

atrii sedem (*burhgeat setl*) ac officium distinctum (*sunder note*) in aula regis, ille tunc in posterum sit jure thani (*thegen rihtas*) dignus.—*Heywood*, p. 184. *Text. Roff.* 46 has for *colonus* of the above, *villanus*. "Et si *villanus* ita crevisset sua probitate, quod pleniter habere quinque hidas de suo proprio allodii &c. *ib.* p. 185.

[1] Eodem modo per omnia *de cyrlisci vel villani* wera fieri debet secundum modum suum, sicut de duodecies centeno diximus.—*Ll. Hen.* i. 76; *Wilkins*, 270, in *Heywood*, p. 295 n.

Professor Pearson looks on the villans as 'bond upon bond land,' and as to the numbers of them and the freemen and the population generally at Domesday, gives Sir Henry Ellis's and Sir James Macintosh's calculations as follows:

We may probably place it [the population] at rather over than under 1,800,000; a number which may seem small, but which was not doubled till the reign of Charles II., six hundred years later. Reverting to the actual survey, we find about two thousand persons who held immediately of the king (E 1400, M 1599), or who were attached to the king's person (M 326), or who had no holding, but were free to serve as they would (M 213). The second class, the free upon bond-land, comprised more than 50,000; under-tenants or vavasors (E 7171, M 2899); burghers (E 7968, M 17,105); soc-men (E 23,072, M 23,404); freemen, holding by military service, or having been degraded into tenants to obtain protection (E 14,284); and ecclesiastics (E 994, M 1564). The largest class of all was the semi-servile. Of these villeins (E 108,407, M 102,704), and bordars,[1] or cottiers (E 88,922, M 80,320), make up the mass, about 200,000 in all. They were bond upon bond-land, that is to say, their land owed a certain tribute to its owner, and they owed certain services to the land; they could not quit it without permission from their lord. But they were not mere property; they could not be sold off the soil into service of a different kind, like the few slaves who still remained in England, and who numbered roughly about 25,000.

The large number of the middle classes, and the small number of slaves, are points in this estimate that deserve consideration. It is clear that the conquest did not introduce any new refinement in servitude. In a matter where we have no certain data, all statements must be made guardedly; but the language of chroniclers and laws, and the probabilities of what would result from the anarchy and war that had so long desolated England under its native kings induce a belief that the conquest was a gain to all classes, except the highest, in matters of freedom. In Essex the number of freemen positively increased, and the change may probably be ascribed to the growing wool-trade with Flanders, as we find sheep multiplying on the great estates, and with the change from arable to pasture-land fewer labourers would be required. The fact that the large and privileged class of soc-men was especially numerous in two counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, in which a desperate revolt had been pitilessly put down, seems to show that existing rights were not lightly tampered with. In Bedfordshire, however, the soc-men were degraded to serfs, probably through the lawless dealing of its Angevine sheriff, Raoul Taillebois, and the county accordingly fell off in rental beyond any other in

[1] Heywood draws a distinction between the villans and bordars, cottars, &c., who are generally mentioned after them in Domesday.

England south of Humber, though it had enjoyed a singular exemption from all the ravages of war.

The concluding paragraph of the foregoing extract is printed because in it is, for me, pointed out the true cause of the villan's hardships, of the exactions of which his class so bitterly complained, the character of the Norman baron, and his power over his dependants. The thirtieth law of Henry I. speaks in moderated phrase the spirit of the earlier time. It calls the villans with the *cocseti* and *pardingi* (probably bondmen inferior to the villans) *hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ*, declares them disqualified to be reckoned among judges, excludes them from bringing any civil suits in the county or hundred courts, and refers them, for the redress of injuries, to the courts of their own barons (Heywood, p. 291).[1]

And it is (I believe) precisely because Edward I. made a resolute attempt to break down this power of the barons over their villans,[2] which must have often been awfully abused,—and not only tried to, but did to some extent substitute his own judges' court for the barons' one[3]—thereby rescuing many a villan from a bondman's fate; it is for this reason that he is the hero of our ballad of *John de Reeve*. Not only for the long shanks with which he strode against Wales, or the hammer he wielded against Scotland, was the first king who conceived and fought for the unity of Great Britain dear to the villans of

[1] Villani vero, vel cocseti vel pardingi vel qui sunt hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ, non sunt inter legum judices numerandi, unde nec in hundredo vel comitatu pecuniam suam, vel dominorum suorum forisfaciunt, si justitiam sine judicio dimittant, sed summonitis terrarum dominis inforcietur placitum termino competenti, si fuerint vel non fuerint antea summoniti cum secuti jus æstimatis.—*Ll. Hen.* i. c. 30; *Wilkins*, 248, in *Heywood*, p. 292.

[2] One of the first Acts of his (Edward I.'s) Administration, after his Arrival from the Holy Land, was to inquire into the State of the Demesnes, and of the Rights and Revenues of the Crown, and concerning the Conduct of the Sheriffs and other Officers and Ministers, who had defrauded the King and grievously oppressed the People (Annals of Waverley, 235) *Hundred Rolls*, i. 10. On the inquiries of this Commission the first chapter of the Statute of Gloucester, relating to Liberties, Franchises and Quo Warranto (by what warrant the Parties held or claimed) was founded (*ib.*).

[3] See below, and also the Statute of 4 Edw. I. A Statute concerning Justices being assigned, called Rageman. "It is accorded by our Lord the King, and by his Council, that Justices shall go throughout the Land to inquire, hear, and determine all the Complaints and Suits for Trespasses committed within these twenty-five years past, before the Feast of Saint Michael, in the fourth year of King Edward; as well by the King's Bailiffs & Officers as by other Bailiffs, & by all other Persons whomsoever. And this is to be understood as well of outrageous Takings, and all Manner of Trespasses, Quarrels, and Offences done unto the King and others,

his own [1] and after times. His steps and his blows came nearer their homes, and did something to clear oppressors out of their path. When in easier days they could sing of olden time, they gave the long king a merry night with three of their kin, and remembered with gratitude England's "first thoroughly constitutional" sovereign. This I gather from one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the English Peasantry" in the new Series of the *Law Magazine and Review*. But I am anticipating.

In the time of Edward I. bondage was looked upon as no part of the common law; it existed by sufferance and by local usage, and was recognised, but only barely tolerated by the law. The law was on the side of freedom. A leaper or land-loper, as a fugitive was called, could rarely be recovered in a summary manner; if he chose to deny his bondage, the writ of niefty did not give the Sheriff authority to seize him; the question of his condition had to stand over until the Assizes, or had to be argued in the Court of Common Pleas.—*Law Mag.* 1862, vol. xiii, p. 38–9.

We need not attribute a long range of foresight, or very enlightened views of freedom, to the counsellors of Edward I. Their resistance to villenage was instinctive rather than deliberate. Villenage in their eyes appeared to be a consequence of those powers of local jurisdiction which had been indispensable in former times on account of the weakness of the central power, but were no longer wanted since the central power had become truly imperial. The same landlords who claimed a right to keep their dependents in bondage, usually claimed some degree of judicial power; they claimed to have a more or less extensive cognizance over crimes committed, and criminals arrested within their precincts. Such a claim could only rest upon prescription; any such pretension not

touched in the Inquests heretofore found by the King's command, as of Trespasses committed since. And the King willeth, that for Relief of the People (*pour le allegaunce del poeple*) and speedy execution of Justice, That the Complaints of every one be heard before the aforesaid Justices, & determined, as well by Writ as without, according to the Articles delivered unto the same Justices; & this is to be understood as well within Franchise as without. Also the King willeth that the same Justices do hear and determine the Complaints of those who will complain of Matters done by any one contrary to the King's Statutes, as well of what concerneth the King as the people." See also the Statutes of Gloucester or *Quo Warranto* of 6 Edw. I.

"And the Sheriffs shall cause it to be commonly proclaimed throughout their Bailliwicks, that is to say, in Cities, Boroughs, Market towns, and elsewhere, that all those who claim to have any Franchises, by the Charters of the King's Predecessors, Kings of England, or in other manner, shall come before the King, or before the Justices in Eyre, at a certain day and place, to show what sort of Franchise they claim to have, and by what Warrant."

[1] I do not forget the groans of "The Song of the Husbandman" (temp. Edw. I.) printed in Wright's *Political Songs* for the Camden Society.

supported by immemorial usage would soon be upset by the King's attorney. The general Government struggled hard to extend its jurisdiction, to extinguish the private courts, to bring as many cases as possible before the Courts at Westminster, and before the Justices in Eyre. The private courts were not abolished, but gradually superseded. After all that the lords could do to keep their villeins from Assizes, villeins constantly became jurors, and bond-lands were constantly drawn into the King's Courts, and were thus in the way to be drawn into freeholds. Perhaps every circuit of the judges emancipated a number of bondmen.—*Ib.* p. 40.

In seeking for the light in which the Norman baron would regard his Saxon villans, I think that Mr. Thomas Wright[1] is justified in his adduction of the following instances,

The chronicler Benoit (as well as his rival Wace) extols Duke Richard II. for the hatred which he bore towards the agricultural or servile class: "he would suffer none but knights to have employment in his house; never was a villan or one of rustic blood admitted into his intimacy; for the villan, forsooth, is always hankering after the filth in which he was bred."—p. 237,

Þe þridde cumeð efter, & is wurst fikelare, ase ich er seide: vor he preiseð þene vuele, & his vuele deden, ase þe þe seið to þe knihte þet robbeð his poure men, "A, sire! hwat tu dest wel. Uor euere me schal þene cheorl pilken & peolien: uor he is ase þe wiði, þet sprutteð ut þe betere *þæt* me hine ofte cropped."	The third flatterer cometh after, and is the worse, as I said before, for he praiseth the wicked and his evil deeds; as he who said to *the knight that robbed his poor vassals*, "Ah, sire! truly thou doest well. For *men ought always to pluck and pillage the churl*; for he is like the willow, which sprouteth out the better that it is often cropped.

—*Ancren Riwle* (? ab. 1230 A.D.) p. 87, Camden Soc. 1853 (quoted in part by Wright).

and in referring to those most interesting Norman-French satires on the villans that M. Francisque Michel published, and which contain such passages as the following:

> Que Diex lor envoit grant meschief,
> Et mal au cuer, et mal au chief,
> Mal ès bouche, et pis ès dens,
> Et mal dehors, et mal dedens . . .
> Et le mal c'on dist ne-me-touche,
> Mal en orelle, et mal en bouche!
> (*Des XXIII Manières de Vilains*, Paris, 1833, p. 12.)

[1] Paper on the political condition of the English Peasantry during the Middle Ages, in *Archæologia*, vol. xxx. p. 205–44.

"Why should villans eat beef, or any dainty food?" inquires the writer of *Le Despit au Vilain*; "they ought to eat, for their Sunday diet, nettles, reeds, briars, and straw, while pea shells are good enough for their every-day food. . . . They ought to go forth naked, on bare feet in the meadows to eat grass with the horned oxen. . . . The share of the villan is folly, and sottishness and filth; if all the goods and all the gold of this world were his, the villan would be but a villan still."—*Wright*, p. 238.[1]

Though Mr. Wright's conclusion as to "the condition of the English peasant or villan during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries" may be exaggerated, yet much truth in it there must be:

Tied to the ground on which he was born in a state of galling bondage, exposed to daily insult and oppression, he served a master who was a stranger to him both by blood and language. The object of his lord's extortions, frequently plundered with impunity, and heavily taxed by the king, he received in return only an imperfect and precarious security for his person or his property. The villan was virtually an outlaw; he could not legally inherit or hold "lordship," and he could bring no action, and, as it appears, give no testimony in a court of law. He was not even capable of giving education to his children, or of putting them to a trade, unless he had previously been able to obtain or purchase their freedom, which depended on his own pecuniary means, and on the will and caprice of the lord of the soil.

All Norman barons were not brutes of the Ivo Taillebois[2] type, but I look on it as certain that the bitter cry of the villans which reaches us from the pages of the old chroniclers and writers is not a mere bit of rhetoric, but speaks what the villans and poor really suffered and felt.

I also look to the generations immediately succeeding the Conquest for the growth of the legal view of villanage and its consequences which is stated by Littleton (ab. 1480 A.D.) and

[1] On the property needed for a Norman villan to marry on, see the tract *De l'Oustillement au Villain* (xiii^e siècle) Paris 1863.

[2] He was one of the most cruel and hateful scoundrels who ever defaced God's earth. He used to make the poor Saxons serve him on bended knee, and then in requital burned their houses, drowned their cattle, and set his bulldogs to torment them. With diabolical cruelty he made them incapable of work by breaking their limbs and backs;—and as the Chronicle declares, "he twisted, crushed, tortured, tore, imprisoned and excruciated them." See also Henry of Huntingdon's account of Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shropshire. "He preferred the slaughter of his captives to their ransom. He tore out the eyes of his own children, when in sport they hid their faces under his cloak. He impaled persons of both sexes on stakes. To butcher men in the most horrible manner was to him an agreeable feast." (*Farrar.*)

Coke, among others, from Bracton, Fleta, &c. and which justified any amount of rapacity and exaction on the part of the feudal superior. There were two classes of villans, 1. *regardant*, attached to the soil of a manor, and sold with it like a cowshed or an ox, but seemingly not liable to be removed from it, though Littleton's words allow the removal; 2. *in gross*, landless, and attached to the person of a lord, and saleable or grantable to another lord, like a chattel.

Littleton translated (ed. 1813). § 181. Also there is a villein regardant, and a villein in gross. A villein regardant is, as if a man be seised of a manor to which a villein is regardant, and he which is seised of the said manor, or they whose estate be both in the same manor, have been seised of the villein and of his ancestors as villeins and neifs[1] regardant to the same manor, time out of memory of man. And villein in gross is where a man is seised of a manor, whereunto a villein is regardant, and granteth the same villein by his deed to another; then he is a villein in gross, and not regardant.

§ 172. Tenure in villenage, is most properly when a villein holdeth of his lord, to whom he is a villein, certain lands or tenements according to the custom of the manor, or otherwise at the will of his lord, and to do his lord villein service, as to carry and recarry the dung of his lord out of the city, or out of his lord's manor, unto the land of his lord, and to spread the same upon the land, and such like.

Or as Coke puts it, fol. 120 *b*.

He is called regardant to the mannour, because he had the charge to do all base or villenous services within the same, and to gard and keepe the same from all filthie or loathsome things that might annoy it: and his service is not certaine, but he must have regard to that which is commanded unto him. And therefore he is called regardant, *a quo præstandum servitium incertum et indeterminatum, ubi scire non potuit vespere quale servitium fieri debet mane, viz. ubi quis facere tenetur quicquid ei præceptum fuerit* (Bract. li. 2, fo. 26, Mir. ca. 2, sect. 12) as before hath beene observed (vid. sect. 84).

He says also at fol. 121 *b*.

Things incorporeall which lye in grant, as advowsons, villeins, commons, and the like, many be appendant to things corporeall, as a mannour, house, or lands.

As illustrations of the truth and the working of these legal

[1] A woman which is villein is called a *neif*, § 186.

doctrines, take the following instances out of many. About 1250 A.D., says Mr. Wright in *Archæol.* vol. xxx, quoting Madox's Formulare Anglicanum 318–418,

The abbot and convent of Bruerne sold "Hugh the shepherd, their naif or villan of Certelle, with all his chattels and all his progeny, for 4*s.* sterling;" and the abbot bought of Matilda, relict of John the physician, for 20*s.*, "Richard, son of William de Estende of Linham, her villan, with all his chattels and all his progeny;" and for half a mark of silver, a villan of Philip de Mandeville "with all his chattels and all his progeny."

Early in Henry III. (1216–72 A.D. his reign) Walter de Beauchamp granted by charter "all the land which Richard de Grafton held of him, and Richard himself, with all his offspring." . . In 1317 Roger de Felton gave to Geoffry Foune certain lands, tenements &c. in the town and territory of Glanton, "with all his villans in the same town, and with their chattels and offspring."

We may also note the dictum of Cowel's Institutes: "Villaines are not to marry without consent of their patrons."—*W. G.'s translation*, 1651, p. 24.

But the sharpest pinch of the matter lay in the theory—and practice often, I do not doubt—that all the villan's goods were his lord's,[1] that whatever the lord took from him, he had no remedy against the lord for.

Sect. 189, fol. 123 *b*. Also, every villein is able and free to sue all manner of actions against everie person, except against his lord, to whom he is villeine.

On which Coke says:

For a villeine shall not have an appeale of robberie against his lord, for that he may lawfully take the goods of the villeine as his own (18 Edw. 3, 32; 11 Hen. 4, 93; 1 Hen. 4, 6; 29 Hen. 6, tit. Coron. 17). And there is no diversitie herein, whether he be a vilein regardant or in grosse, although some have said the contrary.

And look at what early book you will,—Homilies, Political Songs, Robert of Brunne[2], Chaucer, Gower, &c.—if it touches the subject at all, you are sure to find the lords' and their stewards' arbitrary extortions complained of and reproved.

Before quitting this branch of the subject it may be well to quote on it the words of the editor of Domesday, Sir Henry

[1] Cp. the extract from Chaucer, p. 554–5 below.

[2] See the quotation from his *Handlyng Synne* below.

Ellis. After a longish quotation from Blackstone's Commentaries upon the villani, he says (*General Introduction to Domesday Book*, vol. i. p. 80):

There are, however, numerous entries in the Domesday Survey which indicate the Villani of that period to have been very different from Bondmen. They appear to have answered to the Saxon Ceorls, while the Servi answered to the Þeowas or Esnen. By a degradation of the Ceorls and an improvement in the state of the Esnen, the two classes were brought gradually nearer together, till at last the military oppression of the Normans thrusting down all degrees of tenants and servants into one common slavery, or at least into strict dependance, one name was adopted for both of them as a generic term, that of *Villeins regardant.*

The next questions are, how long were the words *bonde* and *bondman* used for the villan class; and when did their bondage cease; or at least, did it continue, and if so, with what amelioration did it continue, up to the time when our ballad may be supposed to have been written?

As the names require extracts, the two questions may be treated together.

Archdeacon Hale, writing of the land and villans of the Priory of St. Mary's, Worcester, in or about 1240 A.D. says:

The quantity of land in villenage in each manor being fixed, and the quantity of labour due from it fixed also, it follows that the lords of manors were not arbitrary masters who had unlimited power over the person and property of these tenants. There is, however, too much reason to believe that, taking into account the labour of various kinds to which the holder of a small quantity of villan land was liable, he paid what was equivalent to a high rent. His position as a holder of land, which would descend to his family, was superior to that of the modern labourer; and yet he might not be better off in a pecuniary point of view. His place in society was marked also by the obligation to give "Thac et Thol, auxilium et merchet, et in obitu melius catallum." (*Thac* was "Pig-money, a payment made by the villans to the lord in the autumn for every pig (the sows excepted), of a year old one penny, and under the year a halfpenny. *Thol*, the Penny paid by the villans for licence to sell a horse or ox." *Hale*, p. xx, xli. On *Thol*, see also p. lii.)

This fixity of rent, and Professor Rogers's pleasant view of things, make one side of the question; the legal power of the lord over all his villan's property, and the exactions out of him complained of by preachers, poets, and writers, the other.

In *Layamon* the word *bonde* is used once, in the de-

scription of the treacherous slaughter of Vortiger and his companions by Hengest and his:

Earlier text, 1200–20.	*Later text*, *bef.* 1300.
þer wes of Salesburi	þar was a *bond* of Salusburi,
an oht *bonde* icumen;	þat bar on his honde
ænne muchelne mæin clubbe	anc mochele club,
he bar on his rugge.	for to breke stones.

The earlier text Sir F. Madden translates:

There was a bold *churl*[1] of Salisbury come; he bore on his back a great strong club.

In one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the Ancient English Peasantry," in the *Law Magazine and Review*, New Series, xi. 259, &c., I find at p. 263, under the date of 1279 A.D.

At the same place [Mollond at Castle Camps, in the south-eastern corner of Cambridgeshire] there were several [27] tenants, [four of whom are women,] described as *Bondi*, bondmen.[2] One of them [i.e. each, except 12 who held in couples] held 16 acres of land in villenage. It does not appear that he paid any mail or gable. He returned a goose and a hen, worth 3d., 20 eggs worth ½d., and a quarter of oats worth 12d. He worked for the lord twice a week from Michaelmas to Pentecost, and thrice a week from Pentecost to Michaelmas, and ploughed nine acres in the year. It is plain that this man was an operative tenant.[3]

Havelok the Dane comes next, and in it the bondman is the peasant or ploughman:

Thider komen bothe stronge and wayke;
Thider komen lesse and more,
That in the borw thanne weren thore;
Champiouns, and starke laddes,
Bondemen with here gaddes,
Als he comen fro the plow;
There was sembling inow:
(ed. Madden, p. 39, l. 1012–1018.)

Another drem dremede me ek,
That ich fley over the salte se
Til Engeland, and al with me
That euere was in Denemark lyues,

[1] *Ceorl* is used in the book in the general sense of *man*.

[2] ? Bondes, who might be freemen. They are given between the Customary Tenants and the Cottars.

[3] *Bondi*. Hugo Ruge tenet xvi. acr*as* terre in villenag*io*, & dat j auc*am* et j gallin*am*, & valen*t* iij d.; xx. ov*a* q*uæ* valent ob*olum* [½d.], & j q*uarterium* aven*æ* quod valet xijd., & facit a festo Sanc*ti* Michaelis usq*ue* Pentec*ostam*, etc. —2 *Hundred Rolls* (ed. 1818), 425, col. 1.

But *bondemen*, and here wines,
And that ich kom til Engelond,
Al closede it intil min hond,
And Goldeboro y gaf the :—
(*The same*, p. 50, l. 1304–1311.)

In the *Song of the Husbandman*, of the reign of Edward I. (1272–1307 A.D.) in Wright's *Political Songs*, Camden Soc. p. 150, *bonde* represents the "peasant" class.

Thus me pileth the pore, and pyketh ful clene,
The ryche raymeth withouten eny ryht;
Ar londes and ar leodes liggeth fol lene,
Thorh b[i]ddyng of baylyfs such harm heth hight.
Meni of religione we halt hem ful hene,
Baroun and *bonde*, the clerc and the knyght.
(MS. Harl. 2253, leaf 64.)

In 1297, taking that as Robert of Gloucester's date, he says of William the Conqueror and his 'high men:'

Hii to-draweth þe sely *bonde men*, as wolde hem hulde ywys.—ii. 370.

which the latter reading gives as

Hii tormenteth hure *tenauntes*, as hulde hem they wolde.

Again in one of the *Lives of Saints*, said to have been written by Robert of Gloucester, is this passage:

If a *bondeman* hadde a sone: to clergie idrawe,
He ne scholde, without his loverdes leve: not icrouned beo.
(ab. 1300–10 A.D. *Life of Beket*, l. 552.)

Robert of Brunne, in the lifelike sketch which he gives us of the England—or, at least, the Lincolnshire—of 1303, as he tells the men of his day of their sins, of course does not forget the bondman and his lord, of course remembers the poor:

Blessyd be alle poorë men,
For God almyȝty loueþ þem.
(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 180, l. 5741–2.)

One tale that he tells shows a certain independence on the part of a bondman, and I therefore take that first, from the *Handlyng Synne*, p. 269–70. In a Norfolk village a knight's house and homestead (manor) were near the churchyard, into which his herdsmen let his cattle, and they defiled the graves. A *bonde man* saw that, was woe that the beasts should there go, went to the lord, and said, "Lord, your herdsmen do wrong to let your beasts defile these graves. Where

men's bones lie, beasts should do no nastiness." The Lord's answer was "somewhat vile," "A pretty thing indeed to honour such churls' bones! What honour need men pay to such churls' livid bodies?" And then the bonde-man said him words full well together laid:

> The lord that made of earth-e, earls,
> Of the same earth made he churls:
> Earlès might, and lordès stut, (strut)
> As churlès shall in earth be put,
> Earlès, churlès, all at ones; (once)
> Shall none know your, from our, bones.

Which reproof the lord took in good part (few would have done so, says Robert of Brunne [1]), and promised that his beasts should no more break into the churchyard.

But still there is evidence enough in the *Handlyng Synne* that if a lord wanted a bondman's wife or daughter, he would not only carry her off, but brag of it afterwards (p. 231, l. 7420–7); and as to the treatment of the poor by their superiors, Robert of Brunne asks—he is not here translating Wadington—

> Lord, how shul þese robbers fare,
> Þat þe pore pepyl pelyn ful bare,—
> Erlès, knygtès, and barouns
> And ouþer lordyngës of tounnes,
> Justyses, shryues and baylyuys,
> Þat þe lawès alle to-ryues,
> And þe pore men alle to-pyle?
> To ryche men do þey but as þey wylle.—
> (p. 212, l. 6790–7.)

He goes on denouncing them who "pyle and bete many pore men," and contrasts their conduct with that of Dives to Lazarus, whom Dives did not rob of gold or fee,

> He dyde but lete an hounde hym to:
> Ye rychë men, weyl wers ȝe do!
> Ye wyl noun houndes to hem lete,
> But, ȝe self, hem *sle and bete*.
> He ne dyde but wernede hym of hys mete;
> And ȝe robbe al þat ȝe mow gete.
> Ye are as Dyues þat wyl naghte ȝgue;
> And wers: for ȝe robbe þat þey [the poor] shulde by lyue.
> (*Handlyng Synne*, p. 213, l. 6812–19.)

Iñ a previous passage the lords' arbitrary exactions from

[1] þyr are but fewë lordës now
þat turne a wrde so wel to prow;
But who seyþ hem any skylle,
Mysseye aȝen fouly þey wylle.
Lordynges,—þyr are ynow of þo;
Of gentyl men, þyr are but fo [few].

men in bondage—or *vileynage* as Wadington has it—are expressly mentioned:

> And ȝyf a lorde of a tounne
> Robbe his men oute of resoune,
> þoghe hyt be yn *bondage*,
> Aȝens ryȝt he doþe outrage.
> He shal so take þat he [the bondman] may lyue,
> And as lawe of londe wyl forȝyue;
> For ȝyf he take ouer mesure,
> Lytyl tymè shal hyt dure.
> þoghe God haue ȝeue þe seynorye,
> He ȝaf hym no leue to do robborye;
> For god haþ ordeyned al mennys state,
> How to lyue, and yn what gate;
> And þoȝt he ȝyue one ouer oþer myȝt,
> He wyl þat he do hym but ryȝt.
> þys ys þe ryȝt of Goddys lokyng:
> ȝelde euery man hys owne þyng.
> But God takeþ euermore veniaunce
> Of lordys, for swych myschaunce,
> For swych robbery þat þey make,
> þat ofte of þe poure men take.

He then tells a tale of what a Knight suffered in Purgatory (or hell) fire, for robbing a poor man of a cloth, and winds up with the moral:

> Certys þefte ryȝt wykkede ys . . .
> Namly[1] pore men for to pele
> Or robbe or bete wyþ-oute skyle.[2]

The next reference to the word in Stratmann's *Dictionary* is to *William and the Werwolf*, (better, *William of Palerne*: E. E. Text Soc. 1868, *Extra* Series,) of ab. 1340 A.D. l. 216.

> do quickliche crie þurth eche cuntre of þi king-riche
> þat barouns burgeys & bonde[3] & alle oþer burnes
> þat mowe wiȝtly in any wise walken a-boute
> þat þei wende wiȝtly as wide as þi reaume.
> (*William and Werwolf*, p. 77, ed. Madden.)

In William of Malvern's[4] *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, about 1362 A.D. we have:

[1] especially.

[2] reason.

[3] Bonde, *n.* S. Bondsmen, villains; as opposed to the orders of barons and burgesses, 77.—*Glossary to the above.* But the *bonde* are still one of the three principal orders of men, as shown by the "other burnes" who are not worth specifying.—Skeat.

[4] Mr. Hales's name for the author of the *Vision*, who is sometimes called Langland. As there is no real evidence for the name Langland, I prefer the vaguer title William of Malvern, though Malvern is only mentioned in the first of the poems of which the *Vision* is composed.

Barouns and Burgeis · and *Bonde-men* also
I sauȝ in þat Semble.—(p. 6, l. 96, ed. Skeat.)

In Wright's edition of the *Vision*, i. 88, l. 2859 is—

And as a *bonde*-man of his bacon his berde was bidraveled.

And part of the knight's duty is—

And misbeode þou not þi *bondemen* · þe beter þou schalt spede.
(Pas. vii. l. 45, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat, p. 76.)

In the third text of the *Vision* we read—

Bondmen and bastardes · and beggers children,
These bylongeth to labour · and lordes children sholde serven,
Bothe God and good men · as here degree asketh
.
And sith, *bondemenne* barnes · han be made bisshopes,
And barnes bastardes · han ben archidekenes;
And sopers and here sones · for selver han be knyghtes,
And lordene sones here laboreres.—(ab. 1380. *Vision of Piers Plowman*. Whitaker's text. Passus Sextus.)

Mr. Skeat says that the various readings in the MSS. of the *Vision* show that *bondage* or *bondages* was used for *bondemen*, and that *bonde* is thus connected with the verb to *bind*. Chaucer uses *bondemen* and *bondefolk*[1] as the equivalents of *cherls* and *thralles* in his Persones Tale, *de Avaritia* (p. 282 ed. Wright, quoted below, p. 554–5), while in The Frere's Tale the use is of one bound:

Disposith youre hertes to withstonde
The fend, that wolde make yow thral and *bonde*.[2]

The year 1394, or thereabouts, gives us that wonderful picture of a bondeman or ploughman whom its painter *saw*,

[1] And fortherover, ther as the lawe sayth, that temporel goodes of *bondefolk* been the goodes of her lordes; ye, that is to understonde, the goodes of the imperour, to defende hem in here righte, beut *not to robbe hem ne to reve hem*.

[2] In the Elegy on the Death of King Edward III. the phrase "bide her bonde" is glossed "remain as their captive."

This goode schip, I may remene [*so*]
To the Chilvalrye of this londe,
Sum time thei counted nouȝt a bene.
Beo al Ffrance Ich understonde
Thei tok & slouȝ hem with heore honde
The power of Ffrance both smal and grete,
And brouȝt ther Kyng hider to bide her *bonde*.
And nou riȝt sone hit [the ship] is forȝete.

Myrc's use of *bonde* is this:

Fyrst þow moste þys mynne,
What he ys þat doth þe synne,
Wheber hyt be heo or he,
Yonge or olde, *bonde*, or fre,
Pore or ryche, or in offys.
(Ab. 1430, Myrc, *Instructions for Parish Priests*, p. 47.)

and which will not be out of the mind of anyone who has studied it:

> And as y wente be þe waie · wepynge for sorowe,
> [I] sei3 a sely man me by · opon þe plow hongen.
> His cote was of a cloute · þat cary was y-called,
> His hod was full of holes · & his heer oute,
> Wiþ his knopped schon · clouted full þykke;
> His ton toteden out · as he þe londe treddede,
> His hosen ouerhongen his hokschynes · on eueriche a side,
> Al beslombred in fen · as he þe plow folwede;
> Twey myteynes, as mete · maad all of cloutes;
> Þe fyngers weren for-werd · & ful of fen honged.
> Þis whit waselede in þe [fen] · almost to þe ancle,
> Foure roþeren hym by-forn · þat feble were [worþen];
> Men my3te reken ich a ryb · so reufull þey weren.
> His wijf walked him wiþ · wiþ a longe gode,
> In a cutted cote · cutted full hey3e,
> Wrapped in a wynwe schete · to weren hire fro weders,[1]
> Barfote on þe bare ijs · þat þe blod folwede.
> *And* at þe londes ende laye · a litell crom-bolle,
> *And* þeron lay a litell childe · lapped in cloutes,
> And tweyne of tweie 3eres olde · opon a-no þer sydo,
> And alle þey songen o songe · þat sorwe was to heren;
> Þey crieden alle o cry · a carefull note.
>
> (*Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, l. 420–441, ed. Skeat, 1867.)

Those last two lines sum up for me the English history of the English poor (as has been said elsewhere), it was "full of care."

Frater Galfridus, about 1440, has in the Promptorium

> Bonde, as a man or woman, *Servus, serva.*
> Bondman . *Servus, nativus* [neif.]
> Bondschepe . *Nativitas*: but Bondage . *Servitus.*

That the lord's power over his bondmen was a reality, and that he "frequently took advantage of his power to tyrannize, is proved by the example of Sir Simon Burley, the tutor of Richard II., who seized forcibly an industrious artizan at Gravesend, on the plea of his being his escaped bondsman, and, when his exorbitant demand was refused, threw him into the prison of Rochester Castle."—(Wright in *Archæol.* xxx. 235.) And that the Lord's power over his bondman existed into the 16th century is shown by the following extracts.[2]

[1] It is a wyues occupation, to *wynowe all manner of cornes*, to make malte, to washe and wrynge, to make heye, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbande to fyll the mucke-wayne or dounge-carte, *dryue the ploughe*, to loode hay, corne, and suche other. ? 1523. —Fitzherbert's *Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 92.

[2] Mr. Wright says, "We can trace these charters of manumission [of villans] down to a very late period. In 2

In 1519 among the Duke of Buckingham's payments in Prof. Brewer's *Calendar*, iii., Pt. i. p. 498, is—

25 March, to Walter Parker, 40£, "restored to him for a fine by him made to me, for that he was my *bondman*, and made free during his life, for that I gave him a patent."

In 1521 on

"The Duke's Lands . . at Caurs (in Wales) are "Many *bondmen* both rich and poor.—*ib.* p. 509.

In 1523 (?), Fitzherbert says :

Customary tenauntes/ are those that holde their landes of their lorde by copye of courte role/ after the custome of the manere. And there may be many tenauntes with-in the same manere y^t^ have no copyes/ and yet holde be lyke custome and seruyce at the wyll of the lorde. and in myne opinyon/ it began soone after the conquest/ whan Wyllyam Conquerour had conquered this realme/ he rewarded all those that came with hym in his voyage royall accordyng to their degre. And to honourable men he gaue/ lordshippes/ maners/ landes/ and tenementes/ with all the inhabytauntes/ men and women dwellyng in the same/ to do with them at their pleasure. And those honourable men thought y^t^ they must nedes haue seruauntes and tenauntes/ and their landes occupyed with tyllage. Wherfore they pardoned the inhabytauntes of their lyues/ and caused them to do all maner of seruyce that was to be done/ were it neuer so vyle/ and caused them to occupye their landes and tenementes in tyllage and toke of them suche rentes/ customes/ and seruyces/ as it pleased them to haue. And also toke all their goodes & catell at all tymes at their pleasure/ and called them their *bonde men*. and sythe that tyme/ many noble men bothe spirytuall and temporall, of their godly disposycion/ haue made to dyuers of the sayd *bonde men* manumissions, and graunted them fredome and lybertie. and set to them their landes and tenementes to occupy/ after dyuers maners of rentes/ customes/ and seruyces, the whiche is vsed in dyuers places vnto this daye. how be it in some places the *bonde men* contynue as yet/ the whiche me semeth is the grettest inconuenyent that nowe is suffred by the lawe. That is, to haue any christen man bonden to another/ and to haue the rule of his body/ landes and goodes/ that his wife chyldren and seruauntes have laboured/ for all their lyfe tyme/ to be so taken/ lyke as and it were extorcion or bribery. And many tymes

Ric. II., just before the peasants' insurrection, John Wyard or 'Alspach' manumits a female villan, and gives her, with her liberty, her goods and chattels, and the liberty of all her offspring : and we have a charter of affranchisement by the priory of Beauvalle in 6 Hen. V. A.D. 1419, and another by George Nevile, lord Bergevenny, as late as 2 Hen. VIII., A.D. 1511."

by colour therof/ there be many fre men taken as *bonde men*/and their landes and goodes taken fro them/ so that they shall not be able to sue for remedy/ to prove them selfe fre of blode. And that is moost commenly/ where the fre men have the same name as the *bonde men* haue/ or that his auncesters of whome he is comen/ was manumised before his byrthe. In suche cause there can nat be to great a punysshement. for as me semeth there shulde no man be bonde but to god/ and to his king and prince ouer hym. Quia deus non facit exceptionem personarum. For god maketh no excepcyon of any person.—Fitzherbert's *Boke of Surveyeng & Improumentes* Cap. xiii. fol. xxvi.

I do not carry these extracts further, because those that have been given—and they might be ten-folded with ease—sufficiently prove the reality of the hardships which the bondmen suffered, and that certain of these hardships were in being as late as Fitzherbert's time, about 1520. Vague talk that the doctrine of the law-books was never carried out in practice, that monkish writers exaggerated a molehill into a mountain &c., will not do in the face of the evidence that literature supplies. "Master Fitzherbarde" was not a sentimentalist, but a practical horsebreeder, farmer and surveyor,[1] and spoke of the bondmen's evils as he would speak of his broodmares' ailments. There is no need for us then to imagine—as Professor Rogers does, in his very valuable and interesting *History of Prices*, i. 81—a cause, of which no trace has come down to us, for Wat Tyler's rebellion. Cause enough, and to spare, there was in the condition of the men, if only that shown in their demand "that we, our wives and children, shall be free." Granted that the students of literature and charters alone get from them too dark a view of the state of the early poor,—as Mr. Wright may have done—yet we must declare that the student of prices on college lands alone gets a too rose-coloured view, and that the wrongs of the bondmen were real and deep; even Chaucer and Froissart witness it.

On this *bonde* and *bondeman* question I conclude then, though with much diffidence, and acknowledging the insufficiency of the evidence for some points: 1, that the *bonde* was originally free, that he was the Saxon ceorl or twihind, with a Danish name; 2, that if not partially before, yet wholly after, the Conquest, his class, or the greater part of it, became bondmen or villans, bond on bond-land; 3, that gradually they threw off their ser-

[1] It must be a mistake to identify him with Sir Anthony Fitzherbert.

vice and signs of bondage, taking the first decided step in advance in Edward I.'s time, the second and more decided one in Edward III. and Richard II.'s time; 4, that in 1520 the burden of bondage was still heavy. (It gradually disappeared,[1] except so far as our present copyhold fines and heriots represent it. Slavery was abolished by a statute of Charles II. The attempt to abolish it in 1526 proved a vain one. *Wright.*)

But our bondman was John *the Reeve*, though no special duties of his as Reeve are alluded to in the Ballad. On those duties in Anglo-Saxon times the reader may consult the references in Thorpe's Index to the *Ancient Laws*, vol. i., and section 12 of the *Institutes of Polity*, in vol. ii. p. 320–1. The office of Reeve was one that every villan was bound to serve, and although the *Law Magazine* says it was one which the villan rather declined and avoided,[2] it must have been one which, in later times at least, helped to fill its holder's pockets. The Reeve's duty was to manage his lord's demesne, to superintend the service-tenant's work on it, to collect the lord's dues and rent in money and kind, and submit his accounts yearly to the auditor. As the Sloane MS. *Boke of Curtesye* says of the greve or reve—

> *Grauys*, and baylys and parker,
> Schone come to acountes euery yere
> Byfore þo auditour of þo lorde onone,
> Þat schulde be trew as any stone,
> Yf he dose hom no ry3t lele,
> To a baron of chekker þay mun hit pele.
> (*Babees Book*, p. 318, l. 589–94.)

And as William of Malvern says—

[1] The name seems to have lasted longer in Scotland than in England; see Jamieson's Dictionary, 4to, 1825, Supplement:

"Bondage, Bonnage, *s.* The designation given to the services due by a tenant to the proprietor, or by a cottager to the farmer. [Used in] Angus."

"Another set of payments consisted in services, emphatically called *Bonage* (from bondage). And these were exacted either in seed-time, in ploughing and harrowing the proprietor's land,—or in summer, in the carriage of his coals, or other fuel; and in harvest, in cutting down his crop."—*Agricultural Survey of Kincardineshire*, p. 213.

The late abridgement of Jamieson gives "*Bonday Warkis*, the time a tenant or vassal is bound to work for the proprietor."

[2] The chief incidents of base tenure which affected the villein's person are collected in one of Edward II.'s Yearbooks. (5 Ed. II.) They were,—1. The blood fine, or marriage ransom; 2. the taille or tallage, a variable charge, supplanted by regular taxation, unless it endured under the name of chevage; 3. the obligation of undertaking the office of reeve or bailiff, an invidious dignity which the villein rather declined and avoided.—*Law Mag. & Rev.* xiii. 41.

I make Piers the Plowman my procuratour and my reve,
And registrar to receyve.[1]
Redde quod debes (v. ii. p. 411, ed. Wright).

And again—

Thanne lough ther a lord, and "by this light" seide,
"I holde it right and reson, of my reve to take
Al that myn auditour, or ellis my steward
Counseileth me bi hir acounte and my clerkes writyng.
With *spiritus intellectus* thei seke the reves rolles;
And with *spiritus fortitudinis* fecche it I wole after."
(*Vision*, ii. 423.)

Need one quote Chaucer's sketch of the Reeve—

Wel cowde he kepe a gerner and a bynne;
Ther was non auditour cowde on him wynne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the reyn,
The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes scheep, his neet, [and] his dayerie,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrie,
Was holly in this reeves governynge,
And by his covenaunt yaf the rekenynge,
Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age;
Ther couthe noman bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That they ne knewe his sleight and his covyne;
They were adrad of him, as of the deth.
His wonyng was ful fair upon an heth;
With grene trees i-schadewed was his place.
He cowde bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was i-stored prively,
His lord wel couthe he plese subtilly,
To geve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester;
He was a wel good wright, a carpenter.
This reeve sat upon a well good stot,
That was a pomely gray, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers uppon he hadde,
And by his side he bar a rusty bladde.

Our Reeve too has "a rusty bladde," rides a good horse, has a fair dwelling, and is "ful riche istored prively," but Hodgkin Long and Hob of the Lathe are "not adrad of him as of the deth." As he was the King's reeve and should have collected taxes [2] as well as dues and rents,[3] he ought to have been a good scribe and summer-up, but the ballad does not read as if he was. His

[1] See the extract at the end of this paper, line 12 from foot.

[2] If Mr. Toulmin Smith be right in his view, p. 557 note below.

[3] Toulmin Smith's *Parish*, p. 506, refers to a rentcharge paid to the King's reeve.

enemy is not the auditor, of whom we hear nothing, but the courtier or purveyor who could report his wealth to the King, and get leave, or take it, to put the screw on him. He sells his wheat (l. 144) to get it out of sight (?);—money could be more easily hidden;—and he has a thousand pounds and some deal more.

The supper of his pretended poverty—bean-bread, rusty bacon, broth, lean salt beef, and sour ale, may well have been bondman's food in Edward I.'s time, better than many got in Edward III.'s, as William of Malvern shows (*Vision*, Passus VII. l. 267–82, ed. Skeat, p. 88–9, text A); but could the supper of his actual wealth, boar's head and capons, woodcocks, venison, swans, conies, curlews, crane, heron, pigeons, partridges, and sweets of many kinds, have been ever Reeve's food then? I trow not. Chaucer's Frankeleyn couldn't have given a better spread in Richard II.'s time, and John Russell's Franklen in Henry VI.'s days (ab. 1450–60 A.D., say,) hardly exceeded it:

A Fest for a Franklin.

"A Frankleñ may make a feste Imp*ro*berabill*e*,
brawne w*it*h mustard is concordable,
bakoñ s*er* ued w*it*h pesoñ,

beef or motoñ stewed s*er*uysable,
Boyled Chykoñ or capoñ agreable,
convenyent for þe sesoñ;

Rosted goose & pygge full*e* profitable,
Capoñ / Bakemete, or Custade Costable,
wheñ eggis & crayme be gesoñ.

þerfor*e* stuffe of household is behoveable,
Mortrowes or Iusselle ar delectable
for þe second course by resoñ.

Thañ veel, lambe, kyd, or cony,
Chykoñ or pigeoñ rosted tendurly,
bakemet*es* or dowcett*es* w*it*h alle.

þeñ followyng*e* frytowrs, & a leche lovely;
suche s*er*uyse in sesoun is full*e* semely
To s*er*ue w*it*h bothe chambur & halle.

Theñ appuls & peris w*it*h spices delicately
Aft*ur* þe terme of þe yere full*e* deynteithly,
w*it*h bred and chese to call*e*.

Spised cak*es* and wafurs worthily
withe bragot & meth*e*, þus meñ may meryly
plese well*e* bothe gret & smalle."

(*Babees Book*, p. 170-1.)

Edward I.'s order for his own coronation feast was 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 flitches of bacon, and 19,660 capons and fowls (Macfarlane, *Cab. Hist.* iv. 11, referring to Rymer). Only in bacon, boar, and capons could the king have come up to his reeve. To what date then are we to bring the ballad down? I don't know, and, if the reason I have assigned for its being tacked on to Edward I. be the right one, I don't care; for the main point to me is its connection with him. But taking the ballad as it stands, the mention of the *Galliard* in it, l. 530, p. 579, shows that it was recast, if not composed, after 1541, when that dance was introduced. Also the Northern forms *baine*, l. 504, *gange*, l. 209, 343, 864, *strang*, l. 332, *seile*, l. 502, *ryke*, l. 263, *farrand*, l. 353, 358, &c., the present no-rhymes of *both* and *lath*, l. 623–4, 641–2, *arse* and *worse*, l. 668–9, *kneele* and *soule*, l. 806–7, &c., show that our version is an altered copy of a Northern original, or Northern copy. I say copy, because if *lathe* is the Anglo-Saxon *læð*, a division of the county peculiar to Kent, the scene of the ballad must have been Kent; but Chaucer's use of the word in its sense of barn, in his *Reeve's Tale*—

> Why nad thou put the capil in the *lathe?*[1]

and Brockett's in his *Glossary of North Country Words*,

> *Lathe* or *Leathe*, a place for storing hay and corn in winter—a barn.

saves us from the necessity of supposing a double transformation of the ballad, though this would be authorised by the ascription of it to "the south-west country" in l. 909. The Northern saint sworn by in l. 744, St. William, Archbp. of York in the 12th century, tends to confirm the Northern origin, as does the "clerke out of Lancashire" who read the roll that contained the tale, l. 8–12.

[1] The *Promptorium* gives "Berne of lathe (or lathe P.), *Horreum*," p. 33, and Mr. Way says, "Lathe, which does not occur in its proper place in the *Promptorium*, is possibly a word of Danish introduction into the eastern counties," Lade, *horreum*, Dan. Skinner observes that "it was very commonly used in Lancashire." At p. 288 he also says that Bp. Kennett notices it also as a Lincolnshire word, and that Harrison, speaking of the partition of England into shires and lathes, says "Some, as it were roming, or rouing at the name Lath, do saie that it is derived of a barn, which is called in Old English a *lath*, as they coniecture." "*Horreum est locus ubi reponitur annona*, a barne, a lathe. *Grangia*, lathe or grange.—Ortus. *Orreum, granarium*, lathe."—Vocab. Roy. MS., 17, C. xvii. Way.

If asked to guess a date for the composition of the ballad, I should guess the earlier half of the 15th century, while for the recast of it I should guess the latter half of the 16th, or the former half of the 17th. The tradition embodied in it is, I doubt not, of the 13th century.

Let me add, before ending this long rigmarole,[1] that John the Reeve was a well-known typical personage, like Piers Plowman, &c., as is shown by the following extract from a discussion on the Real Presence in the Harleian MS. 207 :

[*leaf* 1],

Bonum est sperare in domino quem et sperare

[1532.]

The Banckett of Iohan the Reve. Vnto peirs ploughman. Laurens laborer. Thomlyn Tailyor. And hobb of the hille. with other.

[*leaf* 2]

[A] relacion maide. by hobb of the hille vnto Sir Iohañ the pariche preste vpon A comminicacion. Betwene. Iacke Iolie Servyngman of thone partie. And. Iohañ the reve. Peirs plowghman. Lawrence Laborer. Thomlyn tailyor. And hobb of the hille of thother partie. Wherin the said Sir Iohan wold maike none Awnswer vnto he knewe the olde vecar mynde. the wiche saide vecar wrote lyenge in his bedd veray seeke. and delyuerde hys mynde in wrytynge. vnto his pariche preste. And the said prest delyuerd the same booke to hobb of the hille. counsellynge hym to learne it. wherebye he myght be more able to maike better Answere to suche light fellows if he chaunced to here any suche Comminicacion in tyme to comme. Hobb of the hille said vnto sir Iohañ .;. Good morow Sir Iohan .;. And he Answered .;. Good morrowe hobb .;. Hobb said .;. Sir Iohan I am veray glade of our metynge .;. For I am desirouse of your counselle in a weightie matter Sir Iohañ said. Marie ye shalle haue the beste councelle that is in me .;. What is your matter Bie my faithe Sir .;. yesterdaie My master [*leaf* 2 b.] and Iohan the reve maid a feaste. And piers plewghman. Laurence laboror. And Thomlyn tailyor was at dyner at our house, And I serued them at dyner. And or halfe dyner was done. comme in a Servynge man called Iacke Iolie. Rent getherar vnto my ladie. For my master Iohan the reve was Receuor this yeare : And when Iack[e] Iolie was sett downe. He demaũnded whether we had any messe or no .;. And my master saide

[1] I ought to apologise for its shortcomings. It has been put together in great haste, Mr. Hales having been unfortunately unable to treat its subject, for which Part II. has been kept back four months. Feeling obliged to say something on the question to excuse the delay named, I have set down opinions, many of which, though hastily expressed, have not been hastily formed, as my long connection with working men and with Early English may guarantee.

we hadde, and trustede to haue .;. Than saide Iacke Iolie that we war blynded for waunt of teachynge. for it is plane ydolatrie to beleue *that* the bodie and bloude of criste ar in firme of breade and wyne ministrede in the alter, And for his purpose he Aleged Many Sayenges, As of Marty*n* luther. Eocolampadius. Caralstadij. Iohan Firtz Malangton, with many dyu*er*se other .;. Than peirs ploughman waxed woundrus Angrie. and called Iacke Iolie. fals heritike. Than my master desired them bothe to be content in his house. and to reason the matte^{r} gentlie. And thei warre bothe contente So to doo.;.

NOTES.

p. xxx. "Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson." Here *Hurd* is a mistake for *Herd*, who published two vols. of Scottish Ballads.—D. (=Alexander Dyce.)

p. 1, *Chevy Chase.* See Mr. Maidment's comments on this "modern version" in his *Scotish Ballads*, 1868, i. 81.—F.

that "expliceth," quoth Richard Sheale, does *not* mean that Sheale was the *author*, but the *scribe*. So one of the Piers Plowman MS., (Harl. 3954) ends—*quod* Herun, &c.—Skeat.

p. 2, "*That day*" &c. In the "Complaynt of Scotland," which was not written before 1547, mention is made of the "Hunttiss of Chevot," and of "The persee and mongumrye met," as if these were the titles of two separate ballads. That these were two distinct ballads founded on the battle of Otterbourne, and known in Scotland by the above titles, is extremely probable; for though, in the Scottish ballad of the "Battle of Otterbourne" the line "The Percy and Montgomery met" occurs, the name of Cheviot is never mentioned. Dr. Percy, in quoting the above line from the "Complaynt of Scotland," gives "That day, that day, that gentil day" as the following one; but that is, in fact, the title of another ballad or song. Dr. Rimbault. *Musical Illustrations*, p. 1.

p. 5, *Battle of Otterbourne.* See Mr. Robert White's full account of it, with an appendix and illustrations. London, 1857.—F.

p. 6, l. 7 from foot: *for* Wold *read* Henry Bold. Another edition, says Mr. E. Peacock, is a fcp. 8vo. of 39 pages. "Chevy Chase, a ballad, in Latin Verse, by Henry Bold, accompanied by the original English Text. London, Printed by Henry Bryer, Bridge St. Blackfriars, 1818."

p. 8, l. 30, read *fat buckes.*—Ch. (=F. J. Child.)

p. 11, l. 123, lyons *woode*, beyond doubt.—Ch. *layd on lode* (=a load), as Skeat explains, is, I think, certain.—Ch.

p. 12, l. 143, "*which struck*," (as in Old Ballads, 1723) is certainly the reading.—Ch.

p. 14, l. 198: sorry you left *too full*: no doubt of *doleful.*—Ch.

p. 17, *When Loue with vnconfined wings.* This version is very corrupt, and inferior to the printed copy of 1649. See my edition of Lovelace, 1864.—Hazlitt.

p. 20, l. 8, 16, 24, *enioyes.* This is exactly the reverse of what the poet meant and wrote.—Hazlitt. The right burden is, "Know no such Liberty," but the 4th or last stanza has "Injoy such Liberty."—F.

p. **21**, *Cloris*. See my communication to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series viii. 435, and Bell's edition of Waller.—Hazlitt.

p. **24**, l. **3**. The Percy Society reprinted the edition of 1686, but imperfectly.—Hazlitt.

p. **28**, l. **13**, *read* yeelded.—Ch.

p. **30**, In Scots poems, &c., as Percy says, we find "Hollow, my Fancie:" but there are 17 stanzas, and many differences. The last 9—including only the last of those in the MS. which is also the last in the Scots Poems copy—are said to have been "writ by Colonel Clealand of my Lord Augus's regiment, when he was a student in the College of Edinburgh, and 18 years of age."—Ch.

p. **35**, l. **2**. 1639 as the date of Carew's death is only conjectural.—H. (= W. C. Hazlitt.)

p. **37**, l. **6**. 1731. This *Collection* was printed in 1662, 8vo, and again, with some changes, in 1731, 2 vols. 12mo.—H.

p. **38**, l. **22**, for *soine* read *sinne* (the idea is that the Lower House sinnes when it *does* sit).—Ch.

p. **39**, note. Percy's *Lumford* is of course a penslip for *Lunsford*. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to chap. xx. of *Woodstock*, gives another version of the 2nd verse of this Ballad, and an account of Lunsford, but there are mistakes in it. Scott's verse is—

> The post who came from Coventry
> Riding in a red rocket,
> Did tidings tell, how Lunsford fell,
> A childs hand in his pocket.

The same child-eating scandal is noticed in *Rump Songs*, pt. i. p. 65:

> From Fielding and from Vavasour,
> Both ill-affected men;
> From Lunsford eke deliver us,
> That eateth up children.

The best account of Lunsford that I know is in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 106, pt. i. 350, 602; pt. ii. 32, 148; vol. 107, pt. i. 265. Cf. *Rushworth Hist. Col.*, vol. iii. pt. i. p. 459; Add. MSS. 1519 f. 26, 6358 f. 50, 5702 p. 118.

There is an engraving among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum—I cannot give the press mark—representing Sir Thomas Lunsford at full length. In the background is a church in flames, and a soldier with a drawn sword pursuing a woman; a companion is catching another woman by her hair. Under the engraving are these lines:

> I'll helpe to kill, to pillage, and destroy
> All the opposers of the Prelacy.
> My fortunes are grown small, my friends are less,
> I'll venture, therefore, life to have redress;
> By picking, stealing, or by cutting throates,
> Although my practise cross the kingdom's votes.

p. **45**, l. **32**, for *witt* read *woe*.—Ch.

p. **50**, *How fayre shee be*. The earliest appearance of this song of Wither's was in *A Description of Love*, 1620; then again it appeared at the end of *Faire Virtue* &c., 1622, unless the undated sheet in the Pepysian Library be older, which is more than possible.—Hazlitt.

p. **52**, l. **2**, read *hollydom* (halidom); Note the rhyme.—Ch.

l. **3**, omit *I*.—Ch.

p. **53**, l. **12**, Percy is right, and Mr. Chappell wrong: the rhyme is with *braines*, not *square*.—Ch.

l. **19**, *drouth*, for rhyme, as Percy suggests.—Ch.

l. **25**, drop *of*, hurts metre and sense: 'will you be the taster?' is the meaning.—Ch.

l. **28**, Exus = Naxos of course: 29, coyle, *rare*.—Ch.

l. **29**, *coyse* should be *coyle*: compare l. 2.—D.

l. **34**, for *of* read *on*.—Ch.

p. **54**, l. **42**, read *toward*: 50, *sword's*.—Ch.

l. **54**, read *Cynthia's fellow, Muses' deere*, i.e. (Diana's mate, darling of the Muses).—Ch.

p. **55**, l. **72**, *grace*: some word like *care* is wanted.—Ch.

p. **56**, *The Grene Knight*. Gascoigne the poet, when he was on service in the Low Countries, tells us that he acquired the nickname of *The Green Knight* under circumstances of a peculiar character.—Hazlitt.

p. **63**, l. **123**, note, Percy's *'gan* is wrong.—Ch.

l. **126**, *thy* should be *thee*: you can do nothing with the Sax. *þy*.—Ch.

l. **146**, **147**, read *praye, blin*; (transpose the ; and ,).—Ch.

p. **64**, **168** (he had *sayd* nothing), qy. *hele*? (i.e. so have I *hele*).—Ch.

p. **65**, note **4**, read *Egilsson*: *braid* is well enough explained by the A.-Sax. *brǽdan*, here, *gripe*.—Ch.

p. **67**, l. **255**, *kell*, i.e. caul, net-work for a lady's head. The note on this word is quite from the purpose. [So it is]. Compare—

> Faire be thy wives, right lovesom, white, and small:
> Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under *kellys*.
> London! thowe art the flowre of cities all.
>
> Dunbar. *Reliq. Ant.* i. 206.—F.

The line describes *Bredbeddle's wife*, not Sir Gawaine: see it referred to in Madden's *Glossary*, to *Syr Gawayne*, under "kell."—D.

p. **67**, l. **236**, *rought* = were sorry for, Sax. *hreówian*.—Ch.

p. **71**, l. **349**, *frauce*, apparently from French *froisser*, clash, dash, &c.—Ch.

l. **355** and note. How *could* "beleeue" be right? To say nothing of l. 478, the rhyme required proves it to be wrong.—D.

p. **72**, l. **364**, *tho* seems to me more likely to be right.—Ch.

p. **74**, l. **429**: the meaning can hardly be *proved* about Gawaine: *proved by* is gone through by, performed by, I should say.—Ch.

p. **75**, l. **461**, *throe:* rightly explained in note. Icel. *þrâr* has the same meaning as *thra* in G. Doug.: and so Sax. *þreá*, found only in composition.—Ch.

p. **76**, l. **496**, *other* = second, as in Sax. So l. 523.—Ch.

p. **82**, l. **68**, "& heard them speake" should be "& heard *him* speake."—D. and Ch.

p. **83**, l. **75**, *the* = thy.—Ch.

p. **86**, l. **177**, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D.

p. **88**, l. **211**, *some spending money*. The author must have written something like *money for spending*.—D. Read *money for spending*.—Ch.

l. **214**, *you heyre*, read *your heyre*.—D.

p. **90**, l. **273**, drop *&* (caught from l. 271 or 268); *thereto* makes sense.—Ch.

p. **92**, l. **336**, for *said* read *had*.—Ch.

p. **94**, l. **399**, *fone* should be *foe* (unless in the concluding line of the stanza *goe* be an error for *gone*).—D.

l. **402**, read *go*[*n*]*e*.—Ch.

p. **98**, l. **523**, *other* = second: cf. l. 496.—Ch.

l. **534**, *soe bee*, read *soe beene*.—D.

p. **99**, l. **556**, "for to his graue he rann" ought manifestly to be "for to his *masters* graue he rann": compare l. 543.—D.

l. **557**, read *followed*.—Ch.

p. **104**, l. **693**, *thither wold he wend*, ? read *thither wold he right*.—D.

p. **108**, l. **800**, read *rest*.—Ch.

l. **807**, why not read *shivver*? *shimmer* makes no sense.—Ch.

p. **111**, l. **895**, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D. and Ch.

p. **112**, l. **919**, *in the crye*, an undoubted error for *in the stowre*.—D.

p. **113**, l. **964**, *was past*, read *was gane*, or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.

p. **117**, l. **1048**, read *with thee*.—Ch.

l. **1067**, I should understand *yerning* as eager, &c. It is very expressive of the noise of a dog who wants a thing very much.—Ch.

p. **119**, l. **1125**, for *his heire*, read *is neire*.—Ch. I took it for *is here*.—F.

p. **120**, l. **1165**, read *come*.—Ch.

p. **122**, l. **1202**, *busled*, ? bustled, made a stir, made a "towre."—Ch.

l. **1207**, read *fyery* wood?—Ch.

p. **125**, l. **1300**, read *moe*.—Ch.

l. **1305**, *feelds*, certainly *fells*.—D.

p. **128**, l. **1403**, *blithe*, read *bliue* (i.e. quickly).—D.

p. **132**, l. **1496**, *affrayd* should be *aghaste*—Copland's ed. having the right reading in l. 1494, *wonder faste*, and *brast* being the final word of l. 1500.—D.

p. **133**, l. **1528**, *Sir Marrockee thè hight*. If this be right, it means "they called him Sir Marrock": but qy. *he hight* (i.e. he was called)?—D. Why not, *he hight*?—Ch.

p. **136**, *Guye and Amarant*. This is a portion of *The Famous Historie of Guy Erle of Warwicke*, &c., by S. Rowlands; and I cannot but think that Mr. F. mistakes the nature and intention of it. Rowlands is evidently imitating the serio-comic romance poetry of Italy, a kind of writing which has been popular in that country, from Pulci down to Fortiguerra.—D.

p. **136**. I do not understand note 3, "torn out &c."—Ch. Page 253 of the MS. was torn out, Percy said, to send *King Estmere*, which was on it, to press.—F.

p. **137**, l. **45**, *recovers=recover his*, of course.—Ch.

p. **139**, l. **92**, *this coward art*, read *this coward act*.—D.

p. **140**, l. **135**, (probably) *den[a]yd*.—Ch.

p. **145**, l. **2**, *Rhé*. "The Duke of Buckingham's Manifestation of Remonstrance, with a Journal of his Proceedings in the Isle of Ree, 1627, 4to." An unhappy View of the whole Behaviour of my Lord Duke of Buckingham at the French Island called the Isle of Rhee, discovered by Colonel William Fleetwood, an unfortunate commander in that untoward service, 1648. This most fierce and prejudiced impeachment of an expedition, ill planned and unhappily terminated, is reprinted in the fifth volume of the *Somers Collection of Tracts. Lowndes. The Expedition to the Isle of Rhe*, by Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Edited by Lord Powis for the Philobiblon Soc. 1860.—F.

p. **147**, *King and Miller*, the first *known* edition was imprinted at London, by Edward Allde [*circâ* 1600].—Hazlitt.

p. **148**, l. **2**, read *the* Reeve.—Ch.

p. **155**, l. **186**, read *a botts*.—Ch.

p. **160**, l. **1**, for *is* read *It is*.

l. **2**, for *differen* read *different*.

p. **163**, l. **13**,
p. **169**, l. **72**, } 60,000 is evidently the right reading, as the metre shows.—Ch.

p. **168**, l. **57**, *and last*, read *at last*.—D.

p. **172**, the last line of notes, *hurms* should be *harms*.—D.

l. **135**. In Rymer, ix. 317–18, is Robert Waterton's petition to be repaid the costs of the Duke of York, and the prisoners (1) Count de Ewe, (2) Arthur de Bretaigne, (3) le Mareschall Buchecaud, Perron de Lupe, and Cuchart de Sesse, these 3, at s. 23, 4d. a day, and other travelling expenses. At p. 334, Rymer, ix, are "Beds, curtains, &c. for the Dukes of Orleans and Burbon, at Eltham, the Tower of London, Westminster, Windsor, and diverse other places." p. 360 is, de Domino de Lyne, prisonaris. —F.

p. **174**, *Conscience*. Compare *The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience*, ? about 1550; and Allde's edition before 1600, printed in Halliwell's *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, and with 4 additional stanzas in Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iii. 221. Compare also *A piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophesies*, 1604, (Percy Society, 1844,) Lauder's poem on *the Nature of Scotland twiching the Intertainment of virtewus men that lacketh Ryches, &c.*, and Martin Parker's *Robin Conscience*, or Conscionable Robin. His Progresse thorow Court, City, and Countrey: with his bad entertainement at each severall place. Very pleasant and merry to bee read. Written in English by M. P.

> Charitie's cold, mens hearts are hard,
> And most doores against Conscience bard.

London 1635, 8vo., 11 leaves, *Bodleian*. (Burton's Books) *Hazlitt's Handbook*.—F.

p. **186**, l. **49**, read *denide*.—Ch.

p. **188**, l. **104**, *sore* should be dropped and the line not indented: *sore* is evidently caught from the line above.—Ch.

p. **190**, Harl. MS. 4843 (paper). Article 11 is "Anno *Domi*ni millesimo cccxlvi die Martis, in vigilia Lucæ Evangelistæ, hora Ma*tutina* ix. commissum fuit bellum inter Anglos et Scotos non longe a Dunelmia, in loco ubi nunc stat crux vulgariter dictus Nevillcrosse." Poema rhythmicum, [leaf] 241. *Harl. Catal.*

p. **191**, l. **2**, hearken to me a litle [while?]—Ch.

p. **199**, l. **245**, read *brother*, ("to the King of ffrance" is a marginal gloss).—Ch.

l. **245**, &c., *brothers* should be *brother*; and the words *to the King of ffrance* is a gloss crept into the text.—D.

p. **200**, last line but two of note, for 63–6 read 63–8. (Durham Feilde is likely enough by the author of Flodden Field).—Ch.

p. **201**, See the "Discendants from Guy, Earl of Warwick; i.e. of the family of Arden of Parke-Hall in Com. Warwic. who were indeed descended from the Great Turchil, who lived at the time of the Conquest." Harl. MS. 853, leaf 113. Mr. Halliwell in his *Descriptive Notices of Early English Histories*, p. 47–8, says of the story of Guy: "This tale was dramatized early in the 17th century, and Taylor mentions having seen it acted at the Maidenhead of Islington." "After supper we had a play of the life and death of Guy in Warwicke, played by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie his men." *Pennilesse Pilgrimage*, ed. 1630, p. 140." Dr. Rimbault prints the tune of the ballad at p. 46–7 of his *Musical Illustrations*, from the Ballad Opera of "Robin Hood," performed at Lee and Harper's Booth in 1730. The ballad, he says, "was entered on the Stationers' books, 5th January, 1591–2."—F.

p. **202**, l. **37**, *the grave* is a ridiculous blunder for *the cave*.—D.

l. **47**, *ingrauen in Mold* should be *ingrauen ins tone*. Here the scribe repeated by mistake the word *Mold* from the first line of the stanza.—D.

p. **203**, last line but 4, read "Ma*n*gertoun."—Ch.

p. **203**, l. **5** from foot. *Nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun* (misprinted Margertoun). This reference to the nephew of the Lord of Mangerton, the chief of the Armstrongs, leads to the inference that the circumstances on which the ballad is founded had occurred previous to the rescue of William Armstrong of Kinmont, as Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496, and died at the advanced age of ninety, on the 20th of March, 1586. Jock, in 1569, gave protection to the Countess of Northumberland, after the unfortunate rising and defeat of her husband and the Earl of Westmoreland, when they were both compelled to fly from England. After an unsuccessful attempt to take refuge in Liddesdale, they were compelled to put themselves under the protection of the Armstrongs of the Debateable land. The Countess, who did not accompany them, her tire-woman and ten other persons who were with her, were unscrupulously despoiled by the Liddesdale reivers of their horses, so that the poor lady was left on foot at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England." Maidment's *Scotish Ballads*, i. 182–3. Maidment also gives the ballad of *Hobbie Noble* at p. 191, showing how he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the Armstrongs, whose Jock he had rescued.—F.

p. **204**, l. **4**, *he is gone*, read *he is gane* or *gacn* (i.e. gone).—D.

l. **6**, (of Maitland) read *ane* for *and*.—Ch.

p. **217**, l. **14**, *has received*, read *had received*.—D.

p. **222**, l. **106**, *ffface* seems to be an error for *eye*.—D.

l. **126**, . after "yee."—Ch.

p. **226**, l. **214**, for *land* read *man*? (Percy has *laird*, but that reading is not likely in this English ballad).—Ch.

p. **235**, note **5**, "and *delend*." Perhaps so; but in old ballads *and* is sometimes redundant.—D.

p. **237**, l. **232**, *soe fast runn*, read *soe fast rinn*.—D.

p. **240**, l. **63**, *with speares in brest*. This, of course, should be *with speares in rest*.—D. (?—F.)

l. **64**, . after "ffight."—Ch.

p. **279**, *Bessie off Bednall*. There are several plays on this subject. The earliest is *The Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green, with the merry humor of Tom Strowd the Norfolk Yeoman, as it was divers times publickly acted by the Princes Servants. Written by John Day*, 1659, 4to. The latest was by my friend Sheridan Knowles.—D.

p. **292**, l. **56**, for *shinne*, read, as in the next stanza, *shoone*.—D.

p. **297**, l. **35**, *pinn*. I prefer *pin* as a corruption of *point*, as in "He's but one *pin* above a natural." Cartwright. Cf. our use of *peg*.

> The calendar, right glad to find
> His friend in *merry pin*.
>
> John Gilpin.—Skeat.

p. **306**, l. **43**, *wadded*. Surely the context, "gaule" and "greene" and "black," shows that "*wadded*" should be "*watchet*" (i.e. pale blue).—D. (? woaded. —F.)

p. **313**, l. **13**, *sonne*. Here, to be consistent, we must read *sonne*[*s*].—D.

p. **315**, l. **70**, "*scarlett and redd*," a blunder for "*scarlett redd*."—D.

p. **319**, l. **200**, *giusts*; of course, "giusts" should be "*giufts*" (gifts).—D.

p. **323**, l. **30**, "itt is now but a *sigh* clout, as you may see." The note on this line is strangely wrong. "*A sigh clout*" is a clout for *sighing* (or, more properly, *sieing*), i.e. straining milk.—D. I only know *siling* for straining.—F.

p. **328**, l. **22**, for *Lay*, ? read *he laines* (i.e. conceals).—D.

p. **341**, *Sir Eglamore*. "Sir Eglamore" must have been originally written in Northern rather than in Southern English, as appears from internal evidence. We find innumerable rimes which are *no* rimes, but which become so at once when translated into a Northumbrian dialect. Is it not clear that such rimes as *taketh* and *goeth* should be *tais* and *gais*? That for *tane* and *bone* we should read *tane* and *bane*? So, too, *rore* (riming to *were*) ought to be *rair*. *Driueth* and *cliffes* should be *driffis* and *cliffis*. *Drew* and *loughe* (laughed) should be *dreuch* and *leuch*. *Abode* must be *abaid*, if it is to rime with *made* (or *maid*). And finally, as a crucial instance, it is almost impossible to believe that the *four* words in stanza 75—*pace*, *rose*, *was*, and *taketh*, were not intended to rime together in the forms *pas*, *ras*, *was*, and *tais* or *tas*. To take one more case, for *rest*, *trust*, *cast*, and *last* (st. 4), read

rest, trist, kest, lest. And when we further observe that the rimes may be thus emended throughout the *whole poem*, surely the inference that it was of Northern origin becomes almost a certainty.—Skeat.

p. **343**, l. **65**, for "& show your hart & love," ? read "— hart and love *her to*"?—D.

p. **344**, l. **93**,
p. **345**, l. **132**,
p. **352**, l. **320**,
p. **355**, l. **403**,
} In these lines, *more* should be *mair*.—D.

p. **359**, l. **505**, for *home* read *hame*.—D.

p. **367**, l. **702**, *head*. There the rhyme determines that for "head" we must substitute the A.-S. *heved*.—D.

p. **369**, l. **766**, for *yeelde* read *yode* (not, as Percy says, *yeede*).—D.

p. **369**, *A Cauileere*. See Gervase Markham's chapter "Of Hawking with all sorts of Hawkes," &c., in his *Countrey Contentments*, 1615, Bk. I, p. 87–97. "The pleasure of hawking . . is a most Princely and serious delight."—F.

p. **373**, l. **856**, for *rose* read *rase*.—D.

p. **382**, l. **1119**, for *more* read *moe*.—D.

p. **384**, l. **1117**, for *went hee* read *hee gone*.

p. **387**, note **1**. As the true reading is undoubtedly "*man*," why say anything about the meaning of "*May*"?—D.

p. **388**, l. **1285**, for *dwell* read *wend*.—D.

p. **390**, *The Emperour and the Childe*, or Valentine & Orson. See Halliwell's *Descriptive Notices*, 1848, p. 29–30, as to the Romance, and the prose story.

p. **401**, l. **12**, "that *ginnye* his ffilly wold haue her owne will." Here "*Ginnye*" is the name of "his ffilly." If the MS. has "grimye," it is an error.—D.

p. **419**, l. **106**, for *young* read *ying*.—D.

p. **432**, l. **439**,

> "& said, Cozen will!
> who hath done to you this shame?"

Here "will" sounds very ridiculously, as if the 3 knights were using the familiar abbreviation of their cousin's name! Read undoubtedly (comparing Ritson's text of the passage),

> "& said, Cozen *William*,
> who hath done to you this shame?"—D.

p. **454**, l. **1078**, "both old & young."
p. **496**, l. **2223**, "both old and young."
} In both places "young" should be "*ying*."—D.

p. **493**, note **1**. *Wivre*. See a drawing of one at p. 9 of the *Bestiaire d'Amour* of Richard de Fournival, Paris, 1860; and Mons. Hippeau's note at p. 103–4. —F.

p. **500**, *Childe Maurice*. See R. Jamieson's notes to this ballad in his *Pop. Bal. and Songs*, i. 16–21.—F.

p. **505**, l. **98**, *and dryed it on the grasse.* Jamieson compares

Hom gan his swerd gripe
Ant *on his arm hit wype*:
The Sarazyn he hit so,
That his hed fel to ys to.
Ritson's *Met. Rom.* vol. ii. p. 116.—F.

p. **506**, l. **117**, *wicked be my merry men all.* Jamieson compares with this the last 3 stanzas of Little Musgrave (i. 122, note): "Woe worth you, woe worth my merry men all," and says, "The same kind of remonstrance with those about him occurs in Lee's tragedy of 'Alexander the Great' after the murder of Clitus." Most men want to put their sins on other people's shoulders.—F.

p. **521**, the extract from Lane's MS. Harl. 5243, is only his address to the reader, before his Poem on Guy.—F.

p. **536**, l. **284**, for *noone* read "noone *time.*" (Compare, *ante*, p. 468, l. 1441,—

"ffro: the hower of *prime*
till it was *euensong time.*")—D.

p. **536**, l. **290**, for *there* read *thore.*—D.

p. **541**, l. **432**. There is a church in Winchester called St. Swithin's, which is merely a large room over the archway of King's Gate, but it has no pretensions to the antiquity mentioned in your letter. The sword and axe of the giant were probably ordered to be hung up in the cathedral church, which was originally dedicated under the title of St. Peter and St. Paul; but the body of St. Swithin having been transferred from the churchyard into the sumptuous shrine built for its reception, the cathedral from thenceforth down to the time of Henry VIII. was distinguished by the name of *Saint Swithin*, and this is no doubt the church alluded to.—Walter Bailey.

p. **579**, l. **529**, *John de Reeve.* The mention of the *galliard* here, a dance not introduced into England till about 1541, confirms what the language shows, that our version of the poem is a late one.—F.

p. **582**, l. **606**, On *Chape*, see Wedgwood's Dict. i. 321.

Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

Cheuy Chase:[1]

THERE are two principal versions of this well-known ballad—an old, and a modern one. The copy preserved in the Folio is a slightly various form of the latter.

The oldest copy of the old version is preserved in a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. This was printed by Hearne, in 1719, in the Preface to his edition of Gulielmus Neubrigiensis. "To the MS. copy," says Percy, "is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale [expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale]; whom Hearne had so little judgement as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheal, who was living in 1588." The general character of the language, if there were no other proof, proves that the ballad is of a much earlier date than 1588; but probably Hearne is right in identifying the subscribed "R. Sheale" with the well-known ballad-singer of that name, who flourished, or more truly withered, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This Sheale was in some sort the last of the minstrels. There are

[1] In *the* printed Collect*i*on of Old Ballads. 1727. Vol. 1. p. 108. No. xiv. N.B. The Readings in the Margin [here transferred to the foot-notes] are taken from the Scotch Edition printed at Glasgow 8vo 1747.—W*hi*ch is remarkable for the wilful Corruptions made in all y^{e} Passages w*hi*ch concern the two Nations.—P.

extant some lines of his, of very inferior merit, wherein he bewails his miserable condition. He narrates with many sighs and groans how he has been robbed, left destitute, and no man gave unto him. Certainly, if these lines are a fair specimen of his talents, one cannot wonder that he found the world somewhat cold. And certainly the author of those lines could never have written "The Hunting of the Cheviot." But he may have sung it many and many a time, and passed with many an audience for the author. And hence, perhaps, the subscription of his name to the Ashmolean copy. The ballad in his time was extensively popular. Sir Philip Sidney refers to it in a well-known passage (though, as Prof. Child suggests, it is not impossible that he may mean the "Battle of Otterbourne"), as commonly sung by "blind crowders." Many years before Sidney wrote his *Defence of Poetry*, the *Complaint of Scotland*, written in 1548, speaks of "The Huntis of Chevot," and quotes the line,

That day, that day, that gentill day,

which is apparently a memory-quotation, or perhaps a Scotch version of

That day, that day, that dredfull day.

This evidence of its popularity in the middle of the sixteenth century, coupled with the antiquity of the language (though much of that "antiquity" belongs to the dialect in which, rather than to the time at which, it was written), justify the assigning of the ballad to the fifteenth century.

This ballad is historically highly valuable for the picture it gives of Border warfare in its more chivalrous days, when ennobled by generosity and honour. The hewing and hacking lose their horrors in the atmosphere of romance thrown around them. And the main incidents of the piece are no doubt generally true.

Such fierce collisions as here represented must often have

occurred, and from the same cause here given. "It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies." This permission the high-spirited Borderer was not always disposed to ask. He did not care to beg for favours. He would make no secret of his purposed sport, so that if the warden of the March about to be trespassed upon chose to oppose him, he was not prevented from doing so by ignorance of his intention. In this way the proclamation of a hunting expedition across the Borders was in reality a challenge to a contest. An excellent illustration of the perpetual possibility of an encounter, which attended and recommended these defiant expeditions, is to be found in the *Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth.* Carey was Warden of the Marches in Queen Mary's time, and gives the following account:

"There had been an ancient custom of the borders, when they were at quiet, for the opposite border to send the warden of the Middle Marche, to desire leave that they might come into the borders of England, and hunt with their greyhounds for deer, towards the end of summer, which was denied them. Towards the end of Sir John Foster's government, they would, without asking leave, come into England and hunt at their pleasure, and stay their own time. I wrote to Farnehurst, the warden over against me, that I was no way willing to hinder them of their accustomed sports; and that if, according to the ancient custom, they would send to me for leave, they should have all the contentment I could give them; if otherwise, they would continue their wonted course, I would do my best to hinder them. Within a month after, they came and hunted as they used to do, without leave, and cut down wood, and carried it away. Towards the end of summer, they came again to their wonted sports. I sent my two deputies with all the speed they

could make, and they took along with them such gentlemen as were in their way, with my forty horse, and about one o'clock they came up to them, and set upon them. Some hurt was done, but I gave especial order they should do as little hurt, and shed as little blood as possible they could. They took a dozen of the principal gentlemen that were there, and brought them to me to Witherington, where I then lay; I made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment I could; they lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home, they assuring me that they would never hunt again without leave. The Scots king complained to Queen Elizabeth very grievously of this fact."

"Mr. Addison, in his celebrated criticism on that ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, *Spect.* No. 20, mistakes the ground of the quarrel. It was not any particular animosity or deadly feud between the two principal actors, but was a contest of privilege and jurisdiction between them, respecting their offices, as lords wardens of the marches assigned." Extract from the Report of Sir Thomas Carlton, of Carlton Hall, 1547, in Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, pp. 28–9.

The general spirit of the ballad then is historical. But the details are not authentic. "That which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Cheviot," says Godscroft, writing in his James VI.'s time, and apparently referring to a version of the ballad then circulating in Scotland, "seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in Scottish or English Chronicle." An event to which it might possibly refer according to Collins, in his *Peerage*, was the Battle of Pepperden, fought in 1436, as Hector Boethius informs us, "not far from the Cheviot hills, between the Earl of Northumberland, and Earl William Douglas of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders,

rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy Chase; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." But in any case these were great Border names. Percy and Douglas were typical chieftains. Moreover on the field of Otterbourne a Percy and a Douglas had fought fiercely together, man against man, under very similar circumstances. That field was much celebrated in Border poetry, and elsewhere. The ballad on the Hunting of the Cheviot,—borrowed largely from that on the Battle of Otterbourne,—was, in fact, in course of time believed to celebrate the same event. Observe these lines of it:

> This was the Hontynge of the Cheviat;
> That tear began this spurn:
> Old men that knowen the grownde well yenough;
> Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

This attempt made at the identification of two actions is noticeable. We are afraid that the "old men" scarcely knew the ground well enough. Otterbourne is but some 30 miles from Newcastle. Douglas met Percy, the "Hunting" tells us, in Teviotdale. In a word, the two ballads represent two different features of the old Border life—the Raid and the defiant Hunt. But they had much in common, and so were soon confused together.

Of the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, there are historical accounts in abundance—Fordun's, Froissart's, Holinshed's, Godscroft's. See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Of the ballad concerning it—whose account is mainly accurate—indeed the facts somewhat trammel the poet's wings,—there are three versions: the English one, given by Percy in his *Reliques*, from a Harl. MS. in the earlier editions, from a more perfect Cotton MS. (Cleop. iv. f. 64) in the fourth, and two Scotch ones, to be found, one in the *Minstrelsy*, the other in Herd's *Scottish*

Songs. The differences between the English and Scotch versions are such as might be expected—are of a patriotic kind. The main difference between the two Scotch versions relates to the death of Douglas.

Of the versions of "the Hunting of the Cheviat," that preserved in the Folio is, as we have said, the modernised one; not that heard by Sidney, who calls what he heard "the rude and ill-apparelled song of a barbarous age;" a description not applicable to the present version. When this modernisation was made, cannot be said exactly. "That it could not be much later than Queen Elizabeth's time," says Percy, "appears from the phrase 'doleful dumps;' which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been the least exceptionable [in "a song to the lute in Musicke" from the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1596], yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. *Vide* Hudibras, Pt. i. c. iii. v. 95." Its presence in the Folio MS. shows that it was not made later than the first half of the seventeenth century. It soon became the current version. Addison in his *critique* in the *Spectator* knows of no other. A comparison of it with the old versions will show, besides one or two verbal blunders, that much of its vigour has been lost in the process of translation.

Of all our ballads this perhaps has enjoyed the widest popularity, both North and South of the Tweed. This popularity has scarcely ever decayed. It was translated into rhyming Latin verses by a Mr. Wold of New College, Oxford, at the instance of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, in 1685.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit;
Venatus olim flebilis
Chevino luco fit.

It circulated on many a broad sheet. It was eulogised in

the *Spectator* in Queen Anne's reign. It was printed wherever anything of the kind was printed in the succeeding years, when such things were held in but slight esteem. It is as it were the *Epic* of Border poetry.

[page 188]

GOD Prosper long our noble K*ing*,
our liffes & saftyes all!
a woefull hunting once there was
in Cheuy Chase befall.

A woeful hunt was held in Chevy Chase.

to driue the deere with hound and horne
Erle Pearcy took the way:
the Child may rue *that* is vnborne
the hunting of *that* day!

Earl Percy

the stout Erle of Northumberland
a vow to god did make,
his pleasure in the Scottish woods
3 sommers days to take;

vowed to kill Scotch deer for three days.

the cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase
to kill & beare away.
these tydings to Erle douglas came
in Scottland where he Lay,

Douglas

who sent Erle Pearcy present word
he wold prevent his sport.
the English Erle, not fearing that,[1]
did to the woods resort

said he'd stop that sport.

But Percy went to his hunt

with 1500 [2] bowmen bold,
all chosen men of Might,
who knew ffull well in time of neede
to ayme their shafts arright.

with 1500 bowmen,

[1] this.—P.

[2] 2000.—P.

the Gallant Greyhound [1] swiftly ran
to Chase the fallow deere;
and on Monday they began to hunt
ere [2] daylight did appeare;

By noon 100 bucks are slain.

& long before high noone thé had
a 100 fatbuckes slaine.
After dinner, they then hauing dined, the drouyers went
to rouze the deare [3] againe;

The Bowmen mustered on the hills,
well able to endure;
theire backsides all with speciall care
that they [4] were guarded sure.

hunt again, the hounds ran swiftly through the woods
the Nimble deere to take,
and the hills echo their cries. *that* with [5] their cryes the hills & dales
an Eccho shrill did make.

Percy Lord Pearcy to the Querry [6] went
to veiw the tender deere;
wonders whether Douglas will appear. q*uo*th he, "Erle douglas *pro*mised once
this day to meete me heere;

"but if I thought he wold not come,
noe longer wold I stay."
with *that* a braue younge gentlman
thus to the Erle did say,

"There he is, "Loe, yonder doth Erle douglas come,
hÿs men in armour bright,
with 2000 men!" full 20 hundred [7] Scottish speres
all Marching in our sight,

[1] greyhounds.—P.
[2] when.—P.
[3] them up.—P.
[4] that day.—P.
[5] And with.—P.
[6] Quarry.—P.
[7] 15,00.—P.

" all pleasant men of Tiuydale [1]
fast by the riuer Tweede."
" O ceaze *yo*ur sportts ! " [2] Erle Pearcy said, — Percy calls on his men
" and take *yo*ur bowes *wi*th speede,

" & now *wi*th me, my countrymen,
*yo*ur courage forth advance ! — to be brave ;
for there was neuer Champion yett [3]
in Scottland nor in ffrance

" *tha*t eu*er* did on horsbacke come, — he will fight anyone,
& if my hap [4] it were,
I durst encounter man for man, — man to man.
*wi*th him to breake a spere."

Erle douglas on his [5] Milke white steede, — Douglas
Most Like a Baron bold,
rode formost of his company,
whose armour shone like gold : [page 189]

" shew me," sayd hee, " whose men you bee — asks whose men they are that hunt
*tha*t hunt soe boldly heere,
*tha*t *wi*thout my consent doe chase
& kill my fallow deere." — his deer.

the first man *tha*t did [6] answer make
was noble Pearcy hee, — Percy
who sayd, " wee list not to declare, — will not tell,
nor shew whose men wee bee,

" yett wee will [7] spend our deerest blood — but will fight for the right to hunt.
thy cheefest [8] harts to slay." — Douglas
then douglas swore a solempne oathe,
and thus in rage did say, — declares

[1] men of pleasant Tiviotdale.—P.
[2] Then cease sport.—P.
[3] For ne'er was there a cha*m*pion.—P.
[4] but if my hap.—P.
[5] a.—P .
[6] man that first did.—P.
[7] will we.—P.
[8] the choicest.—P.

that one of them must die,

"Ere thus I will outbraued bee,
one of vs tow shall dye!
I know thee well! an Erle thou art,
Lord Pearcy! soe am I;

and as it would be wrong to kill their guiltless men,

"but trust me, Pearcye, pittye it were,
& great offence, to Kill
then any of these our guiltlesse[1] men,
for they haue done none ill[2];

he challenges Percy to single combat. Percy accepts.

"Let thou[3] & I the battell trye,
and set our men aside."
"accurst bee [he!]" Erle[4] Pearcye sayd,
"by whome it is denyed."

A squire, Witherington, protests

then stept a gallant Squire forth,—
witherington was his name,—
who said, "I wold not haue it told
to Henery our *King*, for shame,

that he'll not look on while Percy fights:

"*that* ere my captaine fought on foote,
& I stand looking on:
you bee 2 Erles,"[5] q*uo*th witheringhton,
"& I a Squier alone,

"Ile doe the best *that* doe I may,[6]
while I haue power to stand!
while I haue power to weeld my[7] sword,
he'll fight too. Ile fight with hart & hand!"

The English archers shoot, and kill 80 Scots.

Our English archers bend[8] their bowes—
their harts were good & trew,—
att the first flight of arrowes sent,
full foure score scotts[9] thé slew.

[1] harmless.—P.
[2] no ill.—P.
[3] thee.—P.
[4] he, Lord.—P.
[5] Lords.—P.
[6] that e'er I may.—P.
[7] a.—P.
[8] Scottish bent.—P.
[9] they 4 score English.—P.

to driue the deere with hound & horne,
dauglas [1] Bade on the bent;
2 Captaines [2] moued with Mickle might,[3]
their speres to shiuers went.

they closed full fast on euerye side, — The foes close,
noe slacknes there was found,
but [4] many a gallant gentleman — and many are slain.
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was great greeue [5] to see — Christ! it was sad to see.
how eche man chose his spere,[6]
& how the blood out of their brests [7]
did gush like water cleare! [8]

at last these 2 stout Erles [9] did meet — Percy and Douglas
Like Captaines of great might;
like Lyons moods [10] they Layd on Lode,[11] — fight
thé made a cruell fight.

thé fought, vntill they both did sweat,
with swords of tempered steele,
till blood [a-]downe their cheekes like raine — till their blood drops like rain.
thé trickling downe did feele.[12]

"O yeeld thee, Pearcye!" [13] Douglas sayd, — Douglas calls on Percy to yield.
"& [14] infaith I will thee bringe
where thou shall high advanced bee
by Iames our scottish *King*;

[1] The Scotch Editor thinks this sh[d] be Piercy.—P.
[2] a cap[t].—P.
[3] pride.—P.
[4] and.—P.
[5] grief.—P.
[6] And likewise for to hear.—P.
[7] The Cries of Men lying in their gore.—P.
[8] And lying here & there.—P.
[9] Lords.—P.
[10] mov'd.—P. ? for *woode*, wild.—F. or 'the *mood* or pluck' of lions.—Skeat.
[11] ? A.-S. *leód*, a man; or for *hlude*, loudly.—F. or (*a*)*load*, laid on heavily.—Skeat.
[12] Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling down did feel.—P.
[13] yield the *Lord* P.—P.
[14] d.—P.

"thy ransome I will freely giue,
& this [1] report of thee,
thou art the most couragious K*night*
[that ever I did see.[2]]"

Percy will never yield to a Scot.

"Noe, Douglas!" q*uo*th Erle[3] Percy then, [page 190
"thy p*rofer* I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any scott
that eu*er* yett was borne!"

An English arrow kills Douglas,

with *that* there came an arrow keene
out of an english bow,
who [4] scorke Erle douglas on the brest [5]
a deepe and deadlye blow;

exhorting his men to fight.

who neu*er* sayd [6] more words then these,
"fight on, my merrymen all!
for why, my life is att [an] end,
Lo*rd* Pearcy sees my [7] fall."

Percy laments over his dead foe;

then leauing liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke
the dead man by the hand;
who [8] said, "Erle dowglas! for thy [9] sake
wold I had lost my Land!

"O christ! my verry hart doth bleed
for [10] sorrow for thy sake!
a braver knight ne'er died.
for sure, a more redoubted [11] K*night*,
Mischance cold [12] neu*er* take!"

[1] thus.—P.
[2] That ever I did see.—P.
[3] Lord.—P.
[4] which.—P. *scorke*, for *storke*, stroke, struck; *skorke* means scorch; see *skorche* in Halliwell's Gloss.—F.
[5] to y^e^ heart.—P.
[6] spake.—P.
[7] me.—P.
[8] And.—P.
[9] life.—P.
[10] with.—P.
[11] renowned.—P.
[12] did.—P.

a *Knight* amongst the scotts there was,
which [1] saw Erle Douglas dye,
who streight in hart did vow revenge
vpon the Lord [2] Pearcye ;

A Scotch knight, Sir Hugh Montgomery, vows revenge on Percy,

[Part II.]

2d parte.

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
who, with a spere full bright,
well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran feircly through the fight,

gallops to

And [3] past the English archers all
without all dread or feare,
& through Erle Percyes Body then
he thrust his hatfull spere

him, and runs him

with such a vehement force & might
that his body he did gore,[4]
the staff ran [5] through the other side
a large cloth yard & more.

right through the body.

thus [6] did both those Nobles dye,
whose courage none cold staine.
an English archer then *per*ceiued
the Noble Erle was slaine,

An English archer

he had [a] good bow [7] in his hand
made of a trusty tree ;
an arrow of a cloth yard long [8]
to the hard head haled [9] hee,

[1] that.—P.
[2] Earl.—P.
[3] He.—P.
[4] His body he did gore.—P.
[5] spear went.—P.
[6] So thus.—P.
[7] a bow bent.—P.
[8] length.—P.
[9] unto the head drew.—P.

shoots Montgomery

against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye [1]
his shaft full right [2] he sett;
the grey goose winge *that* was there-on,
through the heart. in his harts bloode [3] was wett.

The fight lasts all day.

this fight from breake of day did last [4]
till setting of the sun,
for when thé rung the Euening bell
the Battele scarse was done.

Names of the English knights slain.

with [5] stout Erle Percy there was slaine [6]
Sir Iohn of Egerton,[7]
Sir Robert Harcliffe & Sir William,[8]
Sir Iames that bold barron;

& with Sir George & [9] Sir Iames,
both Knights of good account;
& good Sir Raphe Rebbye [10] there was slaine,
whose prowesse [11] did surmount.

Withering-ton fights on his stumps when his legs are cut off.

for witherington needs must I wayle
as one in too full [12] dumpes,
for when his leggs were smitten of,
he fought vpon his stumpes.

Names of the Scotch knights slain.

And with Erle dowglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
[13] & Sir Charles Morrell [14] *that* from feelde
one foote wold neuer flee;

[1] then.—P.
[2] so right his shaft.—P.
[3] heart-blood.—P.
[4] did last from break.—P.
[5] the.—P.
[6] There is a dot for the *i*, but nothing more in the MS.—F.
[7] Ogerton.—P.
[8] Ratcliffe & Sir John.—P.
[9] Sir George also & good.—P.
[10] Good Rabby.—P.
[11] courage.—P.
[12] doleful.—P.
[13] d.—P.
[14] Murray.—P.

Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,—[1]
his sisters sonne was hee,—
Sir david Lambwell well [2] esteemed,
but saved he cold [3] not bee;

& the Lord Maxwell in like case [4]
with Douglas he did dye; [5]
[6] of 20 [7] hundred scottish speeres, — Of 2000 Scotch
scarce 55 did flye; — scarce 55 were left;

of 1500 Englishmen
went home but 53 [6]; — of 1500 English, only 53.
the rest in Cheuy chase were slaine,
Vnder the greenwoode tree. [page 191]

Next day did many widdowes come — Next day the widows come,
their husbands to bewayle; — and weep,
they washt [8] their wounds in brinish teares,
but all wold not [9] prevayle.

theyr bodyes bathed in purple blood, — and carry the corpses off
thé bore with them away,
they kist them dead a 1000 times
ere thé [10] were cladd in clay. — to the grave.

the [11] newes was [12] brought to Eddenborrow
where Scottlands King did rayne,
that braue Erle Douglas soddainlye
was with an arrow slaine.

[1] Sir Cha. Murray of Ratcliffe too.—P.
[2] Lamb so well.—P.
[3] yet saved could.—P.
[4] wise.—P.
[5] did with Earl D[g] die.—P.
[6—6] Of 1500 Scottish spears
went home but 53,
Of 20,00 Englishmen
scarce 55 did flee.—P.
[7] 15.—P.
[8] MS. they washt they.—F. d.—P.
[9] could not.—P.
[10] when they.—P.
[11] These.—P. [12] were.—P.

King James laments the loss of Douglas. No such captain has he left.

" [1] O heauy newes ! " *King* Iames can say,
" Scottland may wittenesse bee
I haue not any Capt*aine* more
of such account as hee ! "

King Henry laments Percy's loss ;

like tydings to *King* Henery came
within as short a space,
that Pearcy of Northumberland
in Cheuy chase was slaine.[2]

" Now god be with him ! " said our *King*,
" sith it will noe better bee,[3]
I trust I haue within my realme
500 as good as hee !

he has 500 as good still left,

but he will take vengeance for Percy's death.

" [4] yett shall not Scotts nor Scottland say
but I will vengeance take,
& be revenged on them all
for braue Erle Percyes sake."

And he did on Humble Downe,

killing Lords, and

[4] this vow the *King* did well p*er*forme
after on humble downe ;
in one day 50 *Knight*s were slayne,
with Lords of great renowne,

hundreds of less account.

& [5] of the rest of small [6] account,
did many hundreds dye :
thus endeth the hunting in [7] Cheuy Chase
made [8] by the Erle Pearcye.

God grant that strife between noble men may cease !

God saue our [9] *King*, and blesse this [10] land
with plentye, Ioy, & peace ;
& grant hencforth *that* foule debate
twixt noble men may ceaze !

ffins.

[1] Now God be with him, *cried* our king,
Sith will no better be !
I trust I have &c.—P.
[2] Was slain in Chevy Chase.—P.
[3] O heavy news, K. Henry said,
Engl^d can witness be.—P.
[4] These 2 stanzas omitted in y^e Scotch Edition.—P. See note, p. 1.—F.
[5] Now.—P. [6] mean.—P.
[7] of.—P. [8] led.—P.
[9] the.—P. [10] the.—P.

When Love with unconfined.[1]

Lovelace's songs were in great request in his day. They were set to music by popular composers of the time,—by Dr. John Wilson, by Mr. John Laniere, by Mr. Henry Lawes whom Dante was to give Fame leave to set higher than his Casella—and circulated widely in Royalist Society. Till 1649—the author was born in 1618—they led a scattered and wandering life. In that year they were gathered together and published in a volume entitled "Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq." Meanwhile there were, no doubt, in vogue many versions of the greater favourites, more or less inaccurate. The copy of the exquisite song beginning "When Love with unconfined wings," here printed from the Folio MS., is one of these.

Of all the Cavalier poets Lovelace is the most charming. He is a true cavalier; he is a true poet. The world, that has long turned away its ear from Cowley and Cleveland, still listens to his sweet voice. Are there any gems brighter than his song "to Lucasta on going to the Wars," or that to "Althea from Prison"? How chivalrous the thought of them! How tremulously delicate the expression!

His life was full of sadness. The son of a Kentish knight, educated at the Charterhouse and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford,

[1] Written by Col. John Lovelase [t.i. Richard Lovelace]. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. 2d. Written by *the* Author when imprison'd.—P.

"the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then [at Oxford], but especially after, when he retired to the great city, most admired and adored by the female sex." Thus physically endowed, thus happily circumstanced, he was yet crossed in love, and died in a state of destitution.

Lucy Sacheverell—the Lux Casta or Lucasta of his poems, from the nunnery of whose chaste breast and quiet mind he had fled to war and arms, that "dear" whom he loved so much because he loved honour more—misled by a report that he had died of wounds received at Dunkirk while commanding a regiment, of his own forming, in the service of the French king, became the wife of somebody else. The close of the civil war, in which he had devoted both his services and his fortunes to his king's cause, found him beggared. His loyalist zeal got him twice into prison. "During the time of his confinement," says Wood of the first imprisonment, "he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the king's cause by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c.; also by furnishing his two brothers Colonel Franc. Lovelace, and Capt. Will. Lovelace (afterwards slain at Caermarthen) with men and money for the king's cause, and his other brother called Dudley Posthumus Lovelace with monys for his maintenance in Holland to study tactics of fortification in that school of war." "After the murther of King Charles I., Lovelace was set at liberty [from his second captivity], and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants, &c. . .

He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder alley near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of the church of St. Bride alias Bridget in London, near to the body of his kinsman, Will. Lovelace of Gray's Inn, Esq."—"Richard Lovelace, Esq.," says Aubrey, "obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restauration of his ma^tie. Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c., had made collections for him and given him money. Geo. Petty, haberdasher, in Fleet Street, carryed XXs to him every Munday morning from Sir —— Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months, but was never repay'd." He died in 1658, and so was saved from experiencing Stuart gratitude. These accounts of his dismal indigence may perhaps be coloured. But there can be no doubt he ended in extreme poverty, in a sad contrast to the brilliancy of his early days.

The following song was written during his first captivity. He had been chosen by his county to present a Petition to the House of Commons "for the restoring of the king to his rights, and for setling the government." He presented it, and by way of answer was committed to the Gate House at Westminster. But his mind, innocent and quiet, took his prison for a hermitage. His gaolers heard him singing in his bonds. Love with wings that brooked no confinement hovered near him. Brought by that chainless spirit, the divine Althea came to visit him in his durance. She led away the captive into a second captivity. With her fair hair she wove fresh bonds for him; she laid on new fetters with her eyes. But he revelled in these chains. Having freedom in his soul, angels alone that are above enjoyed such liberty.

When my love visits my prison,

WHEN Love with vnconfined wings
hovers within my gates,
& my divine Althea brings
to whisper at my grates,

I am free as a bird.

when I lye tangled in her heere
& fettered with her eye,
the burds *that* wanton in the ayre
enioyes[1] such Lybertye.

When I, confined, sing my king's goodness,

When, Lynett like confined, I
with shriller note shall sing
the mercy, goodnesse, maiestye
& glory of my kinge,
when I shall voice aloud how good
he is, how great shold bee,

I am free as the winds.

the enlarged winds *that* curles the floods[2]
enioyes such Lybertye.

When I drink with boon companions

When flowing cupps run swiftly round
with woe-allaying theames,
our carlesse heads with roses crowned,

to our cause,

our harts with Loyall flames,
when thirsty soules in wine wee steepe,
when cupps and bowles goe free,

I am as free as a fish.

ffishes *that* typle in the deepe
enioyes such Lybertye.

Though in prison,

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
nor Iron barrs a cage,

yet with a pure soul

the spotlesse soule an[d] Inocent[3]
Calls this an hermitage.[3] [page 192]

and free love,

if I haue freedome in my loue,
& in my soule am free,

I am free as an angel.

angells alone *that* sores aboue
enioyes such Lybertye!

ffins.

[1] This final *s* and several others have been marked through by a later hand.—F.

[2] flood.—P.

[3] These lines differ from the usual reading.—Skeat.

Cloris.[1]

Several collections of Waller's Poems appeared as early as 1645, while he was living in France. The first edition "corrected and publish'd with the approbation of the Author" came out in 1664. "When the Author of these verses," says the Printer to the Reader in this one, "(written only to please himself and such particular persons to whom they were directed), returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered, that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter, *male dum recitas, incipis esse tuum.* Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, That he made these when ill verses had more favour and escaped better than good ones do in this age, the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by these faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old raggs (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for those of a more confind understanding (who pretend not to censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (mained to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them), might that way at least have a title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the

[1] An elegant old song written by Mr. Waller. See his Poems.—P.

aim of Orators is Victory, of Historians Truth, and of Poets Admiration; He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults in his Book whereby It might be reconciled to some, and commended to others." But the considerations expressed in this longwinded and somewhat confusing manner, were overcome by the importunity of the worthy Printer, and the Poet at last gave leave "to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them, as also to add some others which have since been composed by him." The following song does not occur in this edition; nor in that of 1682, "the Fourth Edition with several Additions never before printed." It appears in that of 1711, "the eight edition, with additions," and no doubt in several of the preceding editions.

The song is a fair specimen of Waller's average style. It exhibits his faults, and his merits—his affectation, and strained gallantry, with something of his elegance and grace.

His life was not a noble one. He was not inspired by that spirit which enabled Lovelace to sing that

> Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage.

He lived from 1605 to 1687, from the year of the Gunpowder Treason to the year before the Revolution. He sat in Parliament, for various places, from his nineteenth year to his death, except from 1643 to the Restoration, in which period his connection with the Royalist Plot of 1643 suspended his public life.

Cloris, I must go,

CLORIS, farwell! I needs must goe!
for if with thee I longer stay,
thine eyes prevayle upon me soe,

or lose my sight.

I shall grow blynd & lose my way.[1]

[1] Lines 2, 3, 4, are almost all eaten away by the ink of the title at the back.—F.

ffame of thy bewty & thy youth,
 amongst the rest me hither brought ;
but finding fame fall short of truth,
 made me [1] stay longer then I thought.

Report brought me hither ;
your beauty keeps me.

ffor I am engaged by word [and] othe
 a servant to anothers will ;
but for thy loue wold forfitt both,
 were I but sure to keepe itt still.

Though I am betrothed,
I'd break my troth if I could secure you ;

But what assurance can I take,
 when thou, fore-knowing this abuse,
for some [more [2]] worthy louers sake
 mayst leaue me with soe Iust excuse.

but how could I ?
You'd jilt me, and

ffor thou wilt say it, "it was [3] not thy fault
 that I to thee [4] vnconstant proue,
but were by mine [5] example taught
 to breake thy othe to mend thy loue."

plead my example as your excuse.

Noe, Cloris, Noe ! I will returne,
 & rayse thy story to that height
that strangers shall att distance burne,
 & shee distrust thee [6] reprobate.

No ! I'll go, and praise your beauty from afar,

Then shall my loue this Doubt displace,
 & gaine the trust *that* I may come
& sometimes banquett on thy face,
 but make my constant meales att home.

seeing you sometimes but loving my own love.

[1] my. Qu.—P.
[2] more.—P. A *may* that precedes *for* in the MS. is crossed out.—F.
[3] is.—P.
[4] thou to me. Qu.—P.
[5] One stroke too few in the MS.—F.
[6] mee. Qu.—P.

The kinge enioyes his righ[ts againe.][1]

This song occurs in the *Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, iii. 256, in the *Loyal Garland containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late Revolution* (London, 1671, Reprinted by the Percy Society), in a *Collection of Loyal Songs*, in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 434–9, gives the air to which it was sung, along with much information concerning it (which should be read), and nine more stanzas than are included in our Folio. It was written by Martin Parker, as appears from the following extract from the *Gossips' Feast or Morall Tales*, 1647: "The gossips were well pleased with the contents of this ancient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replied 'By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer brat; no, not when he penn'd that sweet ballad, *When the King injoyes his own again.*'" It was an extreme favourite with the Cavaliers.

Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, Dade, and Hammond, were eminent astrologers and almanack-makers. See *Ritson*, and *Chappell*, ii. 437, note [a].

WHAT Booker can prognosticate,
Who can foretell — consider[i]ng now the kingdomes state?
I thinke my selfe to be as wise
as he that gaseth [2] on the skyes;
my skill goes beyond the depth of Pond [3]
or Riuers in the greatest raine,
when the King will enjoy his own again? — wherby I can tell *that* all things will goe well
when the *King* enioyes his rights againe.

[1] An old Cavilier Song.—P. [2] gazeth.—P. [3] ponds.—P.

There is neither swallow, doue nor dade,
can sore more high, or deeper wade — No stargazer can tell what causes our civil wars.
to shew a reason from the starres,
what causeth these our ciuill warres.
the man in the moone may weare out his shoo[ne [1]]
in running after Charles his wayne;
but all is to noe end, for the times will not me[nd [2]] — The times won't mend till the King has his own.
till the *King* enioyes his right againe.

ffull 40 yeeres his royall crowne
hath beene his fathers and his owne,
& is there any more nor [3] hee
that in the same shold sharrers [4] bee,
or who better may the scepter sway — Who has better right to the crown than our King?
then he that hath such rights to raine?
there is noe hopes of a peace, or the war to ce[ase [5]],
till the *King* enioyes his right againe.

Although for a time you see Whitehall [page 193] — Though Whitehall is all cobwebs now,
with cobwebbs hanging on the wall
insteed of silkes & siluer braue — soon it will be silks
which fformerly ['t] was [6] wont [to] haue,
with a sweete perfume in euerye roome — and perfumes,
delightfull to *that* princely traine:
which againe shalbe when the times you see — when the King enjoys his right again.
that the King enioyes his right againe.[7]
ffins.

[1] shoone.—P.
[2] mend.—P.
[3] than.—P.
[4] sharers.—P.
[5] cease.—P.
[6] formerly 't was.—P.
[7] This fourth stanza is put before the third in the copy that Mr. Chappell prints, ii. 438.

The Ægiptian Queene.[1]

This song under the title of *Mark Anthony* is found, *minus* vv. 13–20 inclusive, in *Poems by J. C.* 1651, the first edition of Cleveland's Poems, and in such of the many subsequent ones as we have examined, those of 1654 (B. in the notes below), of 1677 (C. in the notes), and of 1687 (D. in the notes). Our copy is probably a bad one of the verses before they were printed, when lines 13–20 were cut out. The song is marked by Cleveland's characteristic vigour and tendency to "conceits."

John Cleveland sang and suffered much in the Royal cause. Educated at Christ's College, elected a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge—"To cherish such hopes," says an old biographer of him, "the Lady Margaret drew forth both her breasts"—he joined the King at Oxford when the breach with the Parliament became irreparable, and gallantly adhered to the King's fortunes to the end. After the capture of Newark, when he was Judge Advocate, he seems to have led, for some years, a life of wretched vagrancy. In 1655 he was taken prisoner. He made an appeal to Cromwell, which was heard. He did not live to see the restoration of the race which he had served with all his trenchant wit, with the truest devotion. April 29, 1659, is the date of his death.

As the copy in our folio MS. is corrupt in many places, we give here the copy from the first edition of 1651, collated with the editions of 1654, 1677, and 1687.

MARK ANTHONY.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' Evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:

[1] Not an inelegant old song. Corrected by an Edition in Cleveland's Poems. 12mo 1687. p. 65.—P.

Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Then[1] fear of surfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warm[2] lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made[3] active as fire.
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between,
Never Mark, *&c.*

Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier then *Juno* wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christalline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, *&c.*

Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetorical courtings and Musical Dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her heart's ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark, *&c.*

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her vesper,[4] At eve
& the wyld fayryes lay coucht[5] on the ground,
Venus invited me to an euening Wisper,[6] my Love invited me
to fragrant feelds[7] with roses crounde to toy with

[1] Thence.—B. C. D.
[2] warmer.—B. C. D.
[3] made me.—C. D.
[4] her vespers.—P.
[5] forrester coucht. I w^d read here forresters, *i.e.* the deer, the Inhabitants of the forrest.—P.
[6] in th' evening whispers.—P.
[7] Unto a frag^t field.—P.

her in the fields.

*w*hich [1] shee before had sent her cheefest complement,
Vnto my [2] harts content sport [3] with me on the greene;

We dallied like Antony and Cleopatra.

Neu*er* marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly
*W*ith his fayre Ægiptian queene [4]!

I looked at her cheeks,

ffirst on her Cherry cheekes I my eyes [5] feasted;
thence feare of surffetting made me retyre,

kissed her lips,

then to her warmed [lips],[6] *w*hich when I tasted,
my spiritts duld were made actiue by [7] fyer.

pressed her hand,

[8] this heat againe to calme, her moyst hand yeelderd balme;
whilest wee Ioyned [9] palme to palme as if wee one had beene,
Neu*er* marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly
*w*ith his fayre Cor [10] egiptian queene!

twined mine in her hair,

Then in her golden heere [11] I my hands twined;
shee her hands in my lockes twisted againe,
as if her heere had beene fetters assigned,
Sweet litle Cupid [12] Loose captiue [13] to chayne;

gazed in her eyes.

soe did wee often dart one at anothers hart
arrows *that* felt [14] noe smart, sweet lookes and smiles [15] between.
Neu*er*, &c.

Her tresses deckt my

Wa[yting a glass to platt] those amorus tresses [16]
*w*hich like a [bracelet] deckt richly mine arme,

[1] Where.—P. *For* her cheefest *Percy puts* my wishes.—F.
[2] And to my. query.—P.
[3] Play'd.—P.
[4] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[5] mine eyes.—P.
[6] warmer lips.—P.
[7] active as.—P.
[8] N.B. from hence to [So did we often dart] is wanting in the printed Copy.—P.
[9] A *t* is between *Ioyned* and *palme* in the MS. *as if wee one had beene* has been first written as a separate line, then struck out and written after *palme*; then *one had bee*n was struck out, and copied in again by Percy.—F.
[10] ? MS.—F.
[11] haire.—P.
[12] After the *d* Percy puts *'s*.—F.
[13] After the *e* Percy adds *s*.—F.
[14] fett, fetch'd.—query: it is knew no sm^t in print.—P.
[15] Lipps and smiles.—P.
[16] Wayting a glass to platt (plait) her amber tresses.—P. The ink of the heading *The king enioyes* on the back has eaten the MS. away.—F.

gaudyer then Iuno was *which*[1] when shee blessed[2] arm like a bracelet;
Ioue *with* Euers races[3] more richly[4] thein warme.
shee sweetely peept in eyne *that* was more cristalline,
which by reflection shine ech eye and eye was seene. she peept sweetly at me,
Neu*er*, &c.

Misticall gram*m*ers[5] of[6] amorus glances,
feeling of pulses, the phisicke of loue, and in her glances
Retoricall courtings & musicall dances,
numbring of kisses arithemeticke proues[7];
Eyes like astronomy, strayght limbes geometry, I saw kisses alone.
in her harts enginy[8] ther eyes & eyes were seene.[9]
Neu*er*, &c.

ffins.

[1] Juno wears.—P.
[2] presses (graces) Pr. Copy.—P.
[3] So in the MS.—F. embraces.—P.
[4] stately. P.C.—P.
[5] *grammars*; grammar of: pr. Copy.—P. Note the Seven Sciences—Grammar, Physic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Astronomy, Geometry.—Skeat.
[6] are. query.—P.
[7] prove. p.c.—P.
[8] Arts Ingeny.—P.
[9] our wits were sharp and keen. Printed Copy.—P.

["*The Mode of France*," *and* "*Be not affrayd*," *printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *p.* 45–8, *follow here in the MS.*]

Hollowe me ffancye.

This song, says Percy's marginal note, is "printed in a collection of Scots Poems, Edingboro', 1713, pag. 142."

Mens prætrepidans avet vagari. Led by Fancy, it throws off for the nonce the fetters of the body, and "dances through the welkin." It inspects the phenomena of cloudland, rejoices *rerum cognoscere causas.* Then, turning its gaze downwards, it studies that great ant-hill the earth. It sees mankind rushing to and fro upon it, with all their various pursuits, humours, passions. At last the much-travelled spirit wearies. Its wings droop, and it implores its ever-vigorous guide to lead it no further. The great world-prospect, with its tumult and turmoil, is too tremendous a vision. So the spirit hies it back to its home, the body.

Melancholy, I dance like an elf over mountains, plains, and woods.

IN: a Melancholly fancy, out of my selfe,
thorrow the welkin dance I,
all the world survayinge, noe where stayinge;
like vnto the fierye elfe,[1]
over the topps of hyest mountaines skipping,
ouer the plaines, the woods, the valleys, tripping,[2]
ouer the seas without oare of[3] shipping,
hollow, me fancy! wither wilt thou goe?

[1] fairy elfe.—P. [2] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F. [3] oare or.—P.

Amydst the cloudy vapors, faine wold I see — I'd like to see what the stars and meteors are;
what are those burning tapors
w*hi*ch benight vs and affright vs,
& what the Meetors [1] bee.
ffaine wold I know what is the roaring thunder, [page 195]
& the bright Lightning w*hi*ch cleeues the clouds in sunder, — what the thunder, lightning,
& what the cometts are att w*hi*ch men gaze & wonder. — and comets.
Hollow, me &c.

Looke but downe below me where you may be bold, — I'd like to look down on the bust-
where none can see or know mee;
all the world of gadding, running of madding, — ling world,
none can their stations hold:
One, he sitts drooping all in a dumpish passion; — and see one man in the dumps, another all mirth;
another, he is for Mirth and recreation;
the 3d, he hangs his head because hees out of fassion.
Hollow, &c.

See, See, See, what a bustling!
Now I descry one another Iustlynge! — others jostling their fellows,
how they are turmoyling, one another foyling,
& how I past them bye!
hee *tha*ts aboue, him *tha*ts below [2] despiseth; — high despising low, low envying high;
hee *tha*ts below, doth enuye him [2] *tha*t ryseth;
eu*er*ye man his plot & counter [2] plott deviseth.
Hollow.

Shipps, Shipps, Shipps, I descry now! — shipmen
crossing the maine Ile goe too, and try now
what they are pr*oi*ecting & pr*o*tecting; — projecting
& when thé turne againe.
One, hees to keepe his country from inuadinge; — defence from foes or gain in trade.
another, he is for Merchandise & tradinge;
the other Lyes att home like summers cattle shadding.[3]
Hollow.

[1] meteors.—P. [2] MS. blotted.—F. [3] ? getting into a shed or the shade.—F.

Hollow, me fancy, hollow!

I can't go on. I pray thee come vnto mee, I can noe longer follow!

Fancy, come back to me; I pray thee come & try [me]; doe not flye me!

Sithe itt will noe better bee,

leave off soaring, and keep to your book. come, come away! Leave of thy Lofty soringe!
come stay att home, & on this booke be poring!
for he *that* gads abroad, he hath the lesse in storinge.

welcome, my fancye! welcome home to mee!

ffins.

Newarke.[1]

This song may very well have been written, as Percy suggests, by Cleveland to cheer the garrison of Newark; when, during the Royalist occupation of it, he was Judge Advocate. See Introduction to "Egyptian Queen."

"In the reign of Charles I. Newark was garrisoned for the King, and held in subjection the whole of this country, excepting the town of Nottingham; and a great part of Lincolnshire was laid under contribution; here that unfortunate sovereign established a mint. . . . During this contest the town sustained three sieges: in the first, all Northgate was burnt by order of the governor, Sir John Henderson; in the second, when under the government of Sir John, afterwards Lord, Byron, the town was relieved by the arrival from Chester of Prince Rupert, who, according to Clarendon, in an action between his forces and the parliamentarians under Sir John Meldrum, on Beacon Hill, half a mile eastward of the town, took four thousand prisoners and thirteen pieces of artillery; in the third siege, after the display of much prowess and several vigorous sallies, the fortress remained unimpaired; afterwards Lord Bellasis, then governor, surrendered the town to the Scottish army, by the King's order, on the 8th of May, 1646. At the close of this siege, the works and circumvallations were demolished by the country people, with the exception of two considerable earth-works, which are now nearly perfect, and are called the King's Sconce and the Queen's Sconce; about this time the castle also was destroyed." (Lewis' *Topogr. Dict. of England.*)

[1] Very probably writ by Jack Cleveland during the siege of Newark upon Trent; to Chear the Garrison: where he was judge advocate.—P.

Fill us a cup!

OUR: braines are asleepe, then fyll vs [1] a cupp
of cappering sacke & clarett;

Here's a health to King Charles.

here is a health to *King* Charles! then drinke it all vp,
his cause will fare better for itt.

We dread not our foes.

did not an ould arke saue noye [2] in a fflood?
why may not a new arke to vs be vs [3] good?
wee dread not their forces, they are all made of wood,
then wheele & turne about againe.

Though all beyond trent be sold to the Scott,
to men of a new *pro*testation
if Sandye come there, twill fall to their Lott
to haue a new signed possession;

If Leslie gets hold of 'em he'll play the devil and all.

but if once Lesly gett [them] in his power,
gods Leard! heele play the devill & all!
but let him take heed how hee comes there,
lest Sweetelipps ring him a peale in his eare.

Then tosse itt vp merrilye, fill to the brim!

Drink to our garrison.

wee haue a new health to remember;
heeres a health to our garrisons! drinke it to them,
theyle keepe vs all warme in December.

I fear no foe,

I care not a figg what enemy comes;
for wee doe account them but hop-of-my-thumbes;

for our Maurice is coming.

for Morrise [4] our prince is coming amaine
to rowte & make them run againe.

ffins.

[1] MS. vis *or* vus.—F.
[2] Old Ark—Noë.—P.
[3] as.—F.
[4] Maurice.—P.

Amongst the mirtles.[1]

THE first collection of Carew's poems was made in 1640, the year after his death. But many of them had been set to music during his life; others no doubt had circulated in MS.

"He was a person," says Clarendon, "of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way), which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time: but his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire."

AMongst the Mirtles as I walket,
loue & my thoughts sights this [2] inter-talket:
"tell me," said I in deepe distresse,
"Where may I find [my sheperdesse.[3]]

Where can I find my shepherdess?

"Thou foole!" said loue, "knowes thou not this? [page 196]
in eu*er*ye thing *tha*ts good shee is.
in yonder tulepe goe & seeke,
there thou may find her lipp, her cheeke;

She's in all that's good, her hue in the tulip,

"In yonder enameled Pancye,
there thou shalt haue her curyous eye;
in bloome of peach & rosee [4] budd,
there waue the streamers of her blood;

her eye in the pansy,

[1] A very elegant old song. Writ by Mr. Thomas Carew. See his poems, 8° L. 1640.—P.
[2] thus.—P.; *and* sights *marked for omission* by Percy.—F.
[3] The MS. is cut away.—F.
[4] rosee.—P.

her hand in the lily,

the scent of her bosom on the hills.

"In [1] brightest Lyllyes *that* heere stand,
the [2] emblemes of her whiter hands;
in yonder rising hill, their smells [3]
such sweet as in her bosome dwells."

I went to pluck these flowers,

but all vanished.

"It is trew," said I; & therevpon
I went to plucke them one by one
to make of *par*ts a vnyon;
butt on a sudden all was gone.

So shall pass my joy!

With *that* I stopt, sayd, "loue,[4] these bee,
fond man, resemblance-is of thee [5];
& as these flowers, thy Ioyes shall dye
Euen in the twinkling of an eye,

"And all thy hopes of her shall wither
Like these short sweetes soe knitt together."

ffi[ns.]

[1] The.—P.
[2] are.—P.
[3] there smells.—P.
[4] stop'd. S[d] Love &c.—P.
[5] resemblances of thee.—P.

The worlde is changed.[1]

Songs of a very similar kind are common enough in the collections of Royalist poems: as, for instance, "The Humble Petition of the House of Commons" in *A Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament between the years* 1639 *and* 1661, 1731.

If Charles thou wilt but be so kind
To give us leave to take our mind,
Of all thy store;
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find
Th'ast nothing left to give behind
We'll ask no more.

and "Pym's Anarchy" in the same collection:

Ask me no more, why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragooners?
Since it is requisite, you know,
They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why from Blackwall
Great Tumults come into Whitehall?
Since it's allow'd, by free consent,
The Privilege of Parliament.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,
Why Hotham kept the Town of Hull?
This answer I in brief do sing,
All things were thus when Pym was King.

THE: world is changed, & wee haue choyces, Not Reason, but most voices rule.
not by most reason, but most voyces;
the Lyon is trampled by the Mouse,
the lower is the vpper house, The lower house is the upper.
& thus from laus[2] orders come,
but now their orders laus[2] frome.

[1] A good old Cavilier song.—P.

[2] qu. Caus.—F.

They want to enslave their king,

In all humilitye they craue
theire soue*r*aigne to be their slaue,
beseeching him *that* hee wold bee
betrayd to them most Loyallye ;
for it were Meeknesse soe in him
to be a vice-Roy vntoy Pyim.[1]

and put him under Pym.

If *that* hee wold but once Lay downe
his scepter, maiestye, & crowne,
hee shalbe made in time to come
the greatest prince in christendome.

Charles would rather not.

Charles, att this time hauing noe neede,
thankes them as much as if they did.

No petitions are to be presented but their own.

Petitions none must be p*re*sented
but what are by themselves inuented,
that once a month thé thinke it ffitting
to fast from soine [2] because from sittinge ;
Such blessings to the Land are sent
by priuiledge of Parlaiment.

ffins.

[1] unto Pym.—P.

[2] ? MS. *sone*, with a dot over the first stroke of the *n*.—F.

The tribe off Banburye.[1]

This song, not before printed so far as we know, gives an insolent Cavalier account, put in the mouth of a Puritan, of the occupation of Banbury by a Royalist force. Banbury was visited more than once by such a force during the Civil War of 1642–6. The visit here referred to was paid in the very beginning of the disturbances, some seventeen days before the Royal Standard was set up at Nottingham. When the King and the Parliament each insisted on having the management of the militia, the former appointed the Earl of Northampton to "array" it in Warwickshire, the latter Lord Brook. In July the Parliament granted its deputy six pieces of ordnance to strengthen his castle, at Warwick. These were conveyed as far as Banbury by the 29th. The attempt to convey them on to Warwick was barred by Lord Northampton. The two lords at last agreed that they should be carried back to Banbury, and that neither party should remove them without giving the other three days' notice. On the 6th and 7th of August great alarm began to prevail in the town, that the enemy was meditating an assault, and a seizure of the said ordnance. On Sunday night, the 7th, the enemy was discovered by a scout, coming down Hardwick lane in great force. But "the night growing extreme dark, they forbare all that night." Then next morning a parley was held, when the Cavaliers by turns cajoled and threatened the fearful citizens. At last:—

The town being in a sad case, not knowing how they would deal with them, exposed themselves and town on Munday morning [the 8th], and in a while after they came in with about 5 or 600 horses,

[1] An old Cavilier Song on the Tak*ing* of Banbury by Col*onel* Lumford.—P.

but 300 good ones, and the rest sorry jades, anything [they] could get from the poor countrey men, some at work; and as beggarly riders set on them, though for the present they flourished with money, yet their cloths bewrayed them to be neither gentlemen nor Cavaliers. And having fil'd the town with horses the chief of them came to the Red Lion Inne, and desired to speak with Colonell Feines and Captaine Vivers, who were in the Castle, to whom reply was made, they should, if they would send two as considerable men in lieu, which they did; then they produced the Commission of Array, and required them to deliver the Ordnance, otherwise they would take them by force, and fire the town. And having obtained that they came for, the ordnance and ammunition thereunto belonging, they clear'd the town againe, and were all departed before night, who carried them to the E. of Northamptons house [Compton Wyngate], and it was thought they intended to goe to Warwicke castle the next day, but the Lord Brooke had noe notice from the Earle of three dayes warning, as was agreed between them; There was also Colonell Lunsford, and divers Lords too long to name; There was the Lord Wilmot, who kept backe the town of Atherbury from coming in to aide Banbury, and threatned he would hang up the men and send the souldiers to their wives and children; There was also the Lord Dunsmore.—"Proceedings at Banbvry since the Ordnance went down for the Lord Brooke to fortifie Warwick Castle," 4to, 1642. Among the King's Pamphlets in the Brit. Mus. *apud Beesley's "History of Banbury,"* p. 302.

On July 7

ON: the 7th day on the 7 month,
most Lamentablye
the men of Babylon did spoyle
the tribe of Banburye.

the Cavi-liers took Banbury.

A brother post from couentry
ryding in a blew rockett,[1]
sayes, "Colbronde Lunsford comes, I saw,
with a childs arme hang in his pockett."

We had news of Lunsford's coming,

[1] A.-S. *roc*, clothing, an outer garment, a coat, jacket, vest: Bosworth, Germ. *rock*, a coat. Chaucer describes dame Fraunchise in a *rocket*, see Fairholt's Glossary:

Fulle wel [y-] clothed was Fraunchise,
For ther is no cloth sittith bet
On damyselle, than doth *rocket*.
A womman wel more fetys is

Then wee called up our men of warr,
younge Viuers, Cooke & Denys,[1]
whome our Lord Sea [2] placed vnder
his Sonne *Master* ffyenys.[3]

and called out our men of war,

When hee came neere, he sent vs word
that hee was coming downe,
& wold, vnles wee lett him in,
Granado [4] all our towne.

but Lunsford said he'd

grenado our town,

Then was our Colb*ronde*—fines,[5]—& me,
in a most woefull case;
for neither he nor I did know
who this granado was.

wee had 8 gunnes called ordinance,[6]
& foure score Musquetiers,[7]
yett all this wold not serue to stop
those Philistime cauileeres.

and our guns and men

[page 197]

couldn't stop him.

Good people, thé did send in men
from Dorchester & Wickam;
but wher this Gyant did them see,
good Lo*rd*, how he did kick han [8] !

In *roket* than in cote, ywis.
The whyte *roket* rydled faire, &c.

Romaunt of the Rose, l. 1238–43, Poet. Works, ed. Morris, vi. 38.

"Rocket, a surplys:" Palsgrave.

"Skelton describes Elinor Rumming the Alewife in a gray russet *rocket*.

Rocket, a cloak without a cope: Randle Holme;" in Fairholt.

Rocket, a frocke; loose gaberdine, or gowne of canuas or course linnen, worne by a labourer over the rest of his clothes; also, a Prelates Rocket: Cotgrave. See the woodcut in Fairholt, p. 220.—F.

[1] There is a dot over the stroke following the *e* in the MS.—F.

[2] Say.—P.

[3] Fiennes.—P.

[4] Fr. *Grenade*. A Pomegranet; also, a ball of wild-fire, made like a Pomegranet: Cotgrave. An iron case filled with powder and bits of iron, like the seeds in a pomegranate: Wedgwood. —F.

[5] Fiennes.—P.

[6] Ordinance, all sorts of Artillery, or great Guns us'd in War. Phillips.—F.

[7] Musquetiers.—P. The last *e* is made over a *y* in the MS.—F.

[8] kick 'em.—P.

He swore and threatened us so

" You round heads, rebells, rougs,[1] " quoth hee,
" Ile crop & slitt eche eare,
& leaue you neither arme nor lege
much longer then your heere[2] ! "

that we opened our gates,

Then wee sett ope our gates[3] full wyde ;
they swarmed in like bees,
& they were all arraydd in buffe
thicker then our towne cheese.[4]

and his blood-thirsty men

Now god deliuer vs, we pray,
from such blood-thirstye men,
forom[5] Leuyathan Lunsford
who eateth our children !

hung us and plundered us.

ffor Banburye, the tinkers crye,
you hanged vs vp by twelues ;
now since Lunsford hath plundred you,
you may goe hang your selues.

ffins.

[1] rogues.—P.
[2] haire. N.B. The Roundheads were so called from wearing their hair cropt short.—P.
[3] gater in the MS.—F.
[4] Banbury Cheese.—P.
[5] this.—P.

[*"Doe you meane to overthrowe me," and "A Maid & a Younge Man," printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *p.* 49–52, *follow here in the MS.*]

Ay : me : Ay me :

The Editors have not found any printed copy of this song. Mr. Chappell informs them that there is a tune in the *Dancing Master* of 1657 entitled "Ay me, or the Symphony," but it requires words of a different metre to that of this song.

"A fling at the Scots, probably writ in James I. time" is Percy's MS. note; or, as Mr. Halliwell says of *Joky will prove a gentillman*,[1] a "satire . . doubtlessly levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who wisely emigrated to England in the time of James I., in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign." Poor Sisly, the chief speaker in the piece, laments the dropping off of her suitors. She once had twelve, and now she has but one. The first was handsome; the ten following were all well-to-do in the world in one way or another; the one that yet remains has no merit of either sort. The others were Welsh, Dutch, French, or Spanish; this one is a sorry Scotchman. A doleful state of things; but the best must be made of it. At any rate, as this last lingering wooer is a beggar, he can never be declared bankrupt. But indeed begging is the way to wealth now-a-days—begging for appointments, &c. In *Joky will prove* such begging is introduced as the cause of the marvellous change of the hero's cowhide shoes into Spanish-leather ones decked with roses, of his twelvepenny stockings into "silken blewe," of his list garters into silk tasselled with gold and silver, &c.

[1] Reprinted from *The Archæologist* in *Satirical Songs* (Percy Society), p. 127.

Thy hose and thy dublett, which were full plaine,
Whereof great store of lice [did] containe,
Is turned nowe. Well fare thy braine
That can by begginge this maintayne!
By my fay, and by Saint Ann,
Joky will prove a gentilman!

Moved by this disinterested consideration—that begging is the winning game—Sisly resolves to give the constant Scot the right to beg for her as well as himself.

Oh dear! I had twelve suitors,

"AY: me, ay me, pore sisley, & vndone[1]!
I had 12 sutors, now I have but one!
they all were wealthy; had I beene but wise;

and all are gone but one, the worst of all,

now haue all left me since I haue beene soe nice,[2]
but only one, and him all Maidens scorne,
for hees the worst I thinke *that* ere was borne."
"peace good sisley! peace & say noe more!
bad mends in time; good salue heales many a sore."

"ffaith such a one as I cold none but loue,[3]
for[4] few or none of them doe constant proue;
a man in shape, *pro*portion, looke, and showe,

a regular weed.

much like a Mushroome in one night doth grow;
proud as a Iay *that*s of a comely hew,
cladd like a Musele in a capp of blew.[5]"
"peace, good sisley! peace, & say noe more!
be Merry, wench, & lett the welkin rore!"

The rest were good,

"The first I had was framed in bewtyes mold,
the second: 3^{d}; and 4th: had store of gold,
the 5. 6. 7. 8th: had trades eche one,
the best had goods & lands to liue vpon;
Now may I weepe, sigh, sobb, & ring my hands,

this one's naught,

since this hath neither witt, trade, goods, nor Land[s.]"

[1] I'm vndone.—P.
[2] Particular; not Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, vnexperienced gull. *Nice*, dull, simple: Cotgrave.—F.
[3] As none but I *could* love.—P.
[4] But.—P.
[5] The Scotch cap. See *Blew-cap for me* in *Sat. Songs*, p. 130, &c.—F.

" peace, good sisley; peace & take *that* one
that stayes behind when all the rest are gone!"

" He [is,] as[1] turkes doe say, noe renegatoe,[2]
noe Portugall, Gallowne, or reformato[3];
but in playne termes some say he is a scott, — a Scot, in a cast-off suite.
that by his witts some old cast suite hath gott,
& now is as[4] briske[5] as my[6] Bristow Taylor,
& swaggers like a pander or a saylor.[7]"
" kisse him, sisley, kisse him, he may proue the best,
& vse him kindly, but witt bee all the rest."

" One was a welchman, her wold[8] scorne to crye; — My other suitors were Welch, Dutch, &c.
& 3 were Dutchmen *that* sill[9] drunke wold bee;
& 6 were frenchemen *that* were pockye proude;
& one a spanyard *that* cold bragg alowd.
Now all are gone, & way[10] not me a figge,
but one poore Scott who can doe nought but begg." — This one is a poor begging Scot.
" take him, sisley! take him, for itt is noe doubt,
his trades *that* beggs, heele neu*er* proofe[11] banquerout."

" Nay, sure, Ile haue him, for all people say — But I'll take him; begging's a good trade now;
that men by begging grow rich now a day,
& *that* oftentimes is gotten with a word
att great mens hands *that* neu*er* was woone by sword.
then welcome Scotchman, wee will weded bee,
& one day thou shalt begg for thee and mee." — and he'll beg for us both.
" well sayd, sisley! well said! on another day,
by begging thou maist weare a garland gay!"

[1] He is, as, &c.—P.
[2] renegado.—P.
[3] reformado.—P. Sp. *reformádo*, reformed. Minsheu. *Reformado*, or *Reformed Officer*, an Officer whose Company or Troop is disbanded, and yet be continu'd in whole or half Pay; still being in the way of Preferment, and keeping his Right of Seniority: Also a Gentleman who serves as a Volunteer in a Man of War, in Order to learn Experience, and succeed the Principal Officers. Phillips. —F.
[4] It may be *al* in the MS.—F.
[5] And now's as brisk.—P.
[6] any.—P.
[7] ? MS. Jaylor.—F.
[8] hur wold, &c.—P.
[9] still.—P.
[10] weigh.—P.
[11] The Man that begs will ne'er prove. —P.

ffaine : wolde : I change : [page 199]

This is the song of one who entertains a supreme horror of living and dying an old maid. She has been told by old wives, no doubt well informed on the subject, that those who do so are employed subsequently in "leading apes in hell;"[1] after which singular occupation she feels no great hankering. "To the church," then, is the word. Ding-dong away, Marriage bells.

"FAINE wold I change my maiden liffe
I want to change my maiden life, to tast of loues true Ioyes."
"What? liffe! woldest[2] thou chuse to bee a wiffe?
maids wishes are but toyes."
"how can there bee a greater hell then liue a maid
soe long,[3]
a mayd soe long?
to the church ring out the Marriage bells,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!"

"Beffore *that* 15 yeeres were spent,
I knew, & haue a sonne."
"how old art thou?" "sixteene next Lent."
for I'm nearly sixteen, "alas, wee are both vndone!"
how can there bee &c.

[1] Mr. Dyce says: "The only instances of the expression *leading apes in* (or *into*) *hell*, which at present occur to me, are these:—

"'— and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and *lead his apes into hell*.'—Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

"'— but keeping my maidenhead till it was stale, I am condemned to *lead apes in hell*.'—Shirley's *Love-Tricks*, act iii. sc. 5; *Works*, vol. i. p. 53, ed. Gifford and Dyce.

"This phrase, which is still in common use, never has been (and *never will be*) satisfactorily explained. Steevens suggests, 'That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution.'"—F.

[2] why would'st.—P.

[3] ? MS.—F. so long.—P.

"Besides, I heard an old wiffe tell
that all true maids must dye." and true maids die
"what must they doe ? " "lead apes in hell ! and lead apes in hell.
a dolefull destinye."

"& wee will lead noe apes in hell ; I won't do that,
[1] weele change our maiden song, our maiden song ;
to the church ring out the Marriage bells, but will off to church.
wee haue liued true mayds to [2] longe."

ffins.

[1] "Weele change" is in the 18th line in the MS.—F.

[2] too.— P.

When ffirst I sawe.

This song occurs, as Mr. Chappell remarks, in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, 3rd edition, 1620. Mr. Chappell adds a fourth stanza from later copies, "such as *Wit's Interpreter*, third edition, 8vo. 1671 :"

If I have wronged you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life and spare not.

He gives the tune to which the song was sung, composed by Thomas Ford (one of the musicians in the suite of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.), who published it in his *Musick of Sundrie Kindes*, in 1607.

I loved you at first sight,

WHEN ffirst I saw her face, I resolued [1]
to honor & renowne thee;
but if I be disdayned, I wishe
that I had neuer knowne thee.

and you bade me love;

I asked leaue; you bade me loue;
is itt now time to chyde mee?
O: no: no: no! I loue you still, what fortune euer
betyde mee!

If I admire or praise you too much,
that fortune [you] might [2] forgiue mee;
or that my hand hath straid but to touch,[3]
thenn might you iustly leaue mee,

[1] thee I resolv'd.—P. [2] that fault you might.—P. [3] MS. teach.—F. to touch.—P.

but I that liked, & you *that* loued,
is now a time to wrangle?
O no: no: no, my hart is ffixt, & will not new entangle. will you now quarrel with me?

The sun, whose beames most glorious are,
rejecteth[1] noe beholder;
your faire face, past all compare, Your beauty
makes my faint hart the bolder.
when bewtye likes, & witt delights,
& showes of Loue doe bind mee;
there, there! O there! whersoeu*er* I goe,
Ile leaue my hart behind mee! has stolen my heart.

ffins.

[1] MS. & reacheth.—F.

["*A Creature for Feature*," *and* "*Lye alone*," *printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *p.* 53–56, *follow here in the MS.*]

How fayre shee be.[1]

THIS well-known song by George Wither (1590–1667) appeared in 1619, appended to his *Fidelia*, and again in *Juvenilia*, in 1633, in "Fair Virtue the Mistress of Philarete." It was reprinted again and again, sometimes with another stanza. The version here given is slightly corrupt. "A copy of this song," says Mr. Chappell, "is in the Pepys collection, i. 230, entitled A new song of a young man's opinion of the difference between good and bad women. To a pleasant new tune. It is also in the second part of the Golden Garland of Princely Delights, third edition 1620, entitled The Shepherd's Resolution. To the tune of The Young Man's Opinion."

Shall I kill myself

SHALL: I, wasting in dispayre,
dye because a womans fayre?
or make pale my cheekes with care [2]

because my love doesn't care for me?

because anothers rose-yee [3] are?
Be shee fairer then the day
or the flowry Meads in may,
if shee thinke not well of mee,

Not I.

What care I how fayre shee bee?

Shall my foolish hart be pind
because I see a woman kind,
or a well disposed nature
with [4] a comlye feature?

[1] An elegant old Song by Withers. This song is in *the* Tea Table Miscellany of Allan Ramsay, 1753, *page* 304. But the Printed Copy wants the 2d stanza:—it containing only three. It is also in Dryden's Misc. V. 6. p. 335, with the omission of St. 2d.—P.

[2] shall my Cheeks look pale with care (printed Copy).—P.

[3] rosie are.—P.

[4] matched or joined.—P.

Be shee Meeker, kinder, then
the turtledoue or Pelican,
if shee be not soe to me, — If she's not kind to me,
what care I how kind shee bee? — let her go.

Shall a womans vertues [1] moue
me to perish for her loue, — Shall I perish for her love?
or her worthy merritts knowne
make me quite forgett mine owne?
were shee with *that* goodness blest,
as may meritt name of best,
if shee be not soe to me,
what care I how good shee bee? — Not I.

[2]Be shee good or kind or fayre,
I will neu*er* more disp[air;]
if shee loue me, this beleeue,
I will dye ere shee shall g[reiue;]
if shee slight me when I woe, — If she slight me,
I will scorne & lett her goe. — let her go.
or if shee be not [3] for mee,
what care I [4] for whom shee bee? — What care I?

[1] goodness (printed Copy).—P.
[2] The following four lines are written in two in the MS.—F.
[3] Percy inserts *fit*.—F.
[4] A *whom* struck out follows *I* in the MS.—F.

["*Downe sate the Shepard*," *and* "*Men that more*," *printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *p.* 57–60, *follow here in the MS.*]

Come : Come : Come :[1]

[page 202]

This is, says Percy in his marginal note in the Folio, "A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal." Not content with fellow mortal topers, the old roisterer calls on all the Gods to join him in his carouse. Not his the Lotus-eater's conception of the Deities. He does not think that "careless of mankind they lie beside their nectar . . where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands," smile at the music centred in the doleful song of lamentation, the ancient tale of wrong, from the "ill-used race of men that cleave the soil." He sees them madding their brains for "a little care of the world's affair," "utterly consumed with sharp distress" at the world's misery; and he calls on them to be such fools no longer—to "let mortals do as well as they may"—while they, the Gods, take up their wine and drink with him. Mars, Momus, Mercury, Apollo, Vulcan, the great Jove himself, dread Juno, and Venus, Goddess of Love—none are excused—all must join; the grape is sweet, and wine for them as well as men: let all quaff, and sing fa la la!—F.

Let's be jolly!

COME: Come, come! shall wee Masque or mum*m*?
by my holly day,[2] what a coyle is heere!
some must[3] sway, & some obay I,
or else, I pray, who stands in feare?

Though we have the gout,

though[4] my toe, *that* I limpe on soe,[5]
doe cause my woe & wellaway,

wine'll make us sing.

yett this sweet spring & another thing
will make you sing fa.la.la.la.la.

[1] A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal.—P.

[2] Dame.—P.

[3] *mist* in the MS.—F.

[4] what tho'.—P.

[5] sc. with the Gout.—P.

ffellow gods, will you fall att odds ?
what a fury madds your morttall [1] braines ! — Don't bother about business.
for a litle care of the worlds affare,
will you frett, will you square,[2] will you vexe, will you vai[r ?] [3]
No, gods ! no ! let fury go,[4]
& Morttalls doe as well as they may !
for this sweet &c.

God of Moes,[5] with thy toting Nose, — Momus,
with thy mouth *that* growes to thy Lolling eare,
stretch thy mouth from North to south, — drink vinegar!
& quench thy drought[6] in vinigar !
though thy toung be too Large & too Longe — Sing with us somehow !
to sing this song of fa la la la la,
Ioyne Momus grace to vulcans pace,
& with a filthy face crye "waw waw waw !"

Brother Mine, thou [7] art god of wine ! — Bacchus,
will you tast of the wine [8] to the companye ?
King of quaffe, carrouse & doffe
your Liquor of, and follow mee ! — join me in a bowl!
[9] Sweete soyle of Exus Ile,
wherin this coyse [10] was eu*e*ry day,
for this sweet &c.

Mercurye, thou Olimpian spye ! — Mercury,
wilt thou wash thine eye in this fontaine cleere ? — drink!
when [11] you goe to the world below,
you shall light of noe such Liquor there,

[1] immortal, qu.—P.
[2] i. e. quarrel.—P.
[3] will you vex your vaines.—P. *Vair* for *veer*, turn. It should rhyme with *square*.—Chappell.
[4] ? MS. *gott*, with *t t* blotched out.—F.
[5] Mows, i. e. Mockery. Sc. Momus.—P.
[6] drowth.—P.
[7] that.—P.
[8] vine.—P.
[9] To the.—P.
[10] ? MS. coyle.—F. ? *coyse*, body.—Halliwell.
[11] whene'er.—P.

though [1] you were a winged stare
& flyeth [2] farr as shineth day;
Wine'll wing your heart. yett heeres a thing your hart will wing,
& make you sing &c.

Mars, You *that* are the god of warr,
a cruell starr peruerse & froward,
Mars! prepare thy warlicke speare,
& targett! heers a combatt towards!
[3] then fox [4] me, & Ile fox thee;
stop strife, and drink. then lets agree, & end this fray,
since this sweet &c.

Venus, Venus queene, for bewtye seene,
in youth soe greene, & loued soe young,
thou *that* art mine owne sweet hart,
you drink too! shalt haue a part in Cuppe [&] songe [5];
though my foot be wrong, my swords full long
& hart full strong; cast care away,
Since this sweet &c.

Apollo, Great Appollo, crowned with yellow,[6]
Cynthius, fellow [7]-muses deere!
here's wine for you! heere is wine, itt must be thine,
It will refine your music. itt will refine thy Musicke cleere;
to the wire of this sweet lire
you must aspire another day,
for this sweet &c.

Juno, Iuno clere, & mother dere,
you come in the rere of a bowsing feast;

[1] Altho', or even tho', or perhaps
What tho' you are a winged star
And fly as far.—P.

[2] and flew as, as, That flyeth.—P.

[3] Do thou fox me.—P.

[4] a toping Word.—P. *Fox*, to make tipsy. A cant term. See Hobson's Jests, 1607, repr. p. 33. Halliwell.—F.

[5] Cup & song.—P.

[6] Cloath'd in yellow.—P.

[7] Cease to follow, *or* Quit thy fellow, *or* With thy fellow.—P. Apollo was surnamed *Cynthius*, and Diana *Cynthia*, as they were born on Mount Cynthus, which was sacred to them. Lempriere.—F.

thus I meet, your grace to greet;
the grape is sweet & the last is best.
now let fall your angry brawlee [1] — leave your anger,
from immortall & wayghtye sway;
tis a gracious thing to please your King,
& heare you sing &c. — drink and sing!

Awfull sire, & king of fire! — Jove,
let wine aspire to thy mighty throne, — drink, and join our song!
& in this quire of voices clere
Come thou, & beare an imorttall drame [2]; [page 203]
for fury ends, & grace d[e]sends
with Stygian feinds to dwell for aye.
lett Nectur spring & thunder ring
when Ioue [3] doth sing &c. &c.

Vulcan, Momus, hermes, Bacchus, — Vulcan and all you gods,
Mars & Venus, 2 and tooe,
Phebus brightest, Iuno rightest,
& the mightyest of the crew,
Ioue, and all the heauens great [4] hall,
keepe festiuall & holy-day! — rejoice and drink wine.
since this sweete spring with her blacke thing
will make you sing fa la la la.

ffins.

[1] brawle.—P.
[2] drone, i. e. bass.—P.
[3] Jove.—P. MS. Iohue, with perhaps the *h* marked out.—F.
[4] *full* here, struck out.—F.

The Grene Knight.[1]

[In 2 Parts.—P.]

This is a late, popular version of the old romance of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," preserved amongst the Cottonian MSS. (Nero A. X. fol. 91) edited by Sir Frederick Madden for the Bannatyne Club in 1839 and by Richard Morris Esq. for the Early English Text Society in 1864.[2] The old romance, written, according to Mr. Morris, about 1320 A.D., by the author of the Early English Alliterative Poems also printed by the E. E. Text Society, is lengthy, is written in alliterative metre, and is as difficult as the old alliterative poems usually are. To dissipate this besetting obscurity, to relieve this apparent tediousness, the present translation and abridgement was made. The form is changed; the language is modernised. In a word, the old romance was adapted to the taste and understanding of the translator's time. Moreover, it was made to explain a custom of that time—a custom followed by an Order that was instituted, according to Selden and Camden, some three-quarters of a century (A.D. 1399) after the time when, according to Mr. Morris, the poem first appeared. It explains why

> Knights of the bathe weare the lace
> Untill they have wonen their shoen,
> Or else a ladye of hye estate
> From about his necke shall it take
> For the doughtye deeds hee hath done.

On this point Somerset Herald has kindly furnished us with the following note:

[1] A curious adventure of Sir Gawaine, explaining a custome used by the Knights of the Bath.—P.

N.B. See a Fragment p. 29 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 70, l. 213 of text] wherein is mention of a Green *Knight* & decapitation p. 29–31 [of MS.; pp. 70–3 of text]. —P.

[2] In his edition of *Syr Gawayne*, Sir F. Madden printed the present poem as No. III. in his Appendix, p. 224–242.

College of Arms, June 8.

It appears to have been the custom of Knights of the Bath, from at least as early as the reign of Henry IV., to wear a lace or shoulder knot of white silk on the left shoulder of their mantles or gowns, ("theis xxxii nw kniȝtes preceding immediately before the king in theire gownis,[1] and hoodis, and tookins of whiȝte silke upon theire shouldeirs as is accustumid att the Bath:" MS. *temp.* Edw. IV., fragment published by Hearne at the end of Sprott's Chronicle, p. 88). This lace was to be worn till it should be taken off by the hand of the prince or of some noble lady, upon the knight's having performed "some brave and considerable action," vide Anstis's History of the Order. What this custom originated in does not appear, and the writer of the poem has only exercised the allowed privilege of his craft, in attributing the derivation to the adventure of Sir Gawaine and "the Lady gay" in this legend of "The Green Knight."

In the Statutes of the Order, 11th of George I. 1725, it is commanded that they shall wear on the left shoulder of their mantle "the lace of white silk antiently worn by the said knights," but there is no mention of its being taken off at any time for any reason.

J. R. Planché.

The recast belongs then to an age which was beginning to study itself, and to enquire into the origin of practices which it found itself observing. It is an infant antiquarian effort. But the poem has lost much of its vigour in the translation. It is in its present shape but a shadow of itself. Moreover, the following copy appears much mutilated. Several half-stanzas have dropped out altogether, probably through the sheer carelessness of the scribe.

The two leading persons of the romance are the well-known Sir Gawain, of King Arthur's court, and Sir Bredbeddle of the West country—the same knight who appears in *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, vol. i. p. 67. The main interest rests upon Sir Gawain. His "points three"—his boldness, his courtesy, his hardiness—are all proved. He is eager for adventures; he unshrinkingly pursues them to the end; he bears extreme hardships patiently; his courtesy is shown in his nobly

[1] Froissart says, "un double cordeau de soÿe blanche a blanches louppettes pendans."

resisting the overtures made him by his host's wife, whom Agostes has brought to his bedside.

The ladye kissed him times three,
Saith, "Without I have the love of thee,
My life standeth in dere."
Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,
Saith, "Your husband is a gentle Knight,
By Him that bought mee deare!
To me itt were great shame,
If I shold doe him any grame,
That hath beene kind to mee."

All these provings are given much more fully in the original romance. But enough is given here to uphold the fame of the chivalrous knight. See the *Turk and Gowin*.

When Arthur lived, he ruled all Britain,

LIST! wen[1] Arthur he was K*ing*,
he had all att his leadinge
the broad Ile of Brittaine;
England & Scottland one was,
& wales stood in the same case,
the truth itt is not to layne.[2]

he drive allyance[3] out of this Ile,
and lived, for a time, in peace. soe Arthur liued in peace a while,
as men[4] of Mickle maine,
To stop his knights contending for precedency, k*nigh*ts strong of[5] their degree
[strove] w*hi*ch of them hyest shold bee;
therof Arthur was not faine;

he made the Round Table, hee made the round table for their behoue,
*tha*t none of them shold sitt aboue,
that all but all shold sitt as one,[6]

[1] when.—P.
[2] without layne, i.e. without lying.—or with*out* altering the line (only dele *it is*) it is "Not to conceal the truth."—P. Old Norse *leyna*, to hide.—F.
[3] drave aliens.—P.
[4] man.—P.
[5] Kn^ts strove of (about) &c.—P.
[6] at one.—P. Compare *Arthur*, E. E. Text Soc., p. 2, l. 43–53:
At Cayrlyon*e*, wyt*h*oute fable,
he let make þe Rou*n*de table:

the K*ing* himselfe in state royall, might be equal.
Dame Gueneuer our queene *with*all,
seemlye of body and bone.

itt fell againe the christmase, One Christmas many knights came to Arthur's court.
many came to *that* Lords place,
to *that* worthye one
with helme on [1] head, & brand bright,
all *that* tooke order of k*night*;
none wold linger att home.

there was noe castle nor manour free No house could hold all of them,
that might harbour *that* companye,
their puissance was soe great.
their tents vp thé pight [2] so they pitched their tents,
for to lodge there all *that* night,
therto were sett to meate.

Messengers there came [&] went [3]
with much victualls verament
both by way & streete; and food was served to them.
wine & wild fowle thither was brought,
*with*in they spared nought
for gold, & they might itt gett.

Now of K*ing* Arthur noe more I mell [4];
but of a venterous k*night* I will you tell [5] But I shall leave Arthur, and tell you about Sir Bredbeddle.
that dwelled in the west countrye [6];
Sir Bredbeddle, for sooth he hett [7];
he was a man of Mickele might,
& Lord of great bewtye.

And why þat he maked hyt þus,
þis was þe resoun y-wyss,
þat no man schulde sytt aboue oþer,
ne haue indignacioun of hys broþer;
And alle hadde .oo. seruyse,
For no pryde scholde aryse
For any degree of syttynge
Oþer for any seruynge.—F.

[1] MS. &.—F.
[2] pitched, or put.—P.
[3] and went.—P.
[4] mell, meddle, fr. mêler. Urry.—P.
[5] I tell.—P.
[6] See line 515.—F.
[7] hight, was called.—P. The earlier romance makes the knight's name "Bern-

he had a lady to his [1] wiffe,

He loved his wife dearly,

44 he loued her deerlye as his liffe,
shee was both blyth and blee [2];

but she loved Sir Gawaine.

because Sir Gawaine was stiffe in stowre,
shee loued him priuilye paramour,[3]
48 & [4] shee neuer him see.

Her mother Agostes dealt in witchcraft,

itt was Agostes *that* was her mother;
itt was witchcraft & noe other
that shee dealt with all;

could transform men,

52 shee cold transpose knights & swaine
like as in battaile they were slaine,
wounded [5] both Lim & lightt,[6]

and told Bredbeddle to go, transformed,

shee taught her sonne the knight alsoe
56 in transposed likenesse he shold goe [7]
both by fell and frythe;

to Arthur's court to see adventures.

shee said, "thou shalt to Arthurs hall;
for there great aduentures shall befall
60 That euer saw King or Knight." [page 204]
all was for her daughters sake,

This was in order to get

that which she [8] soe sadlye spake
to her sonne-in-law the Knight,

Gawaine

64 because Sir Gawaine was bold and hardye,

lak de Hautdesert" (p. 78, l. 2445); it does not make his wife fall in love with Gawain, but Bernlak sends her to tempt him (p. 75, l. 2362). Gawain comes out of the temptation as one of the most faultless men that ever walked on foot, and as much above other knights as a pearl is above white pese (l. 2364). The enchantress is *Morgne la Faye*, Arthur's half-sister and Gawaine's aunt; and she sends Bernlak to Arthur's court in the hope that his talking with his head in hand would bereave all Arthur's knights of their wits, and grieve Guinevere, and make her die (p. 78, l. 2460). The description of Morgne la Faye (p. 30-1) is very good, with her rough yellow wrinkled cheeks, her covered neck, her black chin muffled up with white vails, her forehead enfolded in silk, showing only her black brows, eyes, nose, and lips "sowe to se and sellyly blered."—F.

[1] MS. wis.—F.

[2] so bright of blee, *blee* is colour, complexion, bleo S. Color. Urry.—P.

[3] I w[d] read par amour.—P.

[4] and yet.—P.

[5] and wound.—P.

[6] lythe, a joint, a limb, a nerve, Sax. liȝ, artus. Urry.—P.

[7] to go.—P.

[8] MS. *that* theye which.—F.

& therto full of curtesye,[1]
to bring him into her sight.

brought to her daughter.

the knight said "soe mote I thee,
to Arthurs court will I mee hye
for to praise thee right,
& to proue Gawaines points 3;
& *that* be true *that* men tell me,
by Mary Most of Might."

Bredbeddle agrees to go,

and prove whether Gawaine is so good.

earlye, soone as itt was day,
the K*night* dressed him full gay,
vmstrode[2] a full good steede;
helme and hawberke both he hent,
a long fauchion verament
to fend them in his neede.

Bredbeddle starts next day

on horseback.

that[3] was a Iolly sight to seene,
when horsse and armour was all greene,
& weapon *that* hee bare.
when *that* burne was harnisht still,
his countenance he became right well,
I dare itt safelye sweare.

He was a goodly sight, in his green armour, and on his green horse.

that time att Carleile lay our K*ing*;
att a Castle of flatting was his dwelling,
in the fforrest of delamore.[4]
for sooth he[5] rode, the sooth to say,
to Carleile[6] he came on Christmas day,
into *that* fayre countrye.[7]

Arthur is at Carlisle, at Castle Flatting, in Delamere Forest.

Bredbeddle arrives on Christmas day.

[1] "þat fyne fader of nurture" the old romance calls him, p. 29, l. 919.—F.
[2] and strode, i.e. bestrode.—P. *um* = round. See the elaborate description of the knight, his armour and horse, in the old romance, p. 5–6, l. 151–202.—F.
[3] Yt, i.e. *it*.—P.
[4] Delamere.—P. In Cheshire.—H.
[5] for soe hee.—P.
[6] Camylot, in the old romance.—F.
[7] countrye faire.—P.

The porter asks him where he's going to.

when he into *that* place came,[1]
the porter thought him a Maruelous groome:
he saith, "Sir, wither wold yee?"
hee said, "I am a venterous *Knight*,
& of your *King* wold haue sight,
& other Lords *that* heere bee."

"To see King Arthur and his lords."

The porter tells Arthur

noe word to him the porter spake,
but left him standing att the gate,
& went forth, as I weene,
& kneeled downe before the *King*;
saith, "in lifes dayes old or younge,
such a sight I haue not seene!

of the Green Knight's arrival,

"for yonder att your gates right;"
he saith, "hee is[2] a venterous *Knight*;
all his vesture is greene."

and the king orders him to be let in.

then spake the *King* proudest in all,[3]
saith, "bring him into the hall;
let vs see what hee doth meane."

Bredbeddle comes,

when the greene *Knight* came before the *King*,
he stood in his stirrops strechinge,
& spoke with voice cleere,

wishes Arthur God speed,

& saith, "*King* Arthur, god saue thee
as thou sittest in thy prosperitye,
& Maintaine thine honor[4]!

and says he has come

"why[5] thou wold me nothing but right;
I am come hither a venterous [Knight,[6]]
& kayred[7] thorrow countrye farr,[8]

to challenge his lords to a trial of manhood.

to proue poynts in thy pallace
that longeth to manhood in euerye case
among thy Lords deere."

[1] come or was come.—P.
[2] there is.—P.
[3] first or foremost of all.—P.
[4] honnere.—P.
[5] for why, because.—F.
[6] Knight.—P.
[7] have gone; A.-S. *cérran*, *cirran*, to turn, pass over or by.—F.
[8] farre, or perhaps faire.—P.

the *King*, he sayd [1] full still [2] — Arthur
till he had said all his will;
certein thus can [3] he say:
"as I am true k*nigh*t and *King*,
thou shalt haue thy askinge!
I will not say thy nay,[4] — consents to let him try

"whether thou wilt [5] on foote fighting, — on foot,
or on steed backe [6] iusting — or horse-back.
for loue of Ladyes gay.
If & thine armor be not fine,
I will giue thee p*ar*t of mine."
"god amercy, Lo*rd*!" can he say,

"here I make a challenging — Bredbeddle challenges Arthur's lords:
among the Lords both old and younge
that worthy beene in weede,
w*hi*ch of them will take in hand [7]— — he'll let any one
hee *that* is both stiffe and stronge
and full good att need—

"I shall lay my head downe, [page 205] — cut his head off,
strike itt of if he can [8]
w*i*th a stroke to garr [9] itt bleed,
for this day 12 monthe another at his: — for a return cut at his executioner's head a year hence
let me see who will answer this,
a knight [10] *that* is doughtye of deed;

"for this day 12 month, the sooth to say,
let him come to me & seicth his praye;
rudlye,[11] or eu*er* hee blin,[12]

[1] satt.—P.
[2] quietly.—P.
[3] certes then 'gan.—P.
[4] say thee nay.—P. *þy* is the ablative of the A.-Sax. demonstrative pronoun, *se, seo, þæt*.—F.
[5] wilt be.—P. wilt = wishest, preferest.—H.
[6] on steed-back, i.e. on horse-back.—P.
[7] hond.—P.
[8] con.—P.
[9] *gar*, cause.—F.
[10] perhaps To a k^{t}.—P.
[11] redlye, i.e. readily. Vid. G.D.—P.
[12] *blin*, linger, delay.—P.

at the Greene Chappell.

whither to come, I shall him tell,
the readie way to the greene chappell,
that place I will be in."

the *King* att ease sate full still,
& all his lords said but litle [1]
till he had said all his will.

Kay

vpp stood *Sir* Kay *that* crabbed k*night*,
spake mightye words *that* were of height,
that were both Loud and shrill;

accepts the challenge.

"I shall strike his necke in tooe,
the head away the body froe."

The other knights tell Kay to be quiet; he's always getting into a mess.

thé bade him all be still,
saith,[2] "Kay, of thy dints make noe rouse,[3]
thou wottest full litle what [4] thou does [5];
noe good, but Mickle ill."

Eche man wold this deed haue done.

Sir Gawaine

vp start *Sir* Gawaine soone,
vpon his knees can kneele,

says it will be too bad if Arthur doesn't let him take the adventure.

he said, "*that* were great villanye
without you put this deede to me,
my leege, as I haue sayd;

"remember, I am y*our* sisters sonne."

Arthur consents,

the *King* said, "I grant thy boone;
but mirth is best att meele;
cheere thy guest, and giue him wine,

but not till after dinner.

& after dinner, to itt fine,
& sett the buffett well!"

[1] littel.—P.
[2] i. e. they say.—P.
[3] praise, extolling, boast.—Jun. perhaps *roust*, noise. G. Doug.—P.
[4] that.—P.
[5] doest.—P.

now the greene *Knight* is set att meate,
seemlye [1] serued in his seate,
beside the round table.
to talke of his welfare, nothing he needs,
like a *Knight* himselfe he feeds,
with long time reasnable.[2]

Bredbeddle dines.

when the dinner, it was done,
the *King* said to Sir Gawaine soone,
withouten any fable
he said, "on [3] you will doe this deede,
I pray Iesus be your speede!
this *knight* is nothing vnstable."

Arthur wishes Gawaine
God speed.
Bredbeddle is a stiff one.

the greene *Knight* his head downe layd;
Sir Gawaine, to the axe he braid [4]
to strike with eger will;
he stroke the necke bone in twaine,
the blood burst out in euerye vaine,
the head from the body fell.

Gawaine
chops off Bredbeddle's head.

the greene *Knight* his head vp hent,[5]
into his saddle wightilye [6] he sprent,
spake words both Lowd & shrill,
saith: "Gawaine! thinke on thy couenant!
this day 12 monthes see thou ne want
to come to the greene chappell!"

Bredbeddle picks it up, jumps into his saddle,
reminds Gawaine to meet him twelve months hence,

[1] MS. *seenlye*, with a horizontal line and two vertical strokes over the *n*, denoting a contraction, and showing that I ought to have read as *m* the similar *n* in the heading of "Eger and Grine," vol. i. p. 341. The title would then have corresponded with the text; but never having noticed the contraction before, I hesitated to alter the MS.—F.

[2] reasonable.—P.

[3] an.—P.

[4] See Herbert Coleridge's *Glossary* on this word, Old Norse *bregða*. He abstracts from Egilson. As a neuter verb it is used "of any violent motion of body, as to leap."—F.

[5] took.—P. The old romance makes some of the knights kick the head with their feet, l. 428.—F.

[6] actively.—P.

All had great maruell, *that* thé see
that he spake so merrilye
& bare his head in his hand.
rides off, forth att the hall dore he rode right,
and *that* saw both K*ing* and knight
and Lords *that* were in land.

puts his head on again, *with*out the hall dore, the sooth to saine,
hee sett his head vpon againe,[1]
and promises Gawaine a better buffet. saies, "Arthur, haue heere my hand!
when-soeu*er* the K*night* cometh to mee,
a better buffett sickerlye
I dare him well warrand."

the greene K*night* away went.
all this was done by enchantment [page 206]
that the old witch had wrought.
Arthur is very sorry for Gawaine, sore sicke fell Arthur the K*ing*,
and for him made great mourning
that into such bale was brought.

the *Queen*, shee weeped for his sake;
so is Lancelot. sorry was S*ir* Lancelott dulake,
& other were dreery in thought
because he was brought into great p*er*ill;
his mightye manhood will not availe,
that before hath freshlye fought.

Gawaine cheers them up, S*ir* Gawaine comfort K*ing* and *Queen*,
& all the doughtye there be-deene[2];
he bade thé shold be still;
said, "of my deede I was neu*er* feard,[3]
nor yett I am nothing a-dread,
swears that I swere by S*aint* Michaell;

[1] The old romance makes the head open its eyelids and speak while it's on the knight's hand, l. 446.—F.

[2] immediately.—P. or all together.—

[3] fraid.—P.

" for when draweth toward my day,
I will dresse me in mine array
my promise to fulfill.
Sir," he saith, " as I haue blis,
I wott not where the greene chappell is,
therfore seeke itt I will."

he'll keep his pledge,

and will seek out the Green Chapel.

the royall Couett [1] verament
all rought [2] Sir Gawaines intent,
they thought itt was the best.
they went forth into the feild,
knights that ware both speare and sheeld
thé priced [3] forth full prest [4];

The court approve,

and go forth

some chuse them to Iustinge,
some to dance, Reuell, and sing;
of mirth thé wold not rest.
all they swore together in fere,
that and Sir Gawaine ouer-come were,
thé wold bren all the west.

to joust,

revel,

and sport,

swearing to revenge Gawaine if he's killed.

Now leaue wee the King in his pallace.
the greene Knight come home is
to his owne Castle;
this folke frend [5] when he came home
what doughtye deeds he had done.
nothing he wold them tell;

Bredbeddle reaches his home,

tells no one what he has done,

full well hee wist in certaine
that his wiffe loued Sir Gawaine
that comelye was vnder kell.[6]
listen, Lords [7]! & yee will sitt,
& yee shall heere the second ffitt,
what adventures Sir Gawaine befell.

but knows that his wife loves Gawaine.

[1] royall Courtt.—P. ? covey, Fr. *couvée*.—F.
[2] ? reached, took in.—F.
[3] pricked.—P.
[4] ready.—P.
[5] His folke freyn'd, i.e. inquired.—P.
[6] A child's caul, any thin membrane. "Rim or *kell* wherein the bowels are lapt." Florio, p. 340. Sir John "rofe my kell" (deflowered me) MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, fo. 111, Halliwell's Gloss.—F.
[7] Lordings.—P.

[Part II.]

The year is up, and Gawaine must go.

The day is come *that* Gawaine must gone;
K*nigh*ts & Ladyes waxed wann
that were without in *that* place;
the K*ing* himselfe siked ill,
ther Q*ueen* a swounding almost fell,
to *that* Iorney when he shold passe.

2d parte.

The king and court grieve.

When he was in armour bright,
he was one of the goodlyest K*nigh*ts
that eu*er* in brittaine was borne.

His steed was dapple-grey,

they brought Sir Gawaine a steed,
was dapple gray and good att need,[1]
I tell withouten scorne;

his bridle jewelled,

his bridle was with stones sett,
with gold & pearle ou*er*frett,
& stones of great vertue;
he was of a furley[2] kind;

his stirrups silk;

his stirropps were of silke of ynd;
I tell you this tale for true.

he glittered like gold.

when he rode ou*er* the Mold,
his geere glistered as gold.
by the way as he rode,
many furleys[3] he there did see,
fowles by the water did flee,
by brimes & bankes soe broad.

[1] Gryngolet is the steed's name in the old romance, but his colour is not given. All the jolly bits about his trappings, and Gawaine's armour, with its pentangel devised by Solomon, and called in English "the endeles knot," are omitted here.—F.

[2] *ferlie*, wonder, wonderful; Sax. *ferlic*, repentinus, horrendus, Gl. ad G.D.—P.

[3] ? MS. *furlegs*, for ferlies, wonders. —F.

many furleys there saw hee
of wolues & wild beasts sikerlye;
on hunting hee tooke most heede.
forth he rode, the sooth to tell,
for to seeke the greene chappell,
he wist not where [1] indeed.

Gawaine sees wondrous beasts;

As he rode in an eue[n]ing late, [page 207]
riding downe a greene gate,[2]
a faire castell saw hee,[3]
that seemed a place of Mickle pride;
thitherward Sir Gawaine can ryde
to gett some harborrowe.[4]

discerns a castle,

rides to it,

thither he came in the twylight,
he was ware of a gentle K*night*,
the L*ord* of the place was hee.
Meekly to him Sir Gawaine can speake,
& asked him, "for K*ing* Arthurs sake,
of harborrowe I pray thee!

and asks its lord

lodging

"I am a far Labordd Knight,
I pray you lodge me all this night."
he sayd him not nay,
hee tooke him by the arme & led him to the hall.
a poore child [5] can hee call,
saith, "dight well this palfrey."

for the night.

The lord leads him in,

into a chamber thé went a full great speed;
there thé found all things readye att need,
I dare safelye swere;

[1] The *h* is made over an *er* in the MS. —F.
[2] gate, way, Isl. Gata, *via*. Gl. ad G.D. —P.
[3] hee saw, or saw he there.—P.
[4] *harburee* or *harbere*. Lodging. Urry. —P.
[5] "Sere segges," several men, "stabeled his stede, stif men in-noȝe." Old Rom. which has a fine description of the castle and room, &c.—F.

fier in chambers burning bright,
candles in chandlers [1] burning light;

and they go to supper.

to supper thé went full yare.[2]

The lord's wife

he sent after his Ladye bright
to come to supp with *that* gentle K*night*,
& shee came blythe with-all;
forth shee came then anon,
her Maids following her eche one
in robes of rich pall.[3]

sups with them,

as shee sate att her supper,
euer-more the Ladye clere
Sir Gawaine shee looked vpon.
when the supper it was done,

and then retires.

shee tooke her Maids, & to her chamber gone.[4]

The lord asks Gawaine

he cheered the K*night* & gaue him wine,
& said, "welcome, by St. Martine!
I pray you take itt for none ill;
one thing, Sir, I wold you pray;

what he has come there for.

what you make soe farr this way?
the truth you wold me tell;

"I am a K*night*, & soe are yee;

He will keep his counsel.

Your concell, an you will tell mee,
forsooth keepe itt I will;
for if itt be poynt of any dread,
perchance I may helpe att need
either lowd or still."

Gawaine tells him all, not knowing he was in

for[5] his words *that* were soe smooth,
had Sir Gawaine wist the soothe,
all he wold not haue told,

[1] Candlesticks.—P.

[2] *Yare*, acutus, ready, eager, nimble. —P.

[3] any rich or fine Cloth, but properly purple: taken from the Robe worn by Bishops.—P. See the description of the Ladye in the old romance, with "Hir brest & hir bryȝt þrote bare displayed," (p. 30–1).—F.

[4] Next line wanting in the MS.—F.

[5] for all.—P. The old romance keeps the secret till the end.—F.

for *that* was the greene *Knight*
that hee was lodged *with* that night, — Bredbeddle's castle.
& harbarrowes[1] in his hold.

he saith, "as to the greene chappell, — Bredbeddle directs Gawaine to the Green Chapel,
thitherward I can you tell,
itt is but furlongs 3.
the *Master* of it is a venterous *Knight*,
& workes by witchcraft day & night, — (whose master works witchcraft),
with many a great furley.[2]

"if he worke *with* neu*er* soe much frauce,[3]
he is curteous as he sees cause.
I tell you sikerlye, — but advises him to stay and rest.
you shall abyde, & take yo*ur* rest,
& I will into yonder fforrest
vnder the greenwood tree."

they plight their truthes[4] to beleeue,[5] — They agree to share
either *with* other for to deale,
whether it were siluer or gold; — whatever either may get.
he said, "we 2 both [sworn[6]] wilbe,
what soeu*er* god sends you & mee,
to be p*ar*ted on the Mold."

The greene *Knight* went on hunting[7];
Sir Gawaine in the castle beinge,
lay sleeping in his bed.

[1] harberow'd, lodged.—P.
[2] wonder.—P.
[3] perhaps *frais*—to make a noise, crash. G. ad G.D.—P.
[4] trothes.—P.
[5] be leil.—P. See Leele, l. 478. But if the text is right, see Wedgwood on *believe* in his *English Etymology*. "The fundamental notion seems to be, to approve, to sanction an arrangement, to deem an object in accordance with a certain standard of fitness."—F.
[6] ? See l. 481, "wee were *both*." The old romance sets out the agreement at length, l. 1105-9: What the Green Knight wins hunting in the wood, Gawaine is to have; what Gawaine gets at home, the Green Knight is to have—"Sweet, swap we so, swear with truth, whether, man, loss befall, or better."—F.
[7] The spirited accounts in the old romance of the three-days' hunt of the deer, wild boar, and fox, are all left out here. All the go is taken out of the poem.—F.

[page 208]

Bredbeddle's witch mother-in-law

Vprose the old witche with hast throwe,[1]
& to her dauhter can shee goe,
& said, "be not adread!"

tells his wife

to her daughter can shee say,
"the man *that* thou hast wisht many a day,
of him thou maist be sped;
that Gawaine is in the castle, and takes her to him,
for Sir Gawaine *that* curteous *Knight*
is lodged in this hall all night."
shee brought her to his bedd.

shee saith, "gentle *Knight*, awake!
& for this faire Ladies sake
that hath loued thee soe deere,
and tells him to embrace her.
take her boldly in thine armes,
there is noe man shall doe thee harme;"
now beene they both heere.

The wife kisses him thrice, and asks his love.

the ladye kissed him times 3,
saith, "without I have the loue of thee,
my life standeth in dere.[2]"

Gawaine

Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,
saith, "your husband is a gentle *Knight*,
by him *that* bought mee deare!

refuses to shame his host.

"to me itt were great shame
if I shold doe him any grame,[3]
that hath beene kind to mee;
for I haue such a deede to doe,
that I can neyther rest nor roe,[4]
att an end till itt bee."

[1] tho, then.—P. Sc. *thro*, *thra*, eager, ernest, Isl. *thrá*, pertinax. Jamieson. The old romance makes the Green Knight's wife go to Gawaine of herself, and on three successive nights.—F.

[2] *Dere*, lædere, nocere. Lye.—P.

[3] *Grame*—Chaucer. Grief, sorrow, vexation, anger, madness, trouble, affliction. S. Ir. am [or *Gram*,] furor. Urry.—P.

[4] A.-Sax. *row*, quiet, repose.—F.

then spake *that* Ladye gay, — The wife
saith, "tell me some[1] of your Iourney,
your succour I may bee;
if itt be poynt of any warr, — offers to help Gawaine in his adventure,
there shall noe man doe you noe darr[2]
& yee wilbe gouerned by mee;

"for heere I haue a lace of silke, — and will give him a silk lace
it is as white as any milke,
& of a great value."
shee saith, "I dare safelye sweare — that will protect him from all harm.
there shall noe man doe you deere[3]
when you haue it[4] vpon you."

Sir Gawaine spake mildlye in the place, — Gawaine takes the lace.
he thanked the Lady & tooke the lace,
& promised her to come againe.
the *Knight* in the fforrest slew many a hind, — Bredbeddle, after hunting,
other venison he cold none find
but wild bores on the plaine.

plentye of does & wild swine,
foxes & other ravine,
as I hard true men tell.
Sir Gawaine swore sickerlye
"home[5] to your owne, welcome you bee, — is welcomed home by Gawaine.
by him *that* harrowes hell!"

the greene *Knight* his venison downe Layd; — He shares his venison with Gawaine,
then to Sir Gawaine thus hee said,
"tell me anon in heght,[6]
what noueltyes *that* you haue won,
for heers plenty of venison."
Sir Gawaine said full right,

[1] Sir.—P.
[2] A.-S. *dar*, injury, hurt.—F.
[3] hurt, vid. supra [p. 72, n. 2].—P.
[4] on you.—P. There is a bit of a *p* or & in the MS. between *it* and *upon*.—F.
[5] to your own home welcome, &c. —P.
[6] speed; like *highing*, from to *high*.—F.

Sir Gawaine sware by S^{t} Leonard,[1]
" such as god sends, you shall haue p*art*: "
and Gawaine gives him his three kisses,
in his armes he hent the K*night*,
& there he kissed him times 3,
saith, " heere is such as god sends mee,
by Mary most of Might."

but keeps back the lace.
eu*er* priuilye he held the Lace:
that was all the villanye *that* eu*er* was
prooued by[2] Sir Gawaine the gay.
then to bed soone thé went,
& sleeped there verament
Next day
till morrow itt was day.

Gawaine takes leave,
then Sir Gawaine soe curteous & free,
his leaue soone taketh hee
att[3] the Lady soe gaye;
Hee thanked her, & tooke the lace, [page 209]
and rides towards the chapel.
& rode towards the chappell apace;
he knew noe whitt the way.

eu*er* more in his thought he had
whether he shold worke as the Ladye bade,
that was soe curteous & sheene.
Bredbeddle rides there too.
the greene k*night* rode another way;
he transposed him in another array,
before as it was greene.

Gawaine hears a horn,
as Sir Gawaine rode ou*er* the plaine,
he hard one high[4] vpon a Mountaine
a horne blowne full lowde.

[1] November 6.—S. Leonard or Lionart may be termed the Howard of the sixth century. He was . . probably received into the Church at the same time as his royal master, Clovis, with whom he was in high favour, and who gave him permission to set many of the prisoners at liberty who were confined in the dungeons which his charity prompted him to visit. *Notes on the Months*, p. 341.

[2] on.—P. A.-Sax. *be, bi*, of, concerning.—F.

[3] of.—P. *Att* is right.—F.

[4] on high.—P.

he looked after the greene chappell,
he saw itt stand vnder a hill
couered with euyes [1] about;

and sees the Green Chapel,

he looked after the greene *Knight*,
he hard him wehett a fauchion bright,
that the hills rang about.

and the Green Knight;

the *Knight* spake with strong cheere,
said, "yee be welcome, S[ir] Gawaine heere,
it behooveth thee to Lowte." [2]

who calls him to lay down his head,

he stroke, & litle perced the skin,
vnneth the flesh within.
then Sir Gawaine had noe doubt;

then strikes,

but hardly cuts through the flesh.

he saith, "thou shontest [3]! why dost thou soe?"
then Sir Gawaine in hart waxed throe [4];
vpon his ffeete can stand,
& soone he drew out his sword,
& saith, "traitor! if thou speake a word,
thy liffe is in my hand [5];
I had but one stroke att thee,
& thou hast had another att mee,
noe falshood in me thou found!"

He reproaches Gawaine for shrinking.

Gawaine threatens to kill him.

the *Knight* said withouten laine,
"I wend I had Sir Gawaine slaine,
the gentlest *Knight* in this land [6];
men told me of great renowne,
of curtesie thou might haue woon the crowne
aboue both free & bound,[7]

Bredbeddle answers that Gawaine

[1] I suppose *Iuyes* or perhaps *Eughes*, *i.e.* yews.—P.

[2] some great omission. Note in MS. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* makes Gawaine answer that he is ready and will not shrink. "Then the grim man seizes his grim tool," strikes, and as it comes gliding down, Gawaine shrinks a little. Bredbeddle (that is, Bernlak de Hautdesert) reproaches him for his cowardice. Gawaine promises not to shrink again, stands firm, and Bredbeddle strikes. (ed. Morris, E. E. Text Soc. p. 72–4.)—F.

[3] shuntest, flinchest, shrinkest.—F.

[4] forte idem ac *Thra*, apud G. Doug: ferox, acer, audax, vel potius pertinax. Vide Lye.—P.

[5] hond.—P.

[6] Londe.—P.

[7] bond.—P.

" & alsoe of great gentrye;
& now 3 points [1] be put fro thee,
it is the Moe pittye:
Sir Gawaine! thou wast not Leele [2]
when thou didst the lace conceale
that my wiffe gaue to thee!

has lost his three chief virtues, of truth, gentleness, and courtesy.

He has concealed the lace,

and should have shared it.

" ffor wee were both, thou wist full well,
for thou hadst the halfe dale [3]
of my venerye [4];
if the lace had neu*er* beene wrought,
to haue slaine thee was neu*er* my thought,
I swere by god verelye!

Yet Bredbeddle will

" I wist it well my wiffe loued thee;
thou wold doe me noe villanye,
but nicked her w*i*th nay;
but wilt thou doe as I bidd thee,
take me to Arthurs court w*i*th thee,
then were all to my pay.[5] "

forgive him if he'll take him to Arthur's court.

Gawaine agrees. They go back to Hutton Castle, and next day on to Arthur's court.

now are the K*nigh*ts accorded thore [6];
to the castle of hutton [7] can thé fare,
to lodge there all *that* night.
earlye on the other day
to Arthurs court thé tooke the way
w*i*th harts blyth & light.

All rejoice at Gawaine's return.

all the Court was full faine,
aliue when they saw S*i*r Gawaine;
they thanked god abone.[8]

[1] perhaps these points, q. d. thou hast forfeited these qualities.—P.
[2] *i. e.* loyal, honourable, true.—P.
[3] A.-S. *dǽl*, part.—F.
[4] venison, or rather hunting. So in Chaucr. Fr. Venerie. Urry.—P.
[5] content, liking.—P.
[6] there.—P.
[7] Hutton Manor-house, [Somersetshire]: the hall, 36 feet by 20, is of the fifteenth century, with arched roof and panelled chimney-piece. *Domestic Architecture*, iii. 342. The scene is laid "in the west countrye," see l. 39, l. 515.—F.
[8] ? MS. aboue.—F. aboone, abone, idem.—P.

that is the matter & the case
why K*nigh*ts of the bathe weare the lace
vntill they haue wonen their shoen,[1]

This is why knights of the Bath wear the lace till they've won their spurs, or a lady takes the lace off.

or else a ladye of hye estate
from about his necke shall it take,
for the doughtye deeds *that* hee hath done.
it was confirmed by Arthur the K[ing ;]
thorrow S*ir* Gawaines desiringe
The K*ing* granted him his boone.

Thus endeth the tale of the greene K*night*. [page 210]
god, *that* is soe full of might,
to heauen their soules bring
that haue hard this litle storye
that fell some times in the west countrye
in Arthurs days our King! ffins.

God bring all my hearers to heaven! This little story befell in the West Country.

[1] See p. 123, l. 1232.—F.

[It may be noted, that as the story is told here, the point of it is missed. As the agreement of Bredbeddle and Gawaine is here only to *share* with the other what each gets, p. 71, l. 356, not to *change* it, as in the old romance. Bredbeddle gives Gawaine only half his venison, p. 76, l. 482, and Gawaine gives Bredbeddle half his gettings, three kisses, out of three kisses and a lace. As he couldn't cut three kisses in half, to go with the half of the lace, he divided the gift fairly in another way,—the three kisses to Bredbeddle, the lace to himself. Rather hard measure to lose one's "3 points" for that.—F.]

Sír: Tríamore.:[1]

The earliest known existing copy of this Romance is preserved at Cambridge. It is of the time of Henry VI., according to Mr. Halliwell, who has edited it for the Percy Society. There is, too, an old MS. copy preserved in the Bodleian Library. The Romance once enjoyed a wide popularity. It was twice printed by William Copland. From one of these editions Mr. Ellis draws the outline he gives in his *Early English Metrical Romances*. One of the old printed versions was reprinted by Mr. Utterson in 1817. The copy here given differs but slightly from Copland's and from the Cambridge version. The more important of what differences there are, are mentioned in the notes.

The piece is a fair specimen of the old Romances, with all their vices and their virtues; with their prolixity, their improbability, their exaggeration; with their wild graces also, their chivalrousness, their pageantry.

The story tells how a good lord and his gentle lady were estranged by the treachery of their steward; how their son, conceived in honour, was born in shame; how, after many a weary year, the execrable fraud was discovered; and how, at last, the son (who has in the meantime won himself a wife) and his mother are happily reunited to the grieving husband. These various incidents are described with much power and feeling.

King Arradas was blessed with a wife, Margaret, "comely to be seen, and true as the turtle-doves on trees." As their union was not followed by the birth of any child, the King determines to

[1] 271 Stanzas.—P.

go and fight in the Holy Land, so to propitiate Heaven and persuade it to grant him an heir. On the very eve of his departure his desire is granted. But he sets forth to the wars not knowing. During his absence his steward Marrock evilly solicits the Queen. "But she was steadfast in her thought." When the King returned from heathenness, and

> at last his Queen beheld,
> And saw her go great with child,
> He wondered at that thing.
> Many a time he did her kiss,
> And made great joy without miss,
> His heart made great rejoicing.

The wicked steward avails himself of the King's wonder to insinuate, and more than insinuate, that the child is none of his. The King unhappily listens. The Queen is presently, at the steward's advice, banished the country.

> So now is exiled that good Queen,
> But she wist not what it did mean,
> Nor what made him to begin.
> To speak to her he nay would;
> That made the Queen's heart full cold,
> And that was great pity and sin.
> * * * * *
> For oft she mourned as he did fare,
> And cried and sighed full sore.
>
> Lords, knights, and ladies gent
> Mourned for her when she went,
> And bewailed her that season.

In this way came to pass the sad schism that was to bring so many years of forlornness and anguish, the source of so many bitter tears and poignant self-reproaches. The child whom the dishonoured lady then bore in her womb was to be a full-grown man, and a warrior even more formidable than his father himself, ere Arradas and Margaret kissed conjugally again. Who does not rejoice when the fair fame of this true wife is vindicated, the iniquity of her tempter made bare? When at last, at the marriage of their son, Sir Triamour, to the beautiful Helen of Hungary, she and her husband are again brought face to face:

King Arradas beheld his Queen;
Him thought that he had her seen,
She was a lady faire.
The King said, "If it is your wish,
Your name me for to tell,
I pray you with words fair."

"My lord," said she, "I was your Queen;
Your steward did me ill teen.
That evil might him befall!"
The King spake no more words
Till the cloths were drawn from the boards,
And men rose in hall,
And by the hand he took the Queen,
So in the chamber forth he went,
And there she told him all.

Then was there great joy and bliss
When they together gan kiss;
Then all the company made joy enough.

But we do not propose here to gather the wild flowers of this poem for our readers. They shall wander through the meadows and cull for themselves. They will easily find them blowing and blooming, if they have any care for the blossoms of Romance.

God bless you all!

LOW [1] Iesus christ, o [2] heauen King!
grant you all his deare blessing,
& his heauen for to win!

If you'll listen, I'll tell you a tale

if you will a stond [3] lay to your eare,
of adventures you shall heare
that wilbe to your liking,

of King Arradas

of a *King* & of a queene
that had great Ioy them betweene;
Sir Arradas [4] was his name;

and Queen Margaret,

he had a queene named Margarett,
shee was as true as steele, & sweet,

who was defamed by

& full false brought in fame [5]

[1] Now.—Cop. (or Copland's edition. Collated by Mr. Hales.)
[2] our.—Cop.
[3] stounde.—Cop.
[4] Ardus.—Ca. (or Cambridge text, ed. Halliwell.—F.)
[5] evil report, disrepute; L. *fama* (in a bad sense), ill-repute, infamy, scandal;

by the *King*s steward *that* Marrocke hight, — Sir Marrock
a traitor & a false knight:
herafter yee will say all the same.
hee looued well *that* Ladye gent;
& for shee wold not with him consent,
he did *that* good *Queene* much shame. — because she would not yield to him.

this *King* loued well his Queene — Arradas and Margaret
because shee was comlye[1] to be seene,
& as true as the turtle on tree.
either to other made great Moane, — lament that they are childless,
for children together had they none
begotten on their bodye;

therfore the *King*, I vnderstand, — and Arradas
made a vow to goe to the holy land, — vows to go to the Holy Land,
there for to fight & for to slay[2];
& praid god *that* he wold send him tho — praying God to send him an heir.
grace to gett a child be-tweene them tow,
that the right heire might bee.

for his vow he did there make,
& of the pope the Crosse he did take,
for to seek the land were god him bought.
the night of his dep*ar*ting, on the Ladye Mild,
as god it wold, hee gott[3] a child; — He begets a child on his wife,
but they both wist itt naught.

& on the morrow when it was day — and next day starts on his journey.
the *King* hyed on his Iourney;
for to tarry, he it not thought.

famosus, infamous. (White.) Compare
For yf it may be founde in thee
That thou them *fame* for enmyte,
Thou shalt be taken as a felon,
And put full depe in my pryson.
The Squyr of Lowe Degre. l. 392 (Ritson iii. 161, Hall!).—F.

[1] semely.—Cop.
[2] sle.—Cop.
[3] gate.—Cop.

Queen Margaret mourns;

then the *Queene* began to mourne
becáuse her Lo*rd* wold noe longer soiourne;
shee sighed full sore, & sobbed oft.

the K*ing* & his men armed them right,
both Lo*rd*s, Barrons, & many a knight,
with him for to goe.

their parting is sad.

then betweene her & the King
was much sorrow & mourninge
when thé shold dep*ar*t in too.

he kissed & tooke his leaue of the *Queene*,
& other Ladies bright & sheene,
& of Marrocke his steward alsoe;

Arradas charges Marrock to take care of his Queen,

the K*ing* com*m*anded him on paine of his life
for to keepe well his queene & wiffe
both in weale & woe.

and goes to the Holy Land.

now is the K*ing* forth gone
to the place where god was on the crosse done,
& warreth there a while.

Marrock

then bethought this false steward—
as yee shall here after[ward,[1]]—
his lord & K*ing* to beguile;

wooes the Queen,

he wooed [2] the *Queene* day & night
for to lye with her, & he might;
he dread no creature thoe.

ffull fayre hee did *that* Lady speake, [page 211]
that he might in bed with *that* Ladye sleepe;

and seeks to lie with her.

thus full oft he prayed her thoe.

Margaret is true,

but shee was stedfast in her thought,
& heard them speake, & said nought
till hee all his case [3] had told.

[1] MS. hereafter. P. has added *ward.*—F. [2] wowed.—Cop. [3] tale.—Cop.

then shee said, "Marrocke, hast thou not thought
all *that thou* speakeest is ffor nought?
I trow not *that* thou wold[1];

and reproaches Marrock.

"for well my Lo*rd* did trust thee,
when hee to you deliu*ered* mee
to haue me vnder the[2] hold;
& [thou] woldest full faine
to doe thy Lord shame!
traitor, thou art to bold!"

Her lord trusted him,

and he betrays his trust.

then said Marrocke vnto *that* Ladye,
"my Lord is gone now verelye
against gods foes to ffight;
&, without the more wonder bee,
hee shall come noe more att thee,
as I am a true knight.

Marrock

tells the Queen

that Arradas is sure never to return;

"& Madam, wee will worke soe priuilye,
that wethere[3] he doe liue or dye,
for of this shall[4] witt noe wight.[5]"
then waxed the Queene wonderous [wroth,[6]]
& swore many a great othe
as shee was a true woman,

and promises to keep their sin secret.

Margaret angrily

shee said, "traitor! if eu*er* thou be soe hardiye
to show me of such villanye,
on a gallow tree I will thee hange!
if I may know after this
that thou tice me, I-wis[7]
thou shalt haue the law of the land."

threatens to hang Marrock,

if he says another word to her.

[1] I didn't think you were capable of this.—F.
[2] they.—Cop.
[3] After the first *e* an *h* is marked out. —F.
[4] there shall.—Ca.
[5] man.—P.
[6] Added by Percy.—F.
[7] tyce me to do a mysse.—Cop.

Marrock assures her he meant her no wrong,

Sir Marroccke said, "Ladye, mercye!
I said itt for noe villainé,
by Iesu, heauen Kinge!

but only to try her truth.

but only for to proue your will,
whether *that* you were good or ill,
& for noe other thinge;

Now he knows she is true,

"but now, Madam, I may well see
you are as true as turtle on the tree[1]
vnto my Lord the King;
& itt is to me both glad & leefe;

she must not be vexed.

therfore take it not into greefe
for noe manner of thinge."

Margaret believes him.

& soe the traitor excused him thoe,
the Lady wend itt had beene soe
as the steward had said.

But Marrock,

he went forth, & held him still,
& thought he cold not haue his will;

disgusted,

therfore hee was euill apayd.

[2] soe with treason & trecherye
he thought to doe her villanye;
thus to himselfe he said.

schemes how to betray her,

night & day hee laboured then
for to betray[3] *that* good woman;

and does it.

soe att the last he her betraid.

now of this good Queene leaue wee,
& by the grace of the holy trinitye
full great with child did shee gone.

Arradas

now of *King* Arradas speake wee,
that soe farr in heathinnesse is hee
to fight against gods fone[4];

[1] as stele on tree.—Ca.
[2] This stanza is not in Ca.—F.
[3] deceyue.—Cop.
[4] fonne.—Cop.

there with his army & all his might
128 slew many a sarrazen [1] in fight.
great words of them there rose
in the heathen Land, & alsoe in Pagainé [2];
& in euerye other Land that they come bye,
132 there sprang of him great losse.[3]

and his men slay Saracens

and grow famous.

when [he [4]] had done his pilgrimage,
& labored all *that* great voyage [5]
with all his good will & lybertye,— [page 212]
136 att fflome Iorden & att Bethlem,[6]
& att Caluarye beside Ierusalem,
in all the places was hee;—

After visiting

Jordan and

Calvary,

then he longed to come home
140 to see his Ladye *that* liued at one;
he thought euer on her greatlye.
soe long thé sealed on the fome
till att the last they came home;
144 he arriued ouer the Last [7] strond.

he longs for home,

and sets saïl.

the shippes did strike their sayles eche one,
the men were glad the *King* came home
vnto his owne Land.
148 there was both mirth & game,
the *Queene* of his cominge was glad & faine,
Eche of them told other tydand.[8]

Arradas reaches home,

meets Margaret,

the *King* at last his Queene beheld,
152 & saw heer goe great with childe:
[& [9]] hee wondred att that thinge.

and finds her great with child,

to his wonder.

[1] sarzyn.—Cop.
[2] Pagany.—Cop.
[3] Loos or fame, *Fama*. Promptorium.—F.
[4] he.—Ca.
[5] vayge.—Cop.
[6] Bedleem.—Cop.
[7] salte.—Cop.
[8] tydynge.—Cop.
[9] A hole in the MS.—F.

many a time he did her kisse,
& made great ioy without misse ;
his hart[1] made great reioceinge.

Marrock tells him

soone after the *King* hard tydinges newe
by Marroccke : *that* false knight vntrue
with reason his lord gan fraine,
"my lord," he sayd, "for gods[2] byne[3] !
for of *that* childe *that* neuer was thine,[4]
why art thow soe fayne ?

that the child is

"you wend *that* itt your owne bee ;
but," he said, "Sir, ffor certaintye
your *Queene* hath you betraine ;
another *Knight*, soe god me speed,
begott this child sith you yeed,
& hath thy *Queene* forlaine."

certainly not his. His Queen has been false ; another knight begot the child.

"What ? When I put her in your charge ?"

"Alas !" said the *King*, "how may this bee ?
for I betooke her vnto thee,
her to keepe in waile & woe[5] ;
& vnder thy keeping how fortuned this
that thou suffered her doe amisse ?
alas, Marroccke ! why did thou soe ?"

Marrock excuses himself,

"Sir," said the steward, "blame not me ;
for much mone shee made for thee,
as though shee had loued noe more ;

but declares he saw a knight lie with her,

"I trowed on her noe villanye
till I saw one lye her by,
as the Mele[6] had wrought.
to him I came with Egar mood,
& slew the traitor as he stood ;

for which he killed him,

full sore itt [me] forethought.

[1] First written *halt*.—F.
[2] Goddes.—Cop.
[3] Goddys pyne.—Ca.
[4] MS. thine was.—F.
[5] weal & woe.—P.
[6] ? Fr. *mal*, evil ; or *meslée*, a mixture, mingling, melling. Cotgrave.—F.

"then shee trowed shee shold be shent,
& promised me both Land & rent;
soe fayre shee me besought
to doe with her all my will
if *that* I wold [keepe] me still,
& tell you naught."

and the Queen promised him

herself for his silence.

"of this," said the *King*, "I haue great wonder;
for sorrow my hart will breake assunder [1]!
why hath shee done amisse?
alas! to whome shall I me mone,
sith I haue lost my comlye Queene
that I was wont to kisse?"

Arradas sorrows.

He has lost his Queen

the *King* said, "Marroccke, what is thy read?
it is best to turne to dead [2]
my ladye *that* hath done me this [2];
now because *that* shee is false to mee,
I will neuer more her see,
nor deale with her, I-wisse.[3]"

What can he do? He'll kill her.

the steward said, "*Lord*, doe not soe;
thou shalt neither burne ne sloe,[4]
but doe as I you shall you tell."
Marroccke sayd, "this councell I:
banish her out of your Land priuilye,
far into exile.

Marrock advises

him to banish her,

"deliuer her an ambling [5] steede, [page 213]
& an old *Knight* to her lead;
thus by my councell see [6] yee doe;

give her a horse

[1] asonder.—Cop.
[2] ? *turne* is for *burne*, cp. l. 203.—F.
brenne her to ded.—Cop.
Whether that sche be done to dedd
That was my blysse?—Ca.
[3] ywys.—Cop.
[4] flo.—Cop.
[5] ambelynge.—Cop. oolde.—Ca.
[6] loke.—Cop.

and money,
and let her go.

& giue them some spending money
that may them out of the land bring;
I wold noe better then soe.

"& an other mans child shalbe you heyre,
itt were neither good nor fayre
but if itt were of your kin."
Arradas agrees.
then said the *King*, "soe mote I thee,
right as thou sayest, soe shall it bee,
& erst will I neuer blin.[1]"

Queen Margaret is to be exiled;

Loe, now is exiled *that* good Queene;
but shee wist not what it did meane,
nor what made him to begin.
the King will not speak to her.
to speake to her he nay wold;
that made the Queenes hart full cold,
& *that* was great pittye & sin.

He gives her an old steed,

he did her cloth in purple[2] weede,
& set her on an old steed
that was both crooked & almost blinde;
an old knight, Sir Roger, to look after her,
he tooke her an old Knight,
kine to the Queene, Sir Rodger[3] hight,
that was both curteous[4] & kind.

and three days to quit the land in,

3 dayes he gaue them leaue[5] to passe,
& after *that* day sett was,
if men might them find,
(or the Queen will be burnt,)
the Queene shold burned[6] be starke dead
in a ffyer with flames redd:
this came of the stewards[7] mind.[8]

[1] blyne.—Cop.
[2] He let clothe hur in sympulle.—Ca.
[3] Roger.— Cop.
[4] curteyse.—Cop.
[5] And gaf them twenty dayes.— Ca.
[6] brenned.—Cop.
[7] stuardes.—Cop.
[8] mimd, in the MS.—F.

40ty florences for their expence [1] — also forty florins.
the *King* did giue them in his *pr*esence,
& com*a*nnded them to goe.
the Ladye mourned as shee shold dye; — Queen Margaret mourns.
for all this shee wist not whye
hee fared *wi*th her soe.

that good K*night* comforted the Queene,
& said, "att gods will all must beene;
therfore, Madam, mourne you noe more."
Sir Rodger for her hath much care, — Sir Roger comforts her,
[For ofte she mourned as she dyd fare,[2]]
& cryed & sighed full sore;

Lords, Knights, & ladyes gent
mourned for her when shee went, — but she wails still,
& be-wayled [3] her *that* season.
the Queene began to make sorrow & care
when shee from the *King* shold fare
*wi*th wrong, against all reason.
forth they went, in number [4] 3, — and they set off.
Sir Rodger, the Queene, & his greyhound trulye;
ah! o [5] worth wicked treason!

then thought the steward trulye — Marrock
to doe the Queene a villanye,
& to worke *wi*th her his will.
he ordained him a companye — gets his men together,
of his owne men priuilye
that wold assent him till;

all vnder a Wood [6] side they did lye — and lies in ambush for the Queen,
wheras the Queene shold passe by,
& held them wonderous still;

[1] Thretty florens to there spendynge. —Ca.
[2] This line is from Copland's text.—H.
[3] MS. he wayled.—F.
[4] nunnber, in the MS.—F.
[5] wo.—Cop.
[6] wodes.—Cop. The *W* is made like *vv* in the MS.—F.

to work his lust on her.

& there he thought verelye
his good Queene for to lye by,
his lusts [1] for to fulfill.

& when hee came into the wood,
The Queen and Sir Roger
Sir Rodger & the Queene soe good,
& there [2] to passe with-out doubt;
perceive Marrock's
with *that* they were ware of the steward,
how hee was coming to them ward
with a ffull great rout.

treason.

"heere is treason!" then said the Queene.
"alas!" said Roger, "what may this meane?
with foes wee be sett round about."
Sir Roger prepares
the Knight sayd, "heere will wee dwell;
Our liffe wee shall full deere sell, [page 214]
be they neuer soe stout.

for defence.

"Madam," he sayd, "be not affrayd,
for I thinke heere with this sword
that I shall make them lowte."
Marrock threatens to kill him.
then cryed the steward to Sir Rodger on hye,
& said, "Lord,[3] traitor! thou shalt dye!
for *that* I goe about."

Sir Roger defies him,

Sir Rodger said, "not for thee!
my death shalt thou deare abye;
for with thee will I fight."
he went to him shortlye,
& old Sir Rodger bare him manfullye [4]
like a full hardye Knight;

attacks his men,

he hewed on them boldlye;
there was none of *that* companye
soe hardye nor sow [5] wight.

[1] lustes.—Cop.
[2] ? construction. Is *there* miswritten for *thought*, or is *thought* understood, or is *thereto* one word?—H.
[3] olde.—Cop.
[4] manly.—Cop.
[5] so.—Cop.

Sir Rodger hitt [1] one on the head — splits one to the girdle,
that to the girdle the sword yeed,
then was hee of them quitte [2];

he smote a stroke with a sword [3] good — wounds others,
that all about them ran the blood,
soe sore he did them smite; — and his greyhound, Trulyhee, helps.
trulye-hee,[4] his greyhound *that* was soo [5] good,
did helpe his m*aster*, & by him stood,
& bitterlye can hee byte.

then *that* Lady, *that* fayre foode,[6] — Queen Margaret
she feared Marrocke in her mood;
shee light on foote, & left her steede, — dismounts,
& ran fast, & wold not leaue, — runs away,
& hid her vnder a greene greaue,[7] — and hides herself.
for shee was in great dread.

Sir Rodger then the *Queene* can behold, — Sir Roger
& of his liffe he did nothing hold;
his good grayhound did help him indeed,
&, as itt is in the romans [8] told,
14 he slew of yeomen [9] bold;[10] — kills fourteen yeomen,
soe he quitted him in *that* steade.

if hee had beene armed, I-wisse [11]
all the Masterye had been his;
alas hee lacked weed.
as good Sir Rodger gaue a stroake,
behind him came Sir Marroccke,— — but Marrock
that euill might he speed,—

[1] hyt.—Cop.
[2] quyte.—Cop.
[3] swerde.—Cop.
[4] Trewe-loue.—Ca.
[5] *de* at the end has been marked out of the MS.—F.
[6] fode.—Cop. person.—F.
[7] greve.—Cop. grove.—F.
[8] Romaynes.—Cop.
[9] yemen.—Cop.
[10] xl^ti^ Syr Roger downe can folde.—Ca.
[11] ywis.—Cop.

stabs him in the back

he smote Sir Rodger with a speare,
& to the ground he did him beare,
& fast *that* Knight did bleed.
Sir Marroccke gaue him such a wound
that he dyed there on ground,

and kills him.

& *that* was a sinfull deede.

Marrock

now is Rodger slaine certainlye.
he rode forth & let him Lye,

searches everywhere for the Queen,

& sought after the Queene.
fast hee rode, & sought euerye way,
yet wist he not where the Queene Laye.
then said the traitor teene ; [1]

ouer all the wood hee her sought ;

but cannot find her : he

but as god wold, he found her nought.
then waxed he wrath, I weene,

gets wroth,

& held his Iourney euill besett,
that with the Queene had not mett
to haue had his pleasure, the traitor keene.

& when he cold not the lady finde,

and goes home,

homeward they began to wend,
hard by where Sir Rodger Lay.

stabbing Sir Roger's corpse on the way,

the steward [2] him thrust throughout,
for of his death he had noe doubt,
& this the storye doth say.

& when the traitor had done soe,
he let him lye & went him froe,
& tooke noe thought *that* day ;
yett all his companye was nye gone,

and having lost fourteen men.

14 he left there dead for one ;
there passed but 4 away.[3]

[1] If a stanza is not omitted, *said* must mean *assayed*, tried.—F.

[2] stuarde.—Cop.

[3] xl. he had chaunged for oone.
Ther skaped but two away.—Ca.

then the Queene was ffull woe, Queen Margaret
And shee saw *that* they were goe, [page 215]
shee made sorrow & crye.
then shee rose & went againe
to Sir Rodger, & found him slaine; laments over
his grey-hound by his feet did lye.

"alas," shee said, "*that* I was borne!
my trew k*night that* I haue lorne, Sir Roger's corpse.
they haue him there slaine!"
full pitteouslye shee mad her moane,
& said, "now must I goe alone!"
the grey-hound shee wold haue had full faine;

the hound still by his M*aster* did lye, The grey-hound will not leave the corpse.
he licked his wounds, & did whine & crye.
this to see the Queene had paine,
& said, "Sir Roger, this hast thou for me!
alas *that* [it] shold eu*er* bee!"
her hayre shee tare in twayne;

& then shee went & tooke her steed, The Queen
& wold noe longer there abyde
lest men shold find her there.
shee said, "Sir Roger, now *tho*u art dead, laments again the loss of Sir Roger,
who will the right way now me lead?
for now thow mayst speake noe more."

right on the ground there as he lay dead,
shee kist him or shee from him yead.[1] kisses his corpse,
god wott her hart was sore!
what for sorrow & dread,
fast away shee can her speede, and speeds away.
shee wist not wither nor where.

[1] This incident is not in Ca.—F.

The hound licks his master's wounds, to heal them.

the good grayhound for waile & woe
from the *Knight* hee wold not goe,
but Lay & licked his wound;
he waite [1] to haue healed them againe,
& therto he did his paine:
loe, such loue is in a hound [2]!

What love!

this knight lay till he did [3] stinke;
the greayhound he began to thinke,
& scraped a pitt anon;
therin he drew the dead [4] corse,
& coue*r*ed itt *w*ith earth & Mosse,[5]
& from him he wold not gone.

The hound scrapes a grave, and buries his master.

the grayhound lay still there;
this *Queene* gan forth to fare
for dread of her fone;
shee had great sorrow in her hart,
the thornes pricked her wonderous smart,[6]
shee wist not wither to goe.

Margaret

this lady forth fast can hye
into the land of Hugarye [7];
thither came shee *w*ith great woe.
at last shee came to a wood side,
but then cold shee noe further ryde,
her paynes tooke her soe.

rides on into Hungary.

The pains of labour come on,

shee lighted downe in *that* tyde,
for there shee did her trauncell [8] abyde;
god wold *that* it shold be soe.
then shee *w*ith much paine
tyed her horsse by the rayne,
& rested her there till her paynes were goe.

[1] expected.—F.
[2] Grete kyndenes ys in howndys.—Ca.
[3] The last *d* is made over an *s* in the MS.—F.
[4] deed.—Cop.
[5] And scraped on hym bothe ryne and mosse.—Ca.
[6] wonder smert.—Cop.
[7] Hongarye.—Ca. Hongrye.—Cop.
[8] *for* trauell, *travail.*—F. trauayll.—Cop.

shee was deliu*er*ed of a manchild sweete ; — and she is delivered of a male child.
& when it began to crye & weepe,
it ioyed her hart greatlye. — She joys,
soone after, when shee might stirr,
shee tooke her child to her full neere, — takes her baby to her,
And wrapt[1] itt full softlye. [page 216]

What for wearye & for woe,
they fell a-sleepe both towe ; — and falls asleep.
her steed stood her behind.
then came a k*night* rydand there,[2] — A knight
& found this ladye soe louelye of cheere — finds her,
as hee hunted after the hind.

the K*night* hight Bernard Mowswinge,[3] — Sir Bernard Mowswinge,
that found the *Queene* sleepinge,
vnder the greenwoode lyande.[4]
softlye he went neere & neere ;
he went on foot, & beheld her cheere,
as a K*night* curteous & kind.

he awaked *that* ladye of beawtye[5] ; — wakes her,
shee looked on him pitteouslee,
& was affrayd[6] full sore.
he said, "what doe you here, Madame ? — and asks her what she does there,
of whence be you, or whats y*our* name ? — what is her name ?
haue you y*our* men forlorne[7] ? "

"S*ir*," shee sayd, "if you will witt,[8]
my name is[9] called Margerett ; — "Margaret ;
in Arragon I was borne ;
heere I sufferd much greefe ;
helpe me, S*ir*,[10] out of this Mischeefe ! — help me !"
att some towne *that* I were."

[1] wrauped.—Cop.
[2] nere.—Cop.
[3] Sir Barnarde Messengere.—Ca. Barnard Mausewynge.—Cop.
[4] lynde.—Cop.
[5] beaute.—Cop.
[6] aferde.—Cop.
[7] MS. forlorme.—F. forlore.—P.
[8] wete.—Cop.
[9] MS. is is ; ? *for* it is.—F.
[10] There appears a word like *it* marked out here in the MS.—F.

Sir Bernard

the K*nigh*t beheld the Ladye good;
hee[1] thought shee was of gentle blood
*tha*t was soe hard bestead[2];

takes her

he tooke her vp curteouslye,

and her baby home,

& the child that lay her bye;
them both with him he led,

gets a woman to tend her,

& made her haue a woman att will,
tendinge of her, as itt was skill,[3]
all for to bring her a-bedd.

and gives her all she wants.

whatsoeu*er* shee wold haue,
shee needed itt not long to craue,
her speech was right soone sped.

She christens her boy Triamore,

thé christened the child with great honour,
& named him Sir TRYAMORE.
then they were of him glad;
great gifts to him was giuen
of Lords & ladyes by-deene,
in bookes as I read.

and stays with her new friends.

there dwelled *tha*t Ladye longe
with much Ioy them amonge;
of her thé were neu*er* wearye.

the child was taught great nurterye[4];

Triamore is taught courtesy,

a M*aste*r had him vnder his care,
& taught him curtesie.[5]
this child waxed wonderous well,
of great stature both of fleshe & fell;
eu*er*ye man loued him trulye,

and all folk love him.

of his companye all folke were glad;
indeed, noe other cause they had,
the child was gentle & bold.

[1] MS. shee.—F. And.—Ca.
[2] bestadde.—Cop.
[3] skell.—Cop. reason.—F.
[4] nurture.—P. norture.—Cop.
[5] Sche techyd hur sone for to wyrke,
And taght hym evyr newe.—Ca.

Now of the *Queene* let wee bee,
& of the grayhound speake wee — Sir Roger's greyhound
that I erst of told.

long 7 yeeres, soe god me saue, — keeps to his master's grave seven years,
he did keepe his *Masters* graue,
till *that* hee waxed old;
this Gray-hound Sir Roger kept[1] long, — for Sir Roger had brought him up.
& brought him vp sith he was younge,
in story as it is told;

therfore he kept soe there
for the[2] space of 7 yeere,
& goe from him he ne wold.
euer vpon his *Masters* graue he lay,
there might noe man haue him away — The hound never leaves the grave,
for heat neither for cold, [page 217]

without it were once a day — except
he ran about to gett his prey[3] — to get food.
of beasts that were bold,
conyes, when he can them gett;
thus wold he labor for his meate,
yett great hungar he had in how.[4]

& 7 yeeres he dwelled there,
till itt beffell on *that* yeere,
euen on christmasse day, — One Christmas the hound
the gray-hound (as the story sayes)
came to the *Kings* palace[5] — goes to Arradas's palace,
without any[6] delay.

[1] had kepte.—Cop.
[2] By the.—Cop.
[3] praye.—Cop.
[4] holde.—Cop. *How*, care. Halliwell.—F.
[5] palayes.—Cop.
[6] ony.—Cop.

when they Lord*s* were[1] sett at meate, soone
the grayhound into the hall runn
amonge the knights gay;

all about he can behold,
but he see not what hee wold;
then went he his way full right
when he had sought & cold not find;
ffull gentlye he did his kind,
speed better when he might.

the grayhound ran forth his way
till he came where his M*aster* Lay,
as fast as eu*er* he mought.
the king marueiled at *that* deed,
from whence he went, & whither he yeed,
or who him thither brought.

the K*ing* thought he had seene him ere,
but he wist not well where,
therfor he said right nought.
soone he bethought him then
that he did him erst ken,
& [2] still stayd in *that* thought.

the other day, in the same wise,
when the K*ing* shold from his meate rise,
the Grayhound came in thoe;
all about there he sought,
but the steward found he nought;
then againe he began to goe.

the[n] sayd the K*ing* in *that* stond,
"methinkes it is Sir Rogers hound
that went forth with the Queene;
I trow they be come againe to this land.
Lord*s*, all this I vnderstand,
it may right well soe bee;

cannot find what he seeks,

and goes back to Sir Roger's grave.

Arradas

thinks he has seen the dog before.

Next day

the hound returns,

but cannot find Marrock.

Arradas says it is Sir Roger's dog,

and perhaps the Queen has come back;

[1] The first *e* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.

[2] sate styll in a.—Cop.

"if *that* they be into this Land come,
we shall haue word therof soone
& within short space;
for neu*er* since thé went I-wisse
I saw not the gray hound ere this;
it is a marueilous case!

"when he cometh againe, follow him, — when the dog comes again, some lords are to follow him
fo[r] eu*er*more he will run [1]
to his M*aster*s dwelling place;
run & goe, looke ye not spare,
till *that* yee come there — to Sir Roger and the Queen.
to Sir Rodger & my Queene."

then the 3d day, amonge them all — Next day the dog comes again,
the grayhound came into the hall,
to meate ere thé were [2] sett.
Marrocke the steward was within, — finds Marrock,
the grayhound thought he wold not blin
till he with him had mett;

he tooke the steward by the throte, — and bites him through the throat.
& assunder he it bote [3];
but then he wold not byde,
for to his graue he rann.
there followed him many a man, — Men follow the dog
some on horsse, some beside;

& when he came where his M*aster* was, — to Sir Roger's grave,
he Layd him downe beside the grasse
And barked at the men againe. [page 218]
there might noe man him from the place gett,
& yett with staues thé did him beate, — which he will not quit.
that he was almost slaine.

[1] renne.—Cop.
[2] werere, in the MS.—F.
[3] MS. *o* over a *y*.—F. The hovnd wrekyd hys maystyrs dethe.—Ca.

They return,

& when the men saw noe better boote,
then the men yeed home on horsse & foote,
with great wonder, I weene.

and Arradas says that Marrock has slain Sir Roger.

the *King* said, "by gods paine,
I trow *Sir* Marrocke hath *Sir* Rodger slaine,
& with treason famed [1] my Queene.

He orders a search for his corpse.

"goe yee & seeke there againe;
for the hounds M*aster* there is slaine,
some treason there hath beene."
thither they went, soe god me saue,

They find the body,

& found *Sir* Roger in his graue,
for *that* was soone seene:

and take it to Arradas,

& there they looked him there vpon,
for he was hole both flesh & bone,
& to the court his body they brought.

who weeps,

for when the *King* did him see,
the teares ran downe from his eye,
full sore itt him forethought.

the grayhound [2] he wold not from his course [3] fare:
then was the *King* cast in care,

laments over Marrock's treachery,

& said, "Marroccke hath done me teene;
slaine he hath a curteous *Knight*,
& fained [4] my *Queene* with great vnright,
as a traitor keene."

the *King* let draw anon-right
the stewards bodye, *that* false *Knight*,
with horsse through the towne;

and hanged.

then he hanged him on a tree,
that all men might his body see,
that he had done treason.

[1] defamed.—F. flemed.—Cop.
[2] grehound.—Cop.
[3] corse.—Cop.
[4] *for* famed, *defamed*.—F. flemyd.—Ca. flemed.—Cop.

Sir Rogers Body the next day
the King buryed in good array,
with many a bold baron.[1]

Sir Roger's corpse is buried,

the Grayhound was neuer away
by night nor yet by day,
but on the ground he did dye.

and his hound dies.

the King did send his messengere
in euerye place far & neere
after the Queene to spye;

Arradas tries to get tidings of his Queen,

but for ought he cold enquire,
he cold of *that* Ladye nothing heare;
therfore the King was sorrye.[1]

but can hear none.

the King sayd, "I trow noe reed,
for well I wott *that* shee is dead;
for sorrowe now shall I dye!
alas, *that* euer shee from mee went!
this false steward hath me shent
throughe his false treacherye."

He thinks her dead,

this King liued in great sorrow
both euening & morrow
till *that* hee were brought to ground.
he liued thus many a yeere
with mourning & with euill cheere,
his sorrowes lasted long:

and lives in sorrow many years,

& euer it did him great paine
when hee did thinke how Sir Roger was slaine,
& how helped him his hound;
& of his Queene *that* was soe Mylde,
how shee went from him great with child;
for woe then did hee sound.[2]

grieving over Sir Roger's death and his pregnant Queen's banishment.

[1] Percy marks the three last lines as separate stanzas, but I add them to those that precede them.—F.

[2] swoon.—F.

long time thus liued the *King*
He mourns in great sorrow & Mourning,
& oftentime did weepe;
and is sad at heart. he tooke great thought more & more,
It made his hart verrye sore, [page 219]
his sighs were sett soe deepe.

now of the *King* wee will bline,
Meantime & of the Queene let vs begin,
Triamore & Sir [1] Tryamore;
is fourteen, for when he was 14 yeere old,
there was noe man soe bold
durst doe him dishonor [2];

strong, in eue*r*ye time [3] both stout & stronge,
and tall, & in stature large & longe,
comlye of hye color;
all *that* eue*r* he dwelled amonge,
and well-doing. he neue*r* did none of them wronge,
the more *that* was his honor.

in *that* time sikerlye
The King of Hungary dies, dyed the *King* of Hungarye [4]
that was of great age I-wiss [5];
leaving only a daughter, fair Helen, of fourteen, he had no heire his land to hold
but a daughter was 14 yeers old [6];
faire [Hellen [7]] shee named is.

white as a lily. shee was as white as lilye [8] flower,
& comely, of gay color,
the fairest of any towne or tower;

[1] her sonne.—Cop.
[2] dysshonoure.—Cop.
[3] lymme.—Cop.
[4] Hungry.—Cop.
[5] The second *s* is made over an *e* in the MS.—F.
[6] of vij. yerys elde.—Ca.
[7] See l. 775. Hellene, l. 1587 below.—F. Her name Helyne ys.—Ca. Elyne.—Cop.
[8] The top of a long *s* whose bottom is marked through, is left in the MS. before the first *l*.—F.

shee was well shapen of foote & hand,
peere shee had none in noe land,
shee was soe fresh & soe amorous.

for when her father was dead,
great warr began to spread
in *that* land about;
then the Ladyes councell gan her reade,
'gett her a lord her land to lead,
to rule the realme without doubt;
some mightye prince *that* well might
rule her land with reason & right,
that all men to him might Lout.'

& when her councell had sayd soe,
for great need shee had therto,
shee graunted them without Lye:
the Lady said, "I will not feare
but he [be] prince or princes peere,
& cheefe of all chiualrye."

therto shee did consent,
& gaue her Lords commandement
a great Iusting for to crye;
& at the Iustine, shold soe bee,
what man *that* shold win the degree,[1]
shold win *that* Ladye trulye.

the day of Iusting then was sett,
halfe a yeere without lett,
without any more delay,
because thé might haue good space,
Lords, knights, dukes, in euerye place,
for to be there *that* day.

Her land is invaded;

her council tell her to marry a lord to protect her.

She consents,

proclaims a jousting,

the winner at which shall win her too.

The day is fixed.

[1] Fr. *degré*, a degree, ranke, or place of honour. Cotgrave.—F.

The best lords

Lords, the best in eu*e*rye Land,
hard tell of *that* rydand,

prepare to contend.

& made them readye full gay ;
of eu*e*rye land there was the best,[1]
of the States *that* were honest [2]
attyred [3] many a Lady gay.

great was *that* chiualrye
that came *that* time to HUNGARYE,
there for to Iust with might.

Triamore hears of the jousting,

at last TRIAMORE hard tyding
that there shold be a Iusting ;

and resolves to go to it,

thither wold he wend.

if he wist *that* he might gaine
with all his might, he wold be faine [4]
that gay Ladye for to win ;

but he has no horse or arms.

hee had noe horsse nay noe other geere,
Nor noe weapon with him to beare ; [page 220]
that brake his hart in twaine.

he thought both euen & morrow
where he might some armour borrowe,
therof wold hee be faine

He asks Sir Bernard to lend him some,

to Sir Barnard then he can wend,[5]
that he wold armour lend [6]
to iust against the knights amaine.[7]

and the knight tells him he knows nothing about it.

then said Sir Barnard, " what hast thou thought ?
pardew ! of iusting thou canst nought !
for yee bee not able wepon to weld."

Triamore asks to be tried.

" Sir," said TRIAMORE, " what wott yee
of what strenght *that* I bee
till I haue assayd in feeld ? "

[1] bestee.—Cop.
[2] moost honasty.—Cop.
[3] dressed herself: parallel to l. 684. *States* may mean " nobles."—F.
[4] He wolde purvey hym fulle fayne. —Ca.
[5] mene.—Cop.
[6] lene.—Cop.
[7] of mayne.—Cop.

then Sir Barnard *that* was full hend,
said, "TRIAMOR, if thow wilt wend,
thou shalt lacke noe weed;
I will lend thee all my geere,
horsse & harneis, sheild & spere,
thou art nothing [1] to dread;

Sir Bernard then promises to lend him horse and arms,

"alsoe thither with thee will I ryde,
& euer nye be by thy side
to helpe thee if thou haue need;
all things *that* thow wilt haue,
gold & siluer, if thow wilt craue,
thy Iourney for to speed."

go with him, and provide him money.

then was TRIAMORE glad & light,
& thanked Barnard with all his might
of his great proferinge.
that day the Iusting shold bee,
TRIAMORE sett him on his knee
& asked his mother blessinge.

On the day of the joust, Triamore asks his mother's blessing,

at home shee wold haue kept him faine;
but all her labor was in vaine,
there might be noe letting.
shee saw it wold noe better bee,
her blessing shee gaue him verelye
w[i]th full sore weepinge.

and she gives it him sorrowfully.

& when it was on the Morrow day,
TRIAMORE was in good array,
armed & well dight;
when he was sett on his steed,
he was a man both [2] lenght & bread,[3]
& goodlye in mans sight.

In the morning, Triamore

[1] nothenge.—Cop. [2] in.—Cop. [3] brede.—Cop.

starts with Sir Bernard.

then TRIAMORE to the feeld can ryde,
& Sir Barnard by his side;
744 they were Iocund & light;
there was none in all the feild
that was more seemlye vnder sheild;
he rode full like a knight.

Queen Helen of Hungary looks from a turret

748 then was the faire Lady sett
full hye vppon a turrett,[1]
for to behold *that* play;

on the gay scene of

there was many a seemlye *Knight*,
752 princes, Lords, & dukes of Might,
themselues for to assay,

helmed knights.

with helme on theire heads bright
that all the feelds shone with light,
756 they were soe stout & gay:

Triamore

then Sir TRIAMORE & Sir BARNARD
thé pressed them into the feeld forward,[2]
there durst noe man say nay.

760 there was much price[3] & pride
when euerye man to other can ryde,
& lords of great renowne;

happens to choose his father, King Arradas's side.

it beffell TRIAMORE *that* tyde
764 for to be on his fathers side,
the King of Arragon.

A big Lombard lord rides forth;

the first *that* rode forth certainlye
was a great Lord of Lumbardye,
768 a wonderfull bold Barron.

Triamore throws him,

TRIAMOR rode him againe:
for all *that* lord had Might & maine,
the child bare him downe.

[page 221]

[1] Hye up in a garett.—Ca. [2] warde.—Cop. [3] prees.—Cop.

[1] then cryed Sir Barnard with honor,
"A TRIAMOR, a TRIAMORE!"
for men shold him ken.
Mayd Hellen [2] *that* was soe mild,
more shee beheld TRIAMORE the child
then all the other men.

and Sir Bernard shouts "*A Triamore*" to make him known. Queen Helen views him with favour.

then the *King*s sonne of Nauarrne [3]
wold not his body warne [4];
he pricked forth on the plaine.
then young Triamore *that* was stout,
turned himselfe round about,
& fast rode him againe;

The Prince of Navarne rides out; Triamore charges him;

soe neither of them were to ground cast,[5]
they sate soe wonderous fast,
like men of much might.
then came forth a Bachelour,[6]
a prince proud without peere;
Sir Iames, forsooth, he hight;

neither is thrown. Sir James of Almaigne

he was the Emperours sonne of Almaigne [7];
he rode Sir TRIAMORE [8] againe,
with hard strenght to fight.
Sir Iames had such a stroake indeed
that he was tumbled from his steed;
then failed all his might.
there men might see swords brast,
helmes ne sheilds might not last;
& thus it dured till night;

next charges Triamore, and is unhorsed. The joust lasts till night.

[1] Ca. puts this stanza after the next. —F.
[2] Elyne.—Cop.
[3] Armony.—Ca. Nauerne.—Cop.
[4] A.-S. *warnian*, to take care of, beware. —F.
[5] Ca. makes Triamore bear him down, and transfers this to Sir James in the next stanza.—F.
[6] batchelere.—Cop.
[7] Almaine.—Cop.
[8] ? MS. Triamoir.—F.

but when the sun drew neere[1] west,
and all the Lords went to rerst,
[Not so the maide Elyne.[2]]
Next day, the *Knight*s attired them in good arraye,
on steeds great, with trappers[3] gaye,
before the sun can[4] shine;

it begins again, then to the feeld thé pricked prest,
& *euer*ye man thought himselfe best
[As the mayden faire they paste.[2]]
and the knights charge fiercely. then they feirclye ran together,
great speres in peeces did shim*m*er,[5]
their timber might not last.

& at *that* time there did run[6]
King Arradas the *King* Arradas of Arragon:
his sonne Triiamore mett him in *that* tyde,
is thrown by his son Triamore, & gaue his father such a rebound
that harse & man fell to thé ground,[7]
soe stoutlye gan he ryde.

who also vanquishes Sir James. then the next *Knight that* hee mett
was *Sir* Iames; & such a stroake him sett
vpon the sheild ther on the plaine
that the blood brast out at his nose & eares,
his steed vnto the ground him beares;
then was *Sir* Barnard faine.

Queen Helen falls in love with Triamore. *that* Maid of great honor
sett her loue on younge TRIAMORE
that fought alwayes as a feirce[8] Lyon.

[1] ferre.—Cop.
[2] This line is from Copland's text.—H.
[3] The trappings of horses. Halliwell. —F.
[4] gan.—Cop.
[5] shyuer.—Cop.
[6] dyde ronne.—Cop.
[7] Tryamore must be supposed to have changed since the first day, when he was on his father's side: see l. 763. In l. 920, Arradas is accused of killing the Emperor's son, whom Triamore slays (l. 860–1), but he (Arradas) declares he had nothing to do with it, l. 974–9. He only rescues his son from the Emperor's men, l. 866–7.—F.
[8] fyers.—Cop.

speres *that* day many were spent,
& *with* swords there was many a stripe lent,
till the[re] failed light of the sunn.

on the Morrow all they were faine — Next day
for to come into the feild againe
with great spere & sheild.
then the Duke of Siuille, *Sir* Phylar,[1] — the Duke of Seville
that was a doughtye knight in eu*er*ye warr,
he rode first into the feild;

& Triamore tooke his spere, — is charged by Triamore,
against the Duke he can it beare,
& smote him in the sheild; — and his shield split.
a-sunder in 2 peeces it went;
& then many a louelye Lady gent,
full well they him beheld.

then came forth a K*night* *that* hight Terrey, — Sir Terrey of Syria
hee was a great Lo*rd* of Surrey,[2] [page 222]
he thought Noble TRIAMORE to assayle; — charges
& TRIAMORE rode to him blithe — Triamore,
in all the strenght *that* he might driue,
he thought he wold not fayle;

he smote him soe in *that* stond
that horsse & man fell to the ground,[3] — and gets thrown.
soe sore his stroke he sett.

then durst noe man att TRIAMORE [ride,[4]] — No one else will try Triamore;
for fortune held all on his side
all those dayes 3.[5]

[1] Syselle, sir Sywere.—Ca. Cycyll, sir Fylar.—Cop.
[2] The dewke of Lythyr, sir Tyrre.—Ca.
[3] . . . the dewke, bothe hors and man, Turnyd toppe ovyr tayle.—Ca.
[4] to Tryamoure ryde.—Cop.
[5] The Cambridge text makes Triamore

but Sir James lies in wait for him,

Sir Iames, sonne vnto the Emperour,
had enuye to Sir Triamore,
and laid wait [1] for him priuilye.

att the last TRIAMORE came ryding bye.
Sir Iames said, "Triamore! thou shalt dye,
for thou hast done me shame."
and runs him through the thigh, he rode to Triamore with a spere,
& thorrow [2] the thigh he can him beare;
he had almost him slaine.

for which Triamore kills him, but Tryamore hitt him in [3] the head
that he fell downe starke dead.
then was all his men woe;
but is beset by his men. then wold they haue slaine Tryamore
without he had had great succour [4];
they purposed to doe soe.

Arradas rescues Triamore, with *that* came *King* Arradas [5] then,
& reschued Tryamore with all his men,
that stood in great doubt.
and Sir Bernard then Sir Barnard was full woe
that Tryamore was hurt soe;
takes him home. then to his owne house he him brought.

His mother but when the Mother saw her sonns wound,
shee fell downe for sorrow to the ground,
sends for a doctor. & after a Leeche shee sent.
The jousting knights ride to Queen Helen of [6] this, all the Lords *that* were [7] Iustinge,
to the pallace [8] made highinge,[9]
& to *that* Ladye went.

serve "the dewke of Aymere" as he served Terrey, and shiver the shield and spear of James of Almayne, p. 28–9 Percy Soc. ed.—F.

[1] layde wayte.—Cop.
[2] throughe.—Cop.
[3] hytt hym on.—Cop.
[4] the greter socoure.—Cop.
[5] Arragus.—Cop.
[6] on *or* after.—F.
[7] was at.—Cop.
[8] pallayes.—Cop.
[9] hyenge.—Cop.

truly, as the story sayes,
thé [1] pricked forth to the pallace
the Ladyes will to heare, — to hear
Bachelours & k*nigh*ts prest,
that shee might choose of them the best — whom she will choose.
w*hi*ch to her faynest were.

the Ladye beheld all *that* fayre Meanye,
but Tryamore shee cold not see:
tho chaunged all her cheere,
then [2] shee sayd "Lo*rd*, where is hee [3] — She chooses Triamore.
that euerye day wan the degree? — Where is he?
I chuse him to my peere.[4]"

al about [5] thé Tryamore sought; — He can't be found,
he was ryddn home; thé found him nought;
then was *that* Ladye woe.
the K*nigh*ts were afore her brought,
& of respite shee them besought, — so Helen asks for a year's delay,
a yeare & noe more:

shee said, "Lords, soe god me saue!
he *that* wan me, he shall me haue;
ye wot well *that* my cry was soe."
thé all consented her vntill,
for shee [6] said Nothing ill,
thé said it shold be soe.

for when they had all sayd,
then answered *that* fayre Mayd,
"I will haue none but Tryamore." — she will have none but Triamore.
then all the Lo*rd*s *that* were p*re*sent
tooke their Leaue, & home went;
there wan thé litle honor.

[1] they.—Cop.
[2] Tho.—Cop.
[3] he.—Cop.
[4] fere.—Cop.
[5] All aboute.—Cop.
[6] had *inserted*.—Cop.

Sir James's men carry his corpse

Sir Iames men were nothing faine
because their M*aster*, he was slaine,
That was soe stout in stowre; [page 223]
in chaire his body thé Layd,

to his father, the Emperor,

& led him home, as I haue sayd,
vnto his father the Emperour;

& when *that* hee his sonne gan see,
a sorrye man then was hee,
& asked 'who had done *that* dishonor[1]?'

and tell him that Triamore

thé sayd "wee [ne] wott who it is I-wisse,[2]
but Sir Tryamore he named is,
soe thé called him[3] in the crye;

and Arradas killed his son.

"the K*ing* of Arragon alsoe,
he helped thy[4] sonne to sloe,
w*i*th all his companye."
they said, "thé be good warryoirs;
they byte[5] vs w*i*th sharpe showers[6]
w*i*th great villanye.[7]"

The Emperor vows revenge,

"Alas!" said the Emperour,
"till I be reuenged on *that* traytour,
now shall I neu*er* cease!
thé shall haue many a sharpe shower,
both the K*ing* & Tryamore,
they shall neu*er* haue peace!"

summons a host,

the Emperour sayd thé shold repent;
& after great companye he sent
of princes bold in presse,
Dukes, Earles, & lords of price.[8]

and invades Arragon.

w*i*th a great armye, the Duke sayes,
thé yeed to Arragon w*i*thout lesse.

[1] dysshonour.—Cop.
[2] has ywys.—Cop.
[3] called thé him.—Cop.
[4] MS. the.—F.
[5] bete.—Cop.
[6] shoutes.—Cop.
[7] vilany.—Cop.
[8] pryse.—Cop.

K*ing* Arradas[1] was a-dread[2] — Arradas
for the Emperour such power had,
that battell hee wold him bid[3];
he saw his land nye ou*er*-gon,
& to a castle hee fledd anon, — takes refuge in his castle,
& victualls[4] it for dread.

[5] the Emperour was bold & stout, — where the Emperor besieges him,
& beseeged the castle about;
his[6] banner he began to spread,
& arrayd his host full well & wiselye,
with wepons strong & mightye
he thought to make them dread.

the Emperour was bold & stout,
& beseeged the castle about,
& his banner he gan to spread;
he gaue assault[7] to the hold. — and assaults it.
K*ing* Arradas was stout & bold, — Arradas
ordayned him full well.[8]

with gunes & great stones round — fires and hurls stones
were throwne downe to the ground,
& on the men were cast; — on the besiegers.
they brake many backes & bones,
that they fought eu*er*ye[day[9]] ones — After seven weeks,
while 7 weekes did last.

the Emperour was hurt ill therfore,
his men were hurt sore,
all his Ioy was past.

[1] Aragus.—Cop.
[2] a-dradde.—Cop.
[3] bydde.—Cop.
[4] vytaylled.—Cop. vetaylyd.—Ca.
[5] This stanza, which seems superfluous, is not in the Cambridge text.—F.
[6] A letter like *t*, seemingly blotched out, precedes *his* in the MS.—F.
[7] assalte.—Cop.
[8] And defendyd hym full faste.—Ca. And ordered it full welle. Rawlinson MS. (Percy Soc., p. 62).—F.
[9] day.—Cop.

Arradas

King Arradas thought full longe
that hee was beseeged soe stronge,
with soe much might & maine:

sends to the Emperor

968 2 Lords forth a Message he sent,
& straight to the Emperour thé [1] went.
soe when they cold him see,
of peace [2] they can him pray,[3]
972 to take truce [4] till a certaine day.
thé kneeled downe on their knee,

to say that he did not slay his son,

& said, "our *King* sendeth word to thee
that he neuer *your* sonne did slay,[5]
976 soe he wold quitt him faine;
he was not then present,
nor did noe wise [6] consent
that your sonne was slaine.
980 That [he] will proue, if you will soe, [page 224
your selfe and he betweene you tow,
if you will it sayne;

and to propose a settlement of their quarrel by single combat;

"or else take *your* selfe a *Knight*,
984 & he will gett another to fight
on a certaine day:

if the Emperor's knight wins

if *that your Knight* hap soe
ours for to discomfort or sloe,
988 as by fortune itt may,

Arradas will give in;

our *King* then will doe *your* will,
be att *your* bidding lowde & still
without more delay;

if Arradas's knight wins,

992 "& alsoe if it you betyde
that your knight on *your* syde
be slaine by Mischance,

[1] y^{t}.—Cop. [2] peas.—Cop. [4] treues.—Cop.
[3] Only the long part of the *y* is in the MS.—F. [5] sle.—Cop. [6] noe wise did.—Cop.

My Lord shall make your warr to cease,[1] — the Emperor shall stop his siege.
[and we shall after be at pease,[2]]
without any distance.[3] ”

the Emperour said[4] without fayle — The Emperor agrees,
“ sett a day of Battell
by assent of the *King* of france ; ”
for he had a great Campiowne,[5] — as he has a famous champion.
in euerye realme he wan[6] renowne ;
soe the Emperour ceased his distance.

when peace was made, & truce came,[7]
then *King* Arradas were[8] a Ioyfull man, — Arradas
& trusted vnto Tryamore.
Soe after him he went without fayle, — sends for Triamore to fight for him,
for to doe the great battelle
to his helpe & succour.

his Messengers were come & gone, — but can hear no tidings of him.
tydings of him hard[9] thé none.
the *King* Arradas thought him long,
“ & he be dead, I may say alas !
who shall then fight with Marradais
that is soe stout & stronge ? ”

when Tryamore was whole[10] & sound, — Triamore gets well,
& well healed of his wound,
he busked him for to fare ;

[1] sease.—Cop.
[2] This line is from Copland's text.—H.
He preyeth yow that ye wyll cese,
And let owre londys be in pees.—Ca.
[3] “ Dystaunce, *supra in* Debate *vel* Dyscorde (*discidia*).” Promptorium. Fr. *distance*, difference. Cotgrave.—F.
[4] We keep the *said* of the MS., though it is not wanted, and the Cambridge text has not got it.—F.
[5] Champion. MS. campanye.—F. Company.—Cop.
[6] the.—Cop.
[7] treues tane.—Cop.
[8] was.—Cop.
[9] herde.—Cop.
[10] hole.—Cop.

and asks his mother who his father is.

he sayd, "mother," with mild cheere,
"& I wist what my father were,
the lesse were my care."

His mother will not tell him till he marries,

"sonne," shee said, "thou shalt witt;
when [1] thou hast Marryed *that* Ladye sweet,
thy father thou shalt ken."
"mother," he said, "if you will [soe,[2]]
haue good day, for now I goe
to doe my Masteryes if I can.[3]"

so he starts for Arragon.

then rode he ou*er* dale & downe
vntill he came to Arragon,
ou*er* many a weary way.
aduentures many him befell,
& all he scaped full well,
in all his great Iourney.

On his way he sets his greyhounds at a hart,

he saw many a wild beast
both in heath & in forrest;
he had good grey-hounds 3;
then to a hart he let them run
till 14 fosters spyed him soone,
soe threatened him greatlye;

and is attacked by fourteen foresters.

they yeede to him with weapons on eu*er*ye side;
it was noe boote to bid them byde;

Triamore tries to pacify them,

Tryamore was loth to flye,
& said vnto them, "Lo*rds*, I you pray,
lett me in peace wend my way
to seeke my grayhounds 3."

offers them all his money.

then said Tryamore as in this time,
"gold & siluer, take all mine
if [4] *that* I haue tresspassed ought."

[1] Whan.—Cop.
[2] soo.—Ca.
[3] and speke wyth my lemman.—Ca.
[4] Of.—Cop.

Thé said, "wee will meete with thy anon, [page 225] They refuse it,
there shall noe gold borrow thee soone,[1]
but in prison thou shalt be brought, and threaten to prison him.
Such is the law of the ground;[2]
Whosoeuer therin may be found,
other way goe thé nought."

then Sir Tryamore was full woe Triamore
that to prison he shold goe;
hee thought the flesh to deare bought.
there was no more to say,
the fosters att him gan lay is attacked by the foresters,
with strokes sterne and stout.

there Tryamore with them fought;
some to the ground be brought; and soon discomfits them,
he made them lowe to looke;
some of them fast gan pray,
the other fled fast away
with wounds wyde *that* they sought.[3]

Tryamore sought & found[4] his gray-hounds; but finds two of his greyhounds
he hear[k]ned to their yerning[5] sounds,
& thought not for to leaue them soe.
at last he came to a water side;
there he saw the beast abyde slain by a hart,
that had slaine 2 of his grayhounds;

the 3d full sore troubled the hind,
& he hurt him with his trinde[6]; and the other wounded.
then was Tryamore woe.
if the battaile had lasted a while,
the hart wold the hound beguile,[7]
& take his life for euermore.

[1] ? MS.: it may be meant for *frome*; but one stroke of the *m* is missing.—F.
[2] Ca. has "ye must lese yowre ryght honde."—F.
[3] ? tooke.—F.
[4] rod and sought.—Cop.
[5] ? running.—F.
[6] One stroke of the *n* is wanting in the MS. Ca. has *Tyndys*, branches of the antlers.—F.
[7] begyle.—Cop.

Triamore kills the deer, blows his horn,

Tryamore smote att the deere,
and [1] to the hart went the spere;
then his horne he blew full sore.

and king Arradas hears it.

the *King* Lay there beside
at Mannour [2] *that* same tide;
he hard a horne blowe;

they had great wonder in hall,
both *Knight*s, Squiers,[3] & all,
for noe man cold it know.

A forester runs in,

with *that* ran in a foster
into the hall with euill cheere,
& was full sorry, I trow.

tells the king that his keepers have been slain by the knight

the *King* of tydings gan him fraine;
he answered, "Sir *King*, your Keepers be slaine,
and lye dead on a rowe.
there came a *knight that* was mightye,
he let 3 grayhounds *that* were wightye,
& laid my fellowes full lowe:"

that blew the horn.

he sayd, it was full true
that the same *that* the horne blew
that all this sorrow hath wrought.

Arradas says he wants such a man,

King Arradas said then,
"I haue great need of such of a man;
god hath him hither brought."

and tells three knights to fetch him.

the *King* commanded *Knight*s 3,
he said, "goe [4] feitch yond gentleman to me
that is now at his play;
looke noe ill words with him yee breake,
but pray him with me for to speake;
I trow he will not say nay."

[1] One stroke of the *n* missing in the MS.—F.
[2] maner.—Cop.
[3] Squiers, knights.—Cop.
[4] MS. god.—F.

Euerye knight his steed hent, — The knights
& lightlye to the wood[1] thé went
to seeke Tryamore *that* child.
thé found him by a water side — find Triamore,
where he brake the beast[2] *that* tyde,
that hart *that* was soe wylde.

thé said, "Sir! god be at your game!" — salute him,
he answered them euen the same;
then was he frayd of guile.
"Sir Knight!" they said, "is itt your will — and ask if he will come to their king,
to come & speake our King vntill
with word[e]s meeke & mylde?" [page 226]

Tryamore asked shortlye,[3]
"what hight your King, tell yee mee,
that is lord[4] of this land?"
"this Land hight Arragon, — Arradas of Arragon.
& our King, Arradas, with crowne;
his place his heire att hand."

Tryamore went vnto the K[*ing*,] — Triamore comes,
& he was glad of his cominge,
he knew him att first sight;
the King tooke him by the hand, — Arradas welcomes him,
& said, "welcome into this land!"
& asked[5] him what he hight.

"Sir, my name is Tryamore; — and Triamore tells him who he is.
once you helpt me in a stowre
as a noble man of might;
& now I am here in thy Land;
soe was I neuer erst, as I vnderstand,
by god full of might."

[1] wodde.—Cop.
[2] The top of some letter over the *a* is marked out in the MS. *brake* means "cut up."—F.
[3] shortely.—Cop.
[4] There is a round blot like an *o* after the *r* in the MS.—F.
[5] axet.—Cop.

Arradas is very glad,

when the *King* wist it was hee,
his hart reioced greatlye;
3 times he did downe fall,
& [said] "Tryamore, welcome to me!
great sorrowe & care I haue had[1] for thee;"
and he told him al ;

and tells Triamore of the day set for the fight with the Emperor's champion.

"with the Emperour I[2] tooke a day
[to] defend me if *that* I may;
to Iesu I will call;
for I neu*er* his sonne slew;
god he knoweth I speake but true,
& helpe me I trust he shall!"

then said Tryamore thoe, ["I am fulle woe[3]]
that you for me haue beene greeued soe,
if I might it amend;
& att the day of battell
I trust to proue[4] my might as[5] well,
if god will grace me send."

Triamore agrees to fight for Arradas,

of which the latter is glad.

then was *King* Arradas very glad,
and of Marradas was not adread:
when he to the batteile shold wend,
he ioyed[6] *that* he shold well speed,
for Tryamore was warry[7] at neede
against his enemye to defend.

there Tryamore dwelled with the *King*
many a weeke without lettinge;
he lacked right nought.
& when the day of battayle was came,
the Emperour with his men hasted full soone,
& manye wonder thought;

On the day fixed, the Emperor

[1] Cop. omits *had*.—H.
[2] MS. he.—F.
[3] From Ca.—F.
[4] prome, in the MS.—F.
[5] This word is blotted in the MS.—F
[6] joyed.—Cop.
[7] ware.—Cop.

he brought thither both *King* & *Knight*; brings his champion, Marradas;
& Marradas, *that* was of might,
to batteille he him brought.
there was many a seemelye man,
moe then I tell you can;
of them all he ne wrought.

both p*ar*tyes *that* ilke day the King brings
into the feeld tooke the way,
they were already [1] dight.
the K*ing* there kissed Tryamore, Triamore,
& sayd, "I make thee mine [heyre [2]] this hower,
& dubb thee a k*night*."

"S*ir*," said Tryamore, "take no dread;
I trust Iesus will me speede, who trusts in Christ's help.
for you be in the right;
therfore through gods grace
I will fight for you in this place
w*i*th the helpe of our Lords might!"

both p*ar*tyes were full swore Both parties swear to abide by the result.
to hold the p*ro*mise *that* was made before;
to Iesus can hee [3] call.
S*ir* Tryamore & S*ir* Marradas
both well armed was
amonge the Lords all;

eche of them were sett on steede;
all men of Tryamore had dreede, Triamore
that was soe hind in all.[4]
Marradas was stiffe & sure,[5] and Marradas
their [6] might noe man his stroake endure,
But *that* he made them fall. [page 227]

[1] al redy.—Cop.
[2] heyre.—Cop.
[3] they.—Cop.
[4] Ther was none so hynde in halle.—Ca.
[5] so styff in stoure.—Ca.
[6] then.—Ca.

charge, then rode they together[1] full right;
with sharpe speres & swords bright
they smote together sore;

break their spears and shields, thé spent speres & brake sheelds,
thé busled[2] fowle in middest the feelds,
either fomed as doth a bore.

all *thé*[3] wondred *that* beheld
and fight marvellously. how thé fought in the feeld;
there was but a liffe.[4]
Marradas fared fyer[5] wood
because Tryamore soe long stood;
sore gan hee smite.

Triamore kills Marradas's horse, Sir Tryamore fayled of Marradas,
that sword lighted vpon his horsse,
the sword to ground gan light.

Marradas said, "it is great shame
on a steed to wreake his game!
thou sholdest rather smite mee!"
Tryamore swore, "by gods might
I had leuer it had on thee light!
then I wold not be sorye[6];

and then offers him his own. "but here I giue thee steede mine
because I haue slaine thine;
by my will it shalbe soe."

Marradas refuses it. Marradas sayd, "I will [him] nought
till I haue him with stroakes bought,"
[and won him from my foe.[7]]

& Tryamore lighted from his horsse,
& to Marradas straight he goes,

Both alight for both on foote they did light.

[1] the lo*n*ger.—Cop.
[2] powsed.—Cop.
[3] they.—Cop.
[4] ? a life to be lost.—F. lyte (little).—Cop.
[5] fare.—Cop.
[6] sore.—Cop.
[7] ?; a line is wanting in the MS. Cop. has "And wonne hym here in fyght."—F.

Sir Tryamore spared him nought,
[But evyr in his hert he thoght [1]]
"this day was I made a *Knight*!"

& thought *that* hee himselfe wold be slaine soone,
"or else of him I will win my shoone [2]
throughe gods might."
thé laid eche at other with good will — and fight on foot
with sharpe swords made of steele;
that saw [3] many a knight.

great wonder it was to behold
the stroakes *that* was betwixt them soe bold; — fiercely.
all men might it see.
thé were weary, & had soe greatlye bled;
Marradas was sore adread, — Marradas grows faint.
he fainted then greatlye;

& *that* Tryamore lightlye beheld,
& fought feerclye in the feeld;
he stroke Marradas soe sore
that the sword through the body ran. — Triamore kills him.
then was the Emperour a sorry man; — The Emperor
he made thenn peace for eu*er*-more;

he kissed the *King*, & was his freind, — kisses Arradas,
& tooke his leauee homewards to wend; — and goes home.
noe longer there dwell wold hee.
then *King* Arradas & Tryamore — Arradas and Triamore return
went to the palace with great honor,
into *that* rych citye. — to the city,
there was ioy without care,
& all they had great welfare,
there might no better bee;

[1] From Ca.—F. euer in hys herte he thought.—Cop.
[2] See p. 77, l. 504. [3] sauce.—Cop.

hunt, ride, and enjoy themselves.

they hunted & rode many a where,
full great pleasure they had there.
among the knights of price
the *King profered* him full fayre,
& sayd, "Tryamore, Ile make thee mine heyre,
for thou art strong & wise."

Arradas offers to make Triamore his heir,

but Triamore declines, and

Sir Tryamore said, "*Sir*, trulye
into other countryes goe will I;

asks only a steed;

I desire of you but a steed,
& to other lands will I goe

he means to do adventures.

some great aduentures for to doe,
thus will I my liffe lead."
the *King* was verry sorry tho;

Arradas gives him

when *that* hee wold from him goe,
he gaue him a sure weede,[1]

money

& plenty of siluer & gold,

and a fearless steed,

& a steed as hee wold,
that nothing wold feare.
hee tooke his leaue of the King,
And mourned at his dep*ar*ting, [page 228]
then hasted he him there;

and promises him all his realm.

the *King* sayd, "Tryamor! *that*[2] is mine,
when thou list it shall be thine,
all my kingdome lesse & more."

Triamore rides to Hungary.

Now is Tryamore forth goe;
Lords & ladyes were full woe,[3]
eu*er*ye man loued him there.

Tryamore rode in hast trulye
into the Land of Hungarye,
aduentures for to seeke.[4]

[1] *steede* is marked out in the MS.—F.
[2] whatever, all that.—F.
[3] for him were woe.—Cop.
[4] The Cambridge text sends him generally everywhere before going to Hungary.—F.

betweene 2 mountaines, the sooth to say,
he rode forth on his way;
with a palmer he did meete; — On his road a palmer

he asked almes for gods sake,
& Tryamore him not forgate,
he gaue him with words sweete.
the palmer said, "turne yee againe, — warns him to turn back
or else I feare you wilbe slaine;
you may not passe but you be beat."

Tryamore asked "why soe?"
"Sir," he said, "there be brethren towe — for fear of two brothers there.
that on the mountaine dwells."
"faith," said Tryamore, "if there be no more,
I trust in god *that* way to goe,
if this be true *that* thou tells."
he bade the palmer good day, — Triamore
& rode forth on his way — rides on,
ouer heath & feelds;

the palmer prayed to him full fast,
Tryamore was not agast,
he blew his horne full shrill.
he had not rydden but a while, — and soon meets
not the Mountenance of a mile,
2 knights he saw on a hill: — two knights,

the one of them to him gan ryde, — who order him to go back.
they other still gan abyde
a litle there beside.
& when thé did Tryamore spye,
thé said, "turne thee traytor,[1] or thou shalt dye,
therfore stand & abyde!"

[1] traytor turne.—Cop.

One charges him,
either againe other [1] gan ryd fast,
theire strokes mad their speres to brast,
& made them wounds full wyde.
the other
the other knight that houed [2] soe,
wondred that Tryamore dared soe:
he rode to them that tyde

separates them,
& departed them in twaine,
& to speake fayre he began to fraine
with words that sounded well:
asks Triamore his name,
to Tryamore he [3] sayd anon,
"a doughtyer Knight I neuer saw none! [4]
thy name that thou vs tell."
Tryamore said, "first will I wett
why that you doe keepe this street,
& where that you doe dwell."

and says that their brother Marradas
thé said, "wee had a brother hight Marradas,
with the Emperour forsooth he was,
a stronge man well I-know. [5]
in Arragon, before the Emperour,
was slain by one Triamore,
a knight called Sir Tryamore
in battel there him slew [6];

and their elder brother Burlong
"& alsoe wee say another,
Burlong [7] our elder brother,
as a man of much might;
he hath beseeged soothlye
the Kings daughter of HUNGARYE;
to wed her he hath height;

[1] other than.—Cop. *ryd* has a tag at the end.—F.
[2] hoved, *i.e.* hovered on the hill, qu.—P. *hoved* is common in the sense of halted.—F.
[3] they.—Cop.
[4] so doughty a knight knowe I none.—Cop.
[5] y-nough (enough).—Ca.
[6] There is something like another *e* before the *w* in the MS.—F.
[7] Burlonde.—Ca.

" & soe well hee hath sped
that hee shall *that* Lady wedd
but shee may find a K*night*
that BURLONGE ou*er*come may ;
to *that* they haue tooke a day,
wage battel & fight ;

is to wed Queen Helen of Hungary unless she can find a knight to beat him,

" for *that* same Tryamore
loued *that* Ladye paramoure,
as it is before told ;
if he will to Hungarye,
needs must he come vs by ;
to meete with him wee wold."

and she is Triamore's love.

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They'd like to catch him.

Tryamore said, " I say not nay,
but my name I will tell this day,
in faith I will not Laine :
thinke y*our* Iourney well besett,
for with Tryamore you haue mett
that y*our* brother hath slaine."

Triamore says

" here he is."

" welcome ! " thé said, " Tryamore !
his death shalt thou repent sore ;
thy sorrow shall begin.
yeeld thee to vs anon,
for thou shalt not from vs gone
by noe manner of gin.[1] "

They call on him to yield.

thé smote feircly att him tho,
& Tryamore against them 2
without more delay.
Sir Tryamore proued him full prest,
he brake their spere on their brest,
hee had such assay ;

He fights them,

[1] gynne.—Cop. wile.—F.

they split his shield and kill his horse,

his sheeld was broken in peeces 3,
his horsse was smitten on his knee,
soe hard att him thé thrust.[1]

but he slays one of them.

Sir Tryamore was then right wood,
& slew the one there as he stood
with his sword full prest.

The other rides at him,

that other rode his way,
his hart was in great affray,
yet he turned againe *that* tide,—
when Tryamore had slaine his brother,
a sorry man then was the other,—
& straight againe to him did rydde;

but Triamore kills him too.

then they 2 sore foughte
that the other to the ground was brought
then were thé both slaine.

Helen wonders where Triamore is.

tho the Ladye on Tryamore thought,
for of him shee knew right nought,
shee wist not what to say.

The day to win her is come;

the day was come *that* was sett,
the Lords assembled without lett,
all in good array.

Burlong calls for her knight.

Burlonge was redye dight,
he bade the Lady send the Knight.

She has none.

shee answered "I ne may:"
for in *that* castle shee had hight
to keepe her with all her might,
as the story doth say.

thé said, "if Tryamore be aliue,
hither[2] will hee come blithe;
god send vs good grace to speed!"

[1] thrast.—Cop.

[2] MS. either.—F.

with *that* came in Sir Tryamore
in the thickest of *that* stower,
into the feild without dread.

But just then Triamore rides into the field,

he asked 'what all *that* did meane.'
the people shewed *that* a battel there shold beene
for the loue of *that* Ladye.
he saw BURLONG on his steede,
& straight to him he yeede;
that Ladye challengeth hee.

goes straight to Burlong,

Burlong asked him if he wold fight.
Tryamore said, "with all [my] might
to slay thee, or thou me."
anon thé made them readye,
& none there knew him sikerlye,
thé wondred what he shold bee.

and says he'll fight him.

high on a tower stood *that* good Ladye;
shee knew not what *Knight* verelye
that with Burlong did fight.
fast shee asked of her men
'if *that* *Knight* they cold ken
that to battell was dight;

Helen does not know him;

'a griffon he beareth all of blew.'[1]
a herald of armes soone him[2] knew,
& said anon-right,
"Madame! god hath sent you succor;
for yonder is Tryamore
That with Burlong will fight."

but a herald recognises his crest,

and tells her it is Triamore.

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to Iesus gan the Ladye pray
for to speed him on his Iourney
that hee about yeed.

She prays for his success.

[1] A kreste he beryth in blewe.—Ca.

[2] Syr Barnarde.—Ca.

Triamore and Burlong fight

then those K*nights* ran together,
the speres in peeces gan shiuer,
thé fought full sore indeed ;

there was noe man in the feild tho
who shold haue the better of them tow,
soe mightilye they did them beare.

for a long while,

the Battel lasted wonderous long ;
though Burlong was neu*er* soe stronge,
there found he his peere.

till Triamore loses his sword.

Tryamore a stroke to him mint,[1]
his sword fell downe at *that* dint
out of his hand him froe.
then was Burlong verry[2] glad,
& the Ladye was verry sad,
& many more full woe.

He asks for it, and Burlong agrees to give it him if he'll tell his name.

Tryamore asked his sword againe,
but Burlong gan him fraine
to know first his name ;
& said, "tell me first what thou hight,
& why thou challengeth the Ladye bright,
then shalt thou haue thy sword againe."

Triamore tells him.

Tryamore sayd, "soe mote I thee,
My name I will tell trulye,
therof I will not doubt ;
men call me S*ir* Tryamore,
I wan this Ladye in a stowre
among Barrons stout."

Burlong reproaches him with killing Marradas

then said Burlong, "thou it was
that slew my brother Marradas !
a faire[3] hap thee befell ! "

[1] mynt.—Cop. minded, meant, intended.—F.
[2] wonder.—Cop.
[3] ? fowle.—F.

Sir Tryamore sayd to him tho,
"soe haue I done thy Brethren 2
that on the Mountaines did dwell."

Burlong said, "woe may thou bee, — and his other brothers,
for thou hast slaine my brethren 3!
sorrow hast thou sought!
thy sword getts thou neu*er* againe — and refuses to let him have his sword.
till I be avenged, & thou slaine;
now I am well bethought!"

Sir Tryamore sayd, "noe force[1] tho,
thou shalt repent it ere thou goe;
doe forth! I dread thee nought!"
Burlong to smite was readye bowne, — Burlong makes ready to strike; his foot slips, and he falls.
his feete slipt,[2] & hee fell downe,
& Tryamore right well nought,[3]

his sword lightlye he vp hent, — Triamore gets his sword again,
& to Burlonge fast he went;
for nothing wold he flee;
& as he wold haue risen againe,
he smote his leggs euen in twaine — cuts big Burlong off at the knees,
hard fast by the knee.

Tryamore bade him "stand vpright, — to make him his equal in height,
& all men may see now in fight
wee beene meete of a size."
Sir Tryamore suffered him — and lets him get a sword.
to take another weapon,
as a knight of much prize.

Burlong on his stumpes stood — Burlong fights well on his stumps,
as a man *that* was nye wood,
& fought wonderous hard.[4]

[1] matter.—F.
[2] his fote schett.—Ca.
[3] wylyly wrought.—Ca. wrought.—Cop.
[4] wonder faste.—Cop.

& Sir Tryamore strake stroakes sure,
for he cold well endure;
of him hee was not affrayd,

but Triamore cuts his head off,

& vnder his ventale
his head he smote of without fayle;
with *that* in peeces his sword brast.

Now is Burlong slaine,
& Triamore with maine
and goes to his love.
into the Castle went,
to the Ladye *that* was full bright;
Helen
& att the gates shee mett the *Knight*,
& in her armes shee him hent.

welcomes him.
Shee said, "welcome sir Tryamore! [page 231]
for you haue bought my loue full deere,
my hart is on you lent!"
The barons agree to hold their lands of him,
then said all the Barrons bold,
"of him wee will our lands hold;"
& therto they did assent.

and the wedding-day is fixed.
there is noe more to say,
but they haue taken a certaine day
that they both shalbe wed.
Triamore sends for his mother,
Sir Tryamore for his mother sent,
a Messenger for her went,
& into the castle he[r] led.

Tryamore to his mother gan saine,
"my father I wold know faine,
sith I haue soe well sped."
and she tells him that King Arradas is his father,
shee said, "*King* Arraydas of Arragon,
is thy father, & thou his owne sonne;
I was his wedded Queene;

"a leasing was borne me in hand,[1] — that she was banished wrongfully,
& falsely fleamed me out of his land
by a traitor Keene,
Sir Marrockee thé hight[2]: he did me woe, — through Sir Marrock.
& Sir Rodger my knight he did sloe,
that my guide[3] shold haue beene."

& when *that* Tryamore all heard,[4] — Triamore
& how his mother shee had[5] sayd,
letters he made & wrought; — writes and begs Arradas
he prayd *King* Arradas to come him till,
if *that* it were his will,
thus he him besought:

'if hee will come into HUNGARYE — to come to Hungary.
for his Manho od & his Masterye,
& *that* he wold fayle in nought.'
then was *King* Arradas verry glad;
the Messengers great guifts had
for they tydings *that* they brought.

the day was come *that* was sett, — On the wedding-day,
the *Lords* came thither *with*out let,
& ladyes of great pryde;
then wold they noe longer lett;
shortlye after[6] they are fett,
with 2 dukes on eu*e*rye side;

they lady to the church thé led; — Queen Helen is married to Triamore,
a Bishopp them together did wed,
in full great hast thé hyed.
soone after *that* weddinge
Sir Tryamore was crowned *King*, — who is then crowned king.
they wold noe longer abyde.

[1] forced on me.—F.
[2] ? the wight.—F.
[3] gyder.—Cop.
[4] herde.—Cop.
[5] to him.—Cop.
[6] after forthe.—Cop.

the *Queene*, his mother Margarett,
before the *King* shee was sett
in a goodlye cheare.[1]

Arradas sees Margaret,

King Arradas beheld his Queene,
him thought *that* hee had her seene,
shee was a ladye fayre;
the *King* said, "it is *your* will

and asks her what her name is.

your name me for to tell,
I pray you *with* words fayre."

She says she was his queen, and Marrock defamed her.

"my Lord," sayd [she,] "I was *your* Queene;
your steward did me ill[2] teene;
that euill might him befalle!"
the *King* spake noe more words

After dinner

till the clothes were drawen from the bords,
& men rose in the hall.
& by the hand he tooke the *Queene* gent;

she tells him all her history.

soe in the chamber forth he went,
& there shee told him all.

They kiss, and all rejoice.

then was there great Ioy & blisse!
when they together gan kisse,
then all they companye made Ioy enough.
the younge Queene [was] full glad

Helen is glad too,

that shee a *King*s sonne to her Lord had,
shee was glad, I trowe;

and both couples live long and happily.

in Ioy together lead their liffe
all their dayes *with*out striffe,
& liued many a fayre yeere.
Then king Arradas & his Queene [page 232]
had ioy enough them betweene,
& merrilye[3] liued together.

[1] For the preceding half-stanza the Cambridge text has a whole one:

Ye may welle wete certeynly
That there was a great mangery,
There as so many were mett:
Qwene Margaret began the deyse;
Kyng Ardus wyth-owtyn lees,
Be hur was he sett.—F.

[2] mekyll.—Cop.

[3] merely.—Cop.

& thus wee leaue of Tryamore — Good bye, Triamore!
that liued long in great honor
with the fayre HELLENE.[1]
I pray god giue their soules good rest,
& all *that* haue heard this litle Iest,[2]
highe heauen for to win!
god grant vs all to haue *that* grace,
him for to see in the celestyall place! — God send all my hearers to heaven! Amen!
I pray you all to say Amen!

ffins.[3]

[1] Elyne.—Cop.
[2] Gest. P.C.—P. gest.—Cop.
[3] Copland's colophon is, "¶ Imprinted at London in Temes strete vpon the thre Crane wharfe. By Wyllyam Copland."—F.

Guye: & Amarant.[1]

[See the General Introduction to the Guy Poems, under *Guy & Colebrande* below.]

Guy journeys in the Holy Land,

GUYE: iourneyed ore the sanctifyed ground
wheras the Iewes fayre citye sometí[me] stood,
wherin our saviours sacred head was crowned,
& where for sinfull man he shed his blood.
to see the sepulcher was his intent,
the tombe *that* Ioseph vnto Iesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
& passed desarts places[2] full of danger;
and meets a woeful man,
att last with a most woefull wight did meet,
a man[3] *that* vnto sorrow was noe stranger,
whose fifteen sons are held in bondage by
for he had 15 sonnes made captiues all
to slauish[4] bondage, in extremest thrall.

the giant Amarant.
A gyant called Amarant detained them,
whom noe man durst encounter for his strenght,
who, in a castle w*hi*ch he held, had chaind them.

Guy undertakes to free them,
Guy questions w[h]ere,[5] & vnderstands at lenght
the place not farr. "lend me thy sword," q*uo*th Guy;
"Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free."

and knocks loudly at the giant's door.
With that he goes & layes vpon the dore
like one, he sayes, *that* must & will come in.
the Gyant, he was neere soe rowzed before,

[1] By the elegance of Language & easy Flow of *th*e versification, this Poem sho*ul*d be more modern than the rest. —P. The first bombastic rhodomontade affair in the book. Certainly modern, and certainly bad, as bad as it well can be, if it was meant seriously. One is tempted in charity to think it a quiz of the style it affects. Cp. st. 31, "but did not promise you they should be fatt." l. 186.—F.

[2] desart-p[laces].—P.

[3] called Erle Jonas, p. 253 [of MS. torn out for *King Estmere*].—P.

[4] There are two strokes in MS. after the *u*, one is dotted.—F.

[5] where.—P.

for noe such knocking at his gate had beene ; Amarant
soe takes his keyes & club, & goeth out,
Staring with irefull countenance about : comes forth;

" Sirra ! " sais hee, " what busines hast thou heere ?
art come to feast my crowes about the walls [1] ?
didst [2] neuer heare noe ransome cold him cleere
that in the compas of my furye falls [3] ?
for making me to take a porters paines, and says he'll dash
with this same club I will dash out thy braines." Guy's brains out.

" Gyant," saies Guy, " your quarrelsome, I see ; Guy answers
choller & you are something neere of Kin ;
dangerous at a club be-like you bee ;
I haue beene better armed, though now goe th[in.]
but shew thy vtmost hate, enlarge thy spite ! that his sword will
heere is the wepon *that* must doe me right." right him,

Soe takes his sword, salutes [him [4]] with the same and attacks the giant,
about the head, the shoulders, & the sides,
whilest his erected club doth death proclaime,
standing with huge Collossous spacious strydes,
putting such vigor to his knotted beame who strikes fierce
that like a furnace he did smoke extreme. strokes,

But on the ground he spent his stroakes in vaine, which Guy
for Guy was nimble to avoyde them still, avoids,
& ere he cold recouers [5] clubb againe,
did beate his plated coate against his will : and hacks at the giant.
att such aduantage Guy wold neuer fayle
to beate him soundly in his coate of Mayle.

[1] wall.—P.
[2] ? MS. *didest* or the *e* has been altered into part of the *s*.—F.
[3] fall.—P.
[4] him *with*.—P.
[5] There's an apostrophe in recent ink over the *s* in the MS.—F.

Amarant grows faint,

Att last through strength, Amarant [1] feeble grew,
& said to Guy, "as thou art of humane race,

and asks Guy to let him drink at a spring.

shew itt in this, giuee nature [2] wants her dew;
let me but goe & drinke in younder place;
thou canst not yeeld to [3] [me] a smaller thing
then to grant life *that*s giuen by the spring."

Guy gives him leave.

"I giue the leaue," sayes Guy, "goe drinke thy [4] last,
to pledge the dragon & the savage beare,[5]
succed the tragedyes *that* they haue past;
but neu*er* thinke to drinke [6] cold water more [7];
drinke deepe to death, & after *that* carrouse
bid him receiue thee in his earthen house."

Amarant drinks so greedily

Soe to the spring he goes, & slakes his thirst,
takeing in [8] the water in, extremly like
Some wracked shipp *that* on some rocke is burst, [p. 233]
whose forced bulke against the stones doe stryke;
Scoping it in soe fast with both his hands

that Guy wonders.

that Guy, admiring, to behold him stands.

He calls on Amarant to fight again.

"Come on," q*uo*th Guy, "lets to our worke againe;
thou stayest about thy liquor ou*er* longe;
the fish w*hi*ch in the riuer doe remaine
will want thereby; thy [9] drinking doth them wrong;
but I will [have] their [10] satisfaction made;
with gyants blood thé must & shall be payd!"

The giant

"Villaine," q*uo*th Amarant, "Ile crush thee straight!
thy life shall pay thy daring toungs offence!
this club, w*hi*ch is about some hundred waight,

[1] the strength of A: or thro' lacke of str*eng*th he.—P. This circumstance seems borrowed from song 104. p. 349, [of MS. *Guy & Colebrande*].—P.
[2] An '*s* has been added by P. in the MS.—F.
[3] unto.—P.
[4] One stroke too many for *thy* in the MS.—F.
[5] boar. Qu.—P.
[6] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[7] here, Qu., or mair.—P.
[8] delend.—P.
[9] MS. their.—F. thy.—P.
[10] have their.—P.

has deathes commission to dispacth[1] thee hence!
dresse thee for Rauens dyett, I must needs,
& breake thy bones as they were made of reeds!"

says he'll break Guy's bones.

Incensed much att[2] this bold Pagans bosts,
which worthy Guy cold ill endure to heare,
he hewes vpon those bigg supporting postes
which like 2 pillars did his body beare.
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,
& desperatelye att guy his club he throwes,

Guy hews away at Amarant's legs; he throws his club at Guy,

Which did directlye on his body light
soe heauy & soe weaghtye[3] there withall,
that downe to ground on sudden came the Knight;
& ere he cold recouer from his fall,
the gyant gott his club againe in his fist,
& stroke a blow that wonderfullye mist.

and knocks him down.

"Traytor!" quoth Guy, "thy falshood Ile repay,
this coward art to intercept my bloode."
sayes Amarant, "Ile murther any way;
with enemyes, all vantages are good;
o! cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
be sure of it, I wold destroy the soe!"

Guy reproaches him for fighting unfairly,

"Its well," said Guy, "thy honest thoughts appear
within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell,
which are thy tennants while thou liuest heere,
but wilbe landlords when thou comest in hell.
Vile miscreant! prepare thee for their den!
Inhumane monster, hurtfull vnto men!

"But breath thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
for flameing Pheabus with his fyerye eye
torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke

and asks leave to drink.

[1] Here again is the *cth* for *tch*, noticed in vol. i. p. 23, note [1].—F.

[2] MS. all.—F. att this.—P.

[3] weightye.—P.

my thirst wold serue to drinke an Ocean dryc.
forbear a litle, as I delt with thee."
Quoth Amarant, "thou hast noe foole of mee!

Amarant refuses: he is not such a fool

"Noe! sillye wretch! my father taught more
how I shold vse such enemyes as thou.
by all my gods! I doe reioyce at itt,
to vnderstand *that* thirst constraines thee now;
for all the treasure that the world containes,
one drop of water shall not coole thy vaynes.

as to refresh his foe.

"Releeue my foe! why, twere a madmans part!
refresh an aduersarye, to my wronge!
if thou imagine this, a child thou art.
no, fellow! I haue knowne the world to longe
to be soe simple now I know thy want;
a Minutes space to thee I will not grant."

Amarant swings his club round,

And with these words, heauing a-loft his club
into the ayre, he swinges the same about,
then shakes his lockes, & doth his temples rubb,
& like the Cyclops in his pride doth strout [1];
"Sirra," said hee, "I haue you at a lifte;
now you are come vnto your latest shift;

and promises to kill Guy

"Perish for euer with this stroke I send thee,
a Medcine will doe thy thirst much good;
take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,

and drink his blood.

& then weelle haue carowses of thy blood!
heeres at thee with a buchers downe-right blow,
to please my fury with thine ouerthrow!"

Guy abuses the giant,

"Infe[r]nall, false, obdurat feend!" Guy said,[2]
"*that* seemes a lumpe of crueltye from hell!
ingratefull monster! since thou hast denyd [3]

[1] Strowt yñ, or bocyñ owte (bowtyn, S.) *Turgeo*, Catholicon, Prompt.—F.

[2] cryd; [or] perhaps, 'said Guy.'—P

[3] dost deny.—P.

the thing to mee wherin I vsed thee [well,[1]]
with more reuenge then ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take! [page 234]

"Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
except thy sunscorcht sckin doe weapon proue.[2]
farwell my thirst! I doe disdaine to drinke.
streames, keepe you[r] waters to you[r] owne behoues,[3]
or let wild beasts be welcome therunto;
with those pearle dropps I will not haue to doe.

bids the streams keep their waters for themselves,

"Hold, tyrant! take a tast of my good will;
for thus I doe begin my bloodye bout;
you cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,—
it is not *that* same club will beare you out,—
& take this payment on thy shaggye crowne,"
a blow *that* brought him with a vengeance dow[ne].

strikes Amarant, fetches him down,

Then Guy sett foot vpon the monsters brest,
& from his shoulders did his head devyde,
which with a yawninge mouth did gape vnblest,—
noe dragons Iawes were euer seene soe wyde
to open & to shut,—till liffe was spent.
soe Guy tooke Keyes, & to the castle went,

cuts off his head,

Where manye woefull captiues he did find,
which had beene tyred with extremitye,
whom he in ffreindly manner did vnbind,
& reasoned with them of their miserye.
eche told a tale with teares & sighes & cryes,
all weeping to him with complainning eyes.

sets free his captives,—

[1] well.—P. [2] be weapon-proof.—P. [3] behoof.—P.

some, ladies

There tender Laidyes in darke dungeon[1] lay,
that were surprised in the desart wood,
& had noe other dyett eu*er*ye day
then flesh of humane creatures for their food;
some w*i*th their louers bodyes had beene fed,
& in their wombes[2] their husbands buryed.

who had been fed on their dead lovers and husbands,—

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
to enlarge they[3] wronged Brethren from[4] their
w[oes;]
& as he searcheth, doth great clamors heare;
by w*hi*ch sad sounds direction, on he goes
vntill he findes a darkesome obscure gate,
armed strongly ou*er* all w*i*th Iron plate:

and the palmer's fifteen sons,

That[5] he vnlockes, and enters where appeares
the strangest obiect *that* he eu*er* saw,
men *that* w*i*th famishment of many yeerres
will[6] were like deaths picture, w*hi*ch the painters
dra[w;]
diuers of them were hanged by eche thumbe;
others, head downeward; by the middle, summe.[7]

who were like the pictures of Death.

With dilligence he takes them from the walls,
w*i*th lybertye their thraldome to accquainte.
then the p*er*plexed K*nigh*t the father calls,
& sayes, "receiue thy sonnes, thoe poore & faint!
I p*ro*mised you their liues; eccept of *that*[8];
but did not p*ro*mise you thé shold be fatt.

Guy restores the palmer his sons,

"The cāstle I doe giue thee,—heere is the Keyes,—
where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell;
p*ro*cure the gentle tender Ladyes ease;

gives him the giant's castle,

[1] Only half of the first *n* in the MS. —F.
[2] ? MS. wombers.—F.
[3] the.—P.
[4] There is something like a blotched *o* before the *r* in the MS.—F.
[5] Then.—P.
[6] delend.—P.
[7] some.—P. The *e*, and last stroke of the *m*, have been cut off by the binder. —F.
[8] accept of that.—P.

for pittye sake vse wronged women well! and charges him to use the women well.
men may easilye revenge the deeds men doe,
but poore weake women haue no strenght therto."

The good old man, euen ouerioyed with this,
fell on the ground, & wold haue kist Guys fee[t.] Guy refuses to let the palmer kiss his feet.
"father," quoth hee, "refraine soe base a kisse!
for age to honor youth, I hold vnmeete;
ambitious pryd hath hurt me all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man." ffins.

Cales: Voyage:[1]

The allusions in these lines are principally to well-known incidents in the reign of Charles I., most of which occurred between 1625 and 1630.

"Cales," of course, means "Cadiz;" and the expeditions of Viscount Wimbledon to that place in 1625, of the Duke of Buckingham to Rhé in 1627, and of the Earl of Denbigh to Rochelle in 1628—all failures—are commemorated in lines 1, 2, and 3. Line 4 alludes to the grant of five subsidies made on the concession of the Petition of Right; lines 6, 8, and 9, refer to the death of Buckingham. The peace with Spain, mentioned in line 7, was proclaimed on the 5th of December, 1630. Lines 9 to 12 commemorate the recent passing of the Petition of Right, which took place on the 5th of June, 1628. Of lines 17 to 24 I take the meaning to be: "Do not meddle with the hierarchy for fear of the Inquisition, that is, the Star Chamber, where thou shalt find a crop-ear doom, cries Leighton." The allusion is to the dreadful sentence inflicted on Dr. Alexander Leighton, a portion of which was that he should have "one of his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and be branded in the face." (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 385.)

Line 25 alludes to the King's commission for extracting fines from those who, having 40*l.* a year in lands, did not attend at the coronation to be knighted. Lines 26 to 30 refer to the case of Walter Long, sheriff of Wilts, who was fined 2,000 marks for absenting himself from his county to attend his duty in parliament. (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 235.)

[1] A kind of State Satire on *the* abuses in Charles 1st time—very obscure.—P.

Lines 33 to 37 relate to a speech of Sir Dudley Carleton in the House of Commons in 1628, in which he warned the House of the fate of parliaments in foreign countries, where they had been overthrown by monarchs as soon as they began to know their own strength. Hence, he continued, the misery of the people on the continent, who look like ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet. *Rushworth*, vol. i. p. 359. Whitelocke substitutes "canvas clothes" for the thin covering, p. 6. Both agree in the wooden shoes.

The allusion in the closing lines, 39 and 40, is to the Lord Chief Justice Tresilian, in the reign of Richard II. He was one of that King's evil advisers, was impeached by parliament, found guilty of treason, and hanged at Tyburn [1]—which may be said to be the moral of this poem. J. Bruce.

ATT cales wee latelye made afray,
att Ile of Ree [2] wee run away,
our shippes poore Rochell did betray.
4 5 subsiddyes for that,

And then wee shall to sea againe,
all *that* [3] our generall was slaine,
& now wee haue made peace with spaine,
8 Iacke ffellton!

Sir Artigall grand Torto [4] slew; [page 235]
now euerye man must have his dew
by vertue of a gracious new
12 Petition of right.

We've been defeated right and left,

but give us five subsidies

and we'll fight again.

We've a new Petit on of Right. What a blessing!

[1] See *Political Poems and Songs*, ed. Wright, vol. i. p. 423, 460.
[2] See Marc Lescarbot's "La chasse aux Anglois en l'Isle de Rez et au Siege de la Rochelle." Paris, 1629.—F.
[3] Altho' or Albeit.—P.
[4] See Spencer's Fairy Queen.—P.

The child of honor did deffye
In mortall fight his enemye,
& when he came to doe him dye,
cryes Sall: Brooke.

Don't talk of Pope John's children,

Eleuen children had Pope Iohn,
Pope Iohn the twelft, an able man;
heeres to the daffe, Ile pledge the don,
A pulpitt of sacke!

or the Inquisition will catch hold of you.

Noe more of *that*, doe not p*r*esume,
ffor ffeare of the Inquisition at Rome,
where thou shalt find a cropeare dome,
Cryes Layston.

Don't leave your county when you're Sheriff.

Ten poundes for not being made a K*n*i*gh*t;
ffiue thousand Markes was deemed right
for being out of his countryes sight
In time o Shreaualltrye.

These & such like, as I you tell,
In fayrye land latelye befell,
where Iustice ffought w*i*th Iustice Cell
Att Gloster.

Be dutiful, or else you'll turn Frenchmen, and have to wear wooden shoes.

Be dutifull, good people all,
the gou*e*rment else alter shall,
& bring you to the state of Gaule,
Haire shirts & woodden shooes!

Hang bad counsellers.

Noe habeas corpus shall be gott;
but for all this damned plott
Tresilian went vnto the pott
Att Tyburne! fins.

King & Miller:[1]

This copy is given in the *Reliques* "with corrections," and "collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection intitled 'A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield.'" "There are copies of this ballad," says Mr. Chappell, who prints the tune, "in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. i. p. 178, and p. 228; in the Bagford p. 25."

"It has been a favourite subject," says Percy, "with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have 'K. Henry and the Soldier,' 'K. James I. and the Tinker,' 'K. William III. and the Forester' &c. Of the latter sort are 'K. Alfred and the Shepherd,' 'K. Edward IV. and the Tanner,' 'K. Henry VII. and the Cobbler' &c."

"The earliest of these stories," says Professor Child in his Introduction to King Edward Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth, "seems to be that of King Alfred and the Neatherd, in which the herdsman's wife plays the offending part and the peasant himself is made Bishop of Winchester. Others of a very considerable antiquity are the tales of Henry II. and the Cistercian Abbot in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis (an. 1220) printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* i. 147; *King Edward and the Shepherd*, and *The King* [Edward] *and the Hermit* in Hartshorne's *Metrical Tales* (p. 35. p. 293, the latter previously in *The British Bibliographer* iv. 81); *Rauf Coilzear*,

[1] In *the* printed Collect*ion* of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 53. No. VIII.—P.

how he harbreit King Charles in Laing's *Select Remains*; *John de Reeve* and *the King and the Barker*, the original of the present ballad."

The idea of majesty compelled, or condescending to fraternise with low life has in foreign countries, too, excited the vulgar imagination. Such meetings of extremes—the fellowships of a power so high with a thing so low—have proved extremely fascinating. And while the stories of them show how tremendous was the interval between the king and his poor subjects, they show also how friendly was the popular conception of royalty. The king was far, far off; but he was kindly and genial. He could be imagined descending from his supreme height, and enjoying the humours of the humblest and vulgarest. Such descents were a kind of Avatars, which the people rejoiced to remember and celebrate. They served to kindle and fan their loyal affection; to bind the king and people, as showing that he was a man of like passions with themselves, not an alien unsympathetic being, scarcely human.

1

King Henry will go a hunting.

HENERY, our royall K*ing*, wold goe a huntinge
to the greene fforrest soe pleasant & fayre,
to haue the harts chased, the daintye does tripping;
to merry Sherwood his nobles repayre;

Hawk and hound are let go.

hauke & hound was vnbound, all things p*re*pared
for the same to the game w*i*th good regard.

2

The King hunts all day,

All a longe summers day rode the K*ing* pleasantlye
w*i*th all his princes & nobles eche one,
chasing the hart & hind & the bucke gallantlye,
till the darke euening inforced them turne home.

and at night loses himself in the wood.

then at last, ryding fast, he had lost quite
all his Lords in the wood in the darke night.

3

Wandering thus wearilye all alone vp & downe,
with a rude Miller he mett att the Last,
asking the ready way vnto fayre Nottingham.
" Sir," Quoth the Miller, " I meane not to Iest,
yett I thinke what I thinke truth for to say,
you doe not lightlye goe out of your way."

He meets a Miller, and asks his way to Nottingham. The Miller

4

" Why, what dost thou thinke of me ? " Quoth our King merrily,
" passing thy iudgment vpon [1] me soe breefe."
" good faith," Quoth the Miller, " I meane [2] not to flatter thee,
" I gesse thee to bee some gentleman theefe ;
stand thee backe in the darke ! light not adowne,
lest I presentlye cracke thy knaues cro[wn]e ! "

takes the King for a thief, and threatens to crack his crown.

5

" Thou doest abuse me much," quoth our King, " saying thus.
I am a gentleman, and lodging doe lacke."
" thou hast not," quoth the Miller, " a groat in thy pursse ;
all thine inheritance hanges on thy backe."
" I haue gold to discharge for *that* I call ;
if itt be 40 pence, I will pay all."

The King says he's a gentleman who wants lodging,

and can pay for it.

6

" If thou beest a true man," then said the Miller,
" I sweare by my tole dish Ile lodge thee all night."
" Heeres my hand," quoth our King, " *that* was I euer."
" nay, soft," quoth the Miller, " thou mayst be a sprite ;
better Ile know thee ere hands I will shake;
with none but honest men hands will I take."

The Miller offers to lodge him, [page 236]

but won't shake hands with him.

[1] MS. vpom.—F. [2] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

7

They go into the Miller's smoky house,

Thus they went all alonge into the Millers house,
where they were seeding [1] of puddings & souce.[2]
the Miller first entered in, then after went the *King*;
neu*er* came he in soe smoakye a house.[3]
"now," q*uo*th hee, "let me see heere what you are."
Q*uo*th our K*ing*, "looke you[r] fill, & doe not spare."

8

"I like well thy countenance; thou hast an honest
fac[e];
w*i*th my sonne Richard this night thou shalt Lye."
and the wife asks if the King is a runaway.
Q*uo*th his wiffe, "by my troth it is a good hansome
yout[h];
yet it is best, husband, to deale warrilye.
art thou not a runaway? I pray thee, youth, tell;
Where is his passport?
show vs thy pasport & all shalbe well."

9

Then our K*ing* p*re*sentlye, making lowe curtesie,
w*i*th his hatt in his hand, this he did say:
He has none, as he is a courtier.
"I haue noe pasport, nor neu*er* was seruitor,
but a poore Courtyer rode out of the way;
& for yo*ur* kindnesse now offered to me,
I will requite it in eu*er*ye degree."

10

Then to the Miller his wiffe whisp*er*d secretlye,
saing, "it seemeth the youth is of good kin
both by his apparell & by his Manners;
The Miller thinks the King behaves well to his betters,
to turne him out, certainely it were a great sin."
"yea," q*uo*th hee, "you may see hee hath some grace,
when as he speaks to his betters in place."

11

"Well," q*uo*th the Millers wiffe, "younge man, welcome
heer[e]!
& tho I sayt, well lodged shalt thou be;

[1] seething, boiling.—F.

[2] The head, feet, and ears of swine boiled and pickled for eating. Halliwell.—F.

[3] See Forewords to *Babees Boke*, p. lxiv.—F.

fresh straw I will lay vpon your bed soe braue, — and he may therefore lie on straw and hemp sheets with their son,
64 good browne hempen sheetes likwise," Quoth shee.
"I," quoth the goodman, "& when *that* is done,
thou shalt lye noe worse then our owne sonne."

12

"Nay first," quoth Richard, "good fellowe, tell me true,
68 hast thou noe creepers in thy gay hose? — if he has no creepers in his breeches,
art thou not troubled with the Scabbado [1]?"
"pray you," quoth the *King*, "what things are those?
art thou not lowsye nor scabbed?" quoth hee; — and is not scabbed.
72 "if thou beest, surely thou lyest not with me."

13

This caused our *King* suddenly to laugh most hartilye till the teares trickled downe from his eyes.
then to there supper were thé sett orderlye, — They sup on bag-puddings, apple pies, and nappy ale.
76 to hott bag puddings & good apple pyes;
nappy ale, good & stale, in a browne bowle,
which did about the bord Merrilye troule.

14

"Heere," quoth the Miller, "good fellowe, Ile drinke to thee — The Miller drinks to the King,
80 & to all the courtnolls *that* curteous bee."
"I pledge thee," quoth our *King*, "& thanke thee heartilye — and the King to him
for my good welcome in euerye degree;
& heere in like manner I drinke to thy sonne." — and his son.
84 "doe then," saies Richard, "& quicke let it come."

15

"Wiffe," quoth the Miller, "feitch me forth lightfoote, *that* wee of his sweetnesse a litle may tast." — The Miller calls for Lightfoot.
a faire venson pastye shee feiched forth presentlye.

[1] MS. may be Scolloado. See Forewords to *Babees Boke*, 1868, p. lxiv.—F.

The King likes it immensely.

"eate," quoth the Miller "but first make noe wast;
heer is dainty Lightfoote." "infaith," quoth our *King*,
"I neuer before eate of soe dayntye a thinge."

16

"Iwis," said Richard, "noe dayntye att all it is,
for wee doe eate of it euerye day."

Where can he buy some?

"in what place," sayd our *King*, "may be bought lik
to th[is ?]"
"wee neuer pay peennye for it, by my fay;

It's the King's deer from Sherwood.

from merry Sherwood wee feitch it home heere;
now & then we make bold with our Kings deere."

17

"Then I thinke," quoth our *King*, "*that* it is Venison."
"eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may see *that*;
neuer are we without 2 or 3 in the rooffe,
verry well fleshed & exellent ffatt.

Don't tell him.

but I pray thee say nothing where-ere thou goe,
we wold not for 2 pence the *King* shold it know."

18

"doubt not," saies [1] our *King*, "my promised secresye;

Certainly not, says the King.

the *King* shall neuer know more ont for mee."
a cupp of lambes woole [2] they dranke vnto him,
& to their bedds thé past presentlye.

Next morning the nobles

the Nobles next Morning went all vp & downe
for to seeke the *King* in euerye towne;

19 [page 237]

find the King at the Miller's house, and fall on their knees before him.

At last, att the Miller's house soone thé did spye him
plaine,
as he was mounting vpon his faire steede;
to whome thé came presentlye, falling downe on their
knees,

[1] MS. saiy.—F.

[2] A favourite liquor among the common people, composed of ale and roasted apples; the pulp of the roasted apple worked up with the ale, till the mixture formed a smooth beverage. Nares.—F.

which made the Millers hart wofullye bleed. The Miller
Shaking & quaking before him he stood, quakes.
thinking he shold be hanged by the rood.

20

The K[ing] perceiuing him fearfully tremblinge, The King draws his sword.
drew forth his sword, but nothing he said;
the Miller downe did fall crying before them all, The Miller expects to have his head cut off,
doubtinge[1] the King wold cut of his head.
but he, his kind curtesie for to requite,
gaue him great liuing, & dubd him a Knight. but is knighted.

21

When as our noble King came from Nottingam,
& with his nobles in westminster Lay, At Westminster, afterwards,
recounting the sports & the pastime thé had tane
in this late progresse along on the way;
of them all, great & small, hee did protest
the Miller of Mansfeild liked him best;

22

"And now, my Lords," quoth the King, "I am determined, the King resolves to ask the Miller and his son up to a feast.
against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
that this old Miller, our youngest confirmed Knight,
with his sonne Richard, shalbe both my guest;
for in this merryment it is my desire
to talke with this Iollye Knight & the younge squier."

23

When as the Noble Lords saw the Kings merriment,
thé were right Ioyfull & glad in their harts.
a Pursiuant thé sent straight on this busines, A pursuivant is sent with the invitation,
the which oftentimes vsed those parts.
when he came to the place where he did dwell,
His message merrilye then he did tell.

[1] fearing.—F.

24

which he delivers in due form.

"God saue your worshippe," then said the messenger,
"& grant your Ladye [1] her owne harts desire;
& to your sonne Richard good fortune & happinesse,
that sweet younge gentleman & gallant squier!
our King greets you well, & thus doth say,
'you must come to the court on St. Georges day';

25

"Therfore in any case fayle not to be in place."

At first the Miller is half afraid,

"I-wis," quoth the Miller, "it is an odd Iest!
what shold wee doe there?" he sayd, "infaith I am halfe afraid."
"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hanged att the least."

but on hearing of the feast

"nay," quoth the Messenger, "you doe mistake;
our King prepares a great feast for your sake."

26

"Then," said the Miller, "now by my troth, Messenger,
thou hast contented my worshipp full well:

gives the pursuivant three farthings,

hold! there is 3 farthings to quite thy great gentleness
for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.
let me see! hearest thou me? tell to our King,

and promises to come.

weele wayte on his Mastership in euerye thing."

27

The pursivant smyled at their simplicitye;
& making many [2] leggs, tooke their reward,
& takeing then his leaue with great humilitye,
to the Kings court againe hee repayred,

The pursuivant reports all to the King.

showing vnto his grace in euerye degree
the Knights most liberall giffts & great bountye.

[1] ? MS. Ladyes.—F.

[2] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

28

When hee was gone away, thus can the Miller say,
" heere comes expences & charges indeed! — The Miller purposes to buy new clothes, horses, &c.
now must wee needs be braue, tho wee spend all wee haue;
for of new garments wee haue great need.
of horsses & serving men wee must haue store,
with bridles & sadles & 20^{tye} things more."

29

" Tushe, Sir Iohn," quoth his wiffe, " neither doe frett nor frowne! — His wife dissuades him.
you shall bee att noe more charges of mee!
for I will turne & trim vp my old russett gowne, — She'll trim up the old clothes,
with euerye thing else as fine as may bee;
& on our Mill horsses full swift wee will ryd, — and they'll ride their mill-horses.
with pillowes & pannells as wee shall provyde."

30

In this most statelye sort thé rod vnto the court, — Thus they go to court.
their lusty sonne Richard formost of all,
who sett vp by good hap a cockes fether in his cappe;
& soe thé ietted downe towards the Kings hall,
the Merry old Miller with his hands on his side,
his wiffe like Maid Marryan did Mince at *that* tyde.

31

The King & his nobles *that* hard of their coming,
meeting this gallant Knight with this braue traine,
" welcome, Sir Knight," quoth hee, " with this your gay Lady! — The King welcomes them,
good Sir Iohn Cockle, once welcome againe;
& soe is this squier of courage soe free!"
Quoth dicke, " abotts on you! doe you know me?"

32

Quoth our King gentlye, " how shall I forgett thee? — and assures Richard
thou wast my owne bed-fellow; well *that* I wot, — that he

remembers him.

but I doe thinke on a tricke; tell me, pray thee, dicke,
how with farting we made the bed hott."
"thou horson happy knaue," the[n] quoth the Knight,
"speake cleanly to our [king now,] or else goe shite!"

33 [page 238]

The king and his councellors hartilye laugh at this,
while the King tooke them by the hand.

The King conducts them to table,

with Ladyes & their maids, like to the Queene of spades
the Millers wiffe did most orderlye stand;
a milkemaids curtesye at euerye word,
& downe these folkes were set to the bord,

34

Where the King royally with princely Maiestye
sate at his dinner with Ioy & delight.

and after dinner drinks to the Miller,

when he had eaten well, to resting then hee fell;
taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the Knight,
"heeres to you both!" he sayd, "in ale, wine, & beere,
thanking you hartilye for all my good cheere."

35

Quoth Sir Iohn Cockle, "Ile pledge you a pottle,
were it the best ale in Nottingam-shire."

and wants some of his venison.

"but then," said our King, "I thinke on a thinge,
some of your lightfoote I wold we had heere."
"ho: ho:" Quoth Richard, "full well I may say it;
its knauerye to eate it & then to bewray it."

36

"What! art thou hungry?" quoth our King merrilye,
"infaith I take it verry vnkind;

He asks Richard to pledge him.

I thought thou woldest pledg me in wine or ale
heartil[y.]"

Dick says he must finish his dinner first;

"yee are like to stay," quoth Dicke, "till I haue
dind;

he wants a black pudding,

you feed vs with twatling dishes soe small.
zounds! a blacke pudding is better then all."

37

"I, marry," quoth our *King*, "*that* were a daintye thing,
if wee cold gett one heere for to eate."
with *that*, dicke straight arose, & plucket one out of his h[ose,] — and pulls one out of his breeches.
220 *which* with heat of his breech began for to sweate.
the *King* made *pro*fer to snatch it away; — "That's meat for your master, Sir King."
" its meate for *your* *Master*, good *Sir*, you shall stay!"

38

Thus with great merriment was the time[1] wholy spent;
224 & then the Ladyes *pre*pared to dance.
old *Sir* Iohn[2] Cockle & *Richard* incontinent — The Miller and Richard dance with the ladies,
vnto this practise the *King* did advance,
where-with the Ladyes such sport thé did make,
228 the Nobles with laughing did make their heads ake. — and make the nobles laugh.

39

Many thankes for their paines the *King* did giue them then,
asking young Richard if he wold be wed:
" amongst these ladyes faire, tell me *which* liketh thee." — The King asks Dick which lady he'd like.
232 *Quoth* hee, "Iugg Grumball with the red head; — "Jugg Grumball with the red head."
shees my loue; shees my liffe; her will I wed;
shee hath sworne I shall haue her maidenhead."

40

Then *Sir* Iohn Cockle the *King* called vnto him;
236 & of Merry sherwood made him ou*er*seer, — The King makes the Miller overseer of Sherwood, and warns him not to steal any deer.
& gaue him out of hand 300li yearlye,
"but now take heede you steale noe more of my deere!
& once a quarter lets heare haue *your* vew;
240 & thus, *Sir* Iohn Cockle, I bid thee adew!"

ffins.

[1] A *y* has been altered into part of the *m* in the MS.—F.

[2] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

["*Panche*," *printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *p.* 61, *follows here in the MS.*]

Agincourte Battell.[1]

Agincourt must have been a tempting theme to the ballad-writer and poet of its day. The splendid pluck with which the little English army, wasted by dysentery, ill-fed, and harassed by long marches and hostile skirmishers, nevertheless went at its enemies, facing the terrible odds of more than six to one, and put to ignominious rout the vaunting knights of France, must have appealed to the English heart and the English pride, and ought to have been worthily sung. The ballad-writer especially was bound to take it up, for the class he wrote for led the van and won the field. As at Crecy, as at Poictiers, so at Agincourt, the English yeomen humbled the gentlemen of France. Like the *feu d'enfer* of our rifles at Inkerman, the hail of yeomen's arrows gained England honour in the olden hard-fought field. But though at Agincourt the rout of the first division of the French army was due solely to our bowmen, against the second, squire and knight, noble and king did well their part too—none better than the Harry who said "We will not lose," and gave the battle lastingly the name of *Azincourt*. To the valour of all was due the flight of the French third division, which, though more than double the number of the English host, feared to face their arrows and their swords, and gallopped off the field. That "the people of England were literally mad with joy and triumph" at the victory—rushing into the sea to meet Henry, and carrying him on shore on their shoulders—we do not wonder; but it is somewhat odd that no better ballad or poem on the battle should have come down to us, though in a play Shakspeare has done it justice. The ballads known to me are only—

[1] In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.

1. The *Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!* printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 24, "from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. i., folio," and to which the musical notes of the MS. are given in vol. ii. p. 24 of the second edition of the *Reliques*. 2. The present copy, having seven stanzas more than, but being otherwise nearly the same as, that in the Crown Garland of Golden Roses, ed. 1569 (p. 69 of the Percy Soc. reprint), the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1726–38, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.; *Evans*, vol. ii. p. 351, &c. 3. The *Three Man's Song*,—far the best of the lot,—the first verse of which is quoted in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* ed. 1600 (p. 52 of the Shakspere Soc. reprint), and the whole of which is printed from a black-letter copy (about 1665, Mr. Collier tells me) in Collier's Shakspere, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538. Its title is "Agin Court, or the English Bowman's Glory:" to a pleasant new Tune. London, printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield. It is a broadside, and contains eleven seven-line stanzas. It begins "Agincourt! Agincourt! Know ye not Agincourt?" 4. The ballad No. 286 in the Halliwell Collection in Chetham's Library, Manchester, entitled, "King Henry V., his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King in sending him instead of the Tribute a Ton of Tennis Balls." It begins, "As our King lay musing on his bed;" and two versions different from it and from one another are given in *Nicolas*, Appendix, p. 78, and p. 80, ed. 1832. 5. *The Cambro-Briton's Ballad of Agincourt*, by Michael Drayton, *ib.* p. 83. Nos. 3 and 4 will be printed at the end of this volume.

Of Poems, there are:

1. *α.* That attributed to Lydgate, in three Passus, in Harl. MS. 565, fol. 102–14, beginning "God þat alle þis world gan make," and printed among the illustrations of *The Chronicle of London*, 4to, 1827, and in *Nicolas*, p. 301–29. *β.* "The Siege of Harflet, & *Batayl of Agencourt*, by K. Hen. 5:" another copy of Lydgate's poem, says Nicolas (p. 301), but differing from it so materially that it was necessary to print it as notes to the corresponding passages of the other. It was printed by Hearne at p. 359–75 of his edition of *Elmham's Life of Henry V.*, from the since burnt Cotton MS., Vitellius D. xii. fol. 214 b. Extracts from it are given by Nicolas, p. 301-29.

γ. The Batayll of Egyngecourt, and the great Sege of Rouen. Impryntyd by John Skot [about 1530 A.D.]. Reprinted in *Nicolas*, and in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the*

Early Popular Poetry of England, vol. ii. p. 88–108. is, says Nicolas (App. p. 69), "merely another, though a very differen version of the one" attributed to Lydgate.

2. Drayton's *Battaile of Agincovrt*, 1627. (Besides *The Lay of Agincourt*, Edinburgh, 1819 (a very poor performance), and possibly other modern productions.)

Of Dramas, we find:

1. The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: Containing the Honourabell Battell of Agin-court: as it was plaide by the Queene's Maiesties Players. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598, 4to, 26 leaves. *Bodleian.* (Malone).[1]

2. The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, With his Battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with auncient Pistoll. 1600: the first cast of Shakspere's *Henry V.*[2]

In prose, a full and admirable account of the battle, with contemporary accounts and plentiful extracts from historians, is given by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas in his *History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry V. into France in* 1415, (2nd ed., 1832; 3rd, 1838); and from this book it may be worth while just to run through the points of our ballad, and see how far they are borne out by facts. The Council of line 1, Nicolas thinks was the parliament which met in November 1514, which elected Chaucer's son Thomas its Speaker, and voted the King supplies for the defence of the kingdom of England and the safety of the seas. But it may have been a smaller Council, no doubt held before the Commission of the 31st of May, 1514, absurdly claiming the French crown, was issued to the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, the Earl of Salisbury, Richard Lord Grey, &c.—whom Monstrelet calls *le Comte d'Ourset, oncle du Roy d'Angleterre, le Comte de Grez, l'Admiral d'Angleterre, les Euesques du Dumelin et de Noruegue, et plusieurs autres iusques au nombre de six cens cheuaux ou environ* (vol. i. p. 216, ed. 1595)—and who were so hospitably entertained in Paris. The great Council at which the arrange-

[1] Hazlitt's Handbook. [2] Bohn's Lowndes, p. 2280, col. 2.

ments for the expedition were made was held at Westminster on three successive days, April 16, 17, 18, A.D. 1415, directly after the despatch of Henry's second letter to Charles.

The story of the scornful treatment of the ambassadors in l. 16–28 is belied by Monstrelet's account of the *moult notable feste dedans Paris en boyres, mangers, joustes, dances et autres esbatemens*, at which the English ambassadors were present; and there seems no foundation whatever for the present of the tennis balls, which would have gone directly counter to the French King's policy, letters, and interest. But still his young son may have been saucy, and have sent a saucy message to Henry. The story was believed to be true at the time or soon after; it is mentioned by Elmham in his Latin-verse life of Henry V[1] (though not in his prose life), and a long account of it is given in a middle fifteenth-century Cotton MS. (Claudius A. viii.) which Sir H. Nicolas prints, and which, as I had to refer to it to correct his *cornet* to the MS. *scorne*, I add here too:

And than the dolphine of Fraunce aunswered to our embassatours, and said in this maner, 'that the kyng was ouer yong and to tender of age to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo good werrioure to doo and to make suche a conquest there vpon hym. And somwhat in scorne and dispite he sente to hym a tonne fulle of tenys ballis, be-cause he wolde haue some-what for to play withalle for hym and for his lordis, and that be-came hym better than to mayntayn any werre. And than anone oure lordes that was embassatours token hir leue and comen in to England ayenne, and tolde the kyng and his counceille of the vngoodly aunswer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the whiche he had sent vnto the kyng. And whan y^e^ kyng had hard her wordis, and the answere of the Dolpynne, he was wondre sore agreued, and righte euelle apayd towarde the frensshemen, and toward the kyng, and the Dolphynne, and thoughte to auenge hym vpon hem as sone as good wold send hym grace and myghte; and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolpynne in all the hast that the myghte be made, and they were grete gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wythe-alle. (fol. 1, back.)

[1] Printed in Coles's *Memorials of Henry V.*

This Dauphin was Louis, eldest son of Charles VI., then between eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was born on January 22, 1396, and died before his father, without issue, on December 18, 1415, in his twentieth year (*Nicolas*). But as Henry V. was eight years older than the Dauphin, having been born in 1388, it is not likely that he would have taunted Henry with his youth.

Lines 33–40 : Henry exerted himself greatly to get his army together, and had to pledge his crowns, his jewels, plate, &c. to his men to guarantee them their wages. Nobody would move without taking security from him. He sailed from Southampton on August 7, 1415, with a fleet of between 1200 and 1400 vessels of various sizes, from 20 to 300 tons, according to Nicolas. Lingard makes the fleet 1500 sail, carrying 6000 men-at-arms and 2400 archers. The army landed at Clef de Caus, or Kideaux, on August 15; on the 19th arrived before Harfleur, and at once laid siege to it. On "the English balls," l. 34, and missiles, Laboureur states that, among other engines, the English had some which threw stones of a monstrous size, and projected entire millstones (*des meules toutes entières*), which threw down the walls with a frightful noise, so that by the Feast of the Assumption (August 15, a wrong date) all their batteries were destroyed. I find nothing about the "great gunn of Calais" of l. 49; but on September 17 at midnight the French messengers came to treat with Henry; and as the town was not relieved by September 22, the Lord de Gaucourt and thirty-four of the noblest persons of the town then surrendered it to him. He turned out the inhabitants (l. 58) to the number of 2000, besides citizens, 60 knights, and more than 200 other gentry; left in the town more than the 300 Englishmen of our ballad, l. 59, even,[1] "under the captain[2] (Sir John Blount, says

[1] There is a muster-roll of the garrison of Harfleur, under the Earl of Dorset, taken in the months of January, February, and March, immediately following the battle. It consisted of 4 barons, 22 knights, 273 men-at-arms, and 798 archers. Most of these, we may presume, had been left behind when the King marched on to Agincourt. *Hunter*, p. 55.

[2] þe lord Beauford, Harl. MS. 575, f. 75 b.

Monstrelet), certain barons and knights skilful in affairs of war, with 300 lances, and 900 archers on pay" (*Nicolas*, p. 217), and marched out himself on October 7 with "not above 900 lances and 5000 archers," says a writer who was with him. Nicolas puts the force at from 6000 to 9000 fighting men. Lines 61–4 of the ballad are not true, for Henry's movements were watched, his stragglers cut off, and the country laid waste before him. He was repulsed in his first attempts to cross the Somme, between October 12 and 18; but on the 19th, finding a ford not staked, his army got over; on the 24th reached Maisoncelles, and on the 25th fought the battle.

The 600,000 French of l. 72 is of course an exaggeration, a 0 has been added for effect.[1] The message and answer of lines 73–88 are not historical, though the following particulars are nearly so, and the 10,000 killed of l. 137 is borne out by Nicolas's conclusion, that the whole of the French loss on the field was between 10,000 and 11,000 men.

The Duke of Yorke of line 117 was "Edward, Duke of York, son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of King Edward III., and cousin german to the King. He indented on April 29 to serve with 1 banneret, 4 knights, 94 esquires, and 300 mounted archers. His contingent, in the indenture of jewels, is said to have been 99 lances and 300 archers. He had one of the crowns in pledge. He went on with the King to Agincourt, where he lost his life" (*Hunter*, p. 22). On the Wednesday before the battle, says Monstrelet, i. 227, "le duc d'Yorch, son oncle, menant l'auantgarde, se logea à Frenench sur la riuiere de Cauche." This leadership of the vanguard the Duke kept on the 25th, and as the Cotton MS. already quoted from narrates his asking for it, and the events of the battle, I copy a page and a half of it from leaves 3 and 4.

[1] The highest number in any of the sixteen chronicles that Nicolas gives (p. 133, ed. 1832) is "3 Dukes, 5 Counts, 90 Barons, 1050 Knights, and 100,000 other persons. Note to Hardyng's Chronicle, 'according to the computation of the Heralds.'" 150,000 occurs in a doubtful list. *Nicolas*, p. 370.

And the duke of yorke felle on knees and besoughte the kyng of a bone, that he wold *grau*nte hym that day the avaunteward in his batayle. And the kyng *grau*nted hym his askyng, And sayd, "*grau*nte mercy, cosen of yorke," and prayd hym to make hym redy. And than he bad euery man to ordeyne a stake of tre, and sharpe bothe endes that the stake myghte be pyghte in the ye-[1]rthe a slope, that hir enemies shuld not ouer-come hem on horsbak, ffor that were hir fals purpose, and araide hem alle there for to ouer-ryde our meyne sodenly at the fyrst comyng on of hem at the fyrst brount: and al nyghte be-ffore the bataile þe ffrenshemen made many grete fiers and moche reuelle, *with* howtyng and showtyng, and plaid oure kyng and his lordis at the dise, and an archer alway for a blanke [2] of hir money, ffor they wenden alle had bene heres. the morne arose, the day gan spryng, And the kyng by goode auise let araie his batayle [3] and his wenges, and charged euery man to kepe hem hole to-ged*er*s, and praid hem alle to be of good chere. And whan they were redy, he asked what tyme of the day it was, And they sayd prime. Than said oure kyng, "now is good tyme! For alle England praythe for vs; and therfore be of good chere, and let vs goo to oure iorney." And than he said *with* an highe vois, "in the name [4] of almyghtey god and seynt George, avaunt Baner! and seint george this day be thyne helpe!" And than these ffrenshmen come prikyng doune as they wolde haue ouer-ridden alle oure meyne. But god and oure archers made hem sone to stomble; ffor oure archers shett neuer arow a-mys, but yt persshed and broughte to grounde man and hors; ffor they þat day shoten for a wager. And oure stakes mad hem stoppe, & ouer-terned eche on oothir that they lay on hepes two spere lenghthe of heyghte. And oure kyng *with* his meyne and *with* his men of armes and archiers that thakked [5] on theym so thykke *with* arowes, and leyd on *with* strokes, and oure kyng withe his owne hondes faughte manly. And thus almyghtey god and seynt George broughte oure enymies to grounde and yaf vs that day þe victorie. and there were slayne of ffrenshmen that day in the felde of Agincourte mo thanne A xi M^li^ withe prisoners that were taken. And there were nombred that day of ffrenshmen in the felde mo than six score thou-

[1] MS. fol. 3, back.

[2] Fr. *Blanc*, the halfe of a *Sol*, a peece of money which we call also, a blanke. *Sol*, a Sous, or the French shilling, whereof terme make one of ours.—Cotgrave.

[3] The main body under his own command. The vanguard as the right wing under the Duke of York, the rearguard as the left wing under Lord Camois.

[4] MS. mame.

[5] thwacked, beat, pattered.

sand, and of Englishemen nat vij M^{li}; but god that day faughte for vs. And after cam ther tydynges to oure kyng that there was a new batayle of ffrenshemen redy to stele on hym, and comen towardis [*fol.* 4.] hym. Anone our kyng let crie that euery man shuld slee his prisoners that he had take; and anon araid his bataille ayenne to fighte with the frenshmen. And whanne they sawe that our men kylled doune her prisoners, thanne they withdrowe hem, and brake hir bataille and alle hir Array. And this oure kyng, as a worthy conqueror, had that day the victorye in the felde of Agencourt in Picardie.[1]

The Duke of Orleance, l. 149, though he was taken prisoner in the battle, is not named by Monstrelet as the leader of the attack on Henry's camp:

Et adonc vindrent nouuelles au Roy Anglois, que les François les assailloient par derriere: & qu'ils auoient desia prins ses sommiers & autres bagues, laquelle chose estoit veritable: car Robinet de Bournonuille, Rifflart de Clamasse, Ysambart d'Azincourt, & aucuns autres hommes d'armes, accompagnez de six cens païsans, allerent ferir au bagaige dudit Roy d'Angleterre. Et prindrent lesdites bagues, & autres choses, auec grand nombre de cheuaux desdits Anglois, entre-temps que les gardes d'iceux estoient occupez en la bataille. *Monstrelet*, vol. i. p. 229.

The 200,000 French prisoners is an impossible number, and Nicolas does not give any at all. The highest estimate of the English loss is 1600 men. From Agincourt Henry marched to Calais, where he arrived on October 29. On November 14 he crossed the Channel to Dover, and on the 24th entered London in triumph:

the Cite of london, where þat there was shewed many a fayre syghte at all the conduytes and at crosse in the chepe, as in heuenly arraye of aungels, Archaungels, patriarches, prophites and Virgines, with dyuers melodies, sensyng and syngyng, to welcome oure kyng; And alle the conduytes rennyng with wyne. (Cott. Claud. A. viii. leaf 4, back).

The last three verses of our ballad quicken and alter events

[1] Nicolas quotes this also, p. 277–8, at foot.

considerably. It was not till after many a weary siege and fight, culminating with the fall of Rouen on January 16, 1419,[1] that Henry saw his beautiful bride, and that for one day only, on May 30, 1419. It was not till May 20, 1420, that he married her at Troyes; not till December of that year that he made his triumphal entry into Paris with his wife and his father-in-law, the French King. He was never crowned in Paris, King of France, but his wife was crowned in Westminster Abbey, Queen of England, on St. Matthew's day, September 21, A.D. 1421.

Henry V.

A councell braue[2] our *King* did hold
with many a lord & knight,
in[3] whom he trulye vnderstands
how ffrance withheld his right.

sends an ambassador to the French King

therefor a braue embassador
vnto the *King* he sent,
that he might ffully vnderstand
his mind & whole entente,

to yield him his right,

desiring him, as[4] freindlye sort,
his lawfull wright to yeeld,

or he'll take it.

or else he sware[5] by dint of sword
to win the same in feild.

Charles VI.

the *King* of ffrance, with all his lords
who[6] heard this message plaine,
vnto our braue embassador

answers

did answer in disdaine;

[1] See the "Sege of Roan," *Archæol.* xxi. 48; xxii. 361.—F.
[2] grave, P.C. (Print[d] Copy).—P.
[3] Of. Conj[ecture].—P.
[4] in, P.C.—P.
[5] vow'd, P.C.—P.
[6] which, P.C.—P.

who sayd,[1] "our *King* was yett but [2] younge
& of a [3] tender age;
wherfor I way not for his warres,[4] — that he cares not for Henry's threats,
nor care not for his rage,[5]

"whose [6] knowledge eke [7] in ffeats of armes,
whose sickill [8] [is] but [9] verry small,
whose [10] tender ioynts more ffitter are
to tosse a Tennys ball."

a tunn of Tennys balls therfore, — and sends him a tun of tennis-balls.
in pryde and great disdaine
he sends to Noble Henery the 5th,[11]
who recompenced [12] his paine.

& when our *King* this message hard — Henry
he waxed wrath in his [13] hart,
& said "he wold such balls *pro*vyde
that [13] shold make all france to smart."

an army great [14] our *King* *pre*pared,[15] — prepares an army,
that was both good & strong;
& from Sowthampton is our *King*
*w*ith all his Nauye gone.

he landed in ffrance both safe [16] and sound — lands in France,
*w*ith all his warlike traine;
vnto [17] a towne called Harffleete first [18]
he marched vp amaine.

[1] And feign'd, P.C.—P.
[2] too, P.C.—P.
[3] of too, P.C.—P.
[4] we weigh—of his war, P.C.—P.
[5] fear we his courage, P.C.—P.
[6] His, P.C.—P.
[7] is, P.C.—P.
[8] skill.—P.
[9] As yet but &c., P.C.—P.
[10] His.—P
[11] He sent unto our noble K^{g}, P.C.—P.
[12] To recompence, P.C.—P.
[13] *d.*—P.
[14] then, P.C.—P.
[15] did raise, P.C.—P.
[16] In France he landed safe, &c., P.C.—P.
[17] And to, P.C.—P.
[18] of Harfleur strait, P.C.—P.

besieges Harfleur,

and when he had beseeged the same,
against these fensed walls
to batter downe their statlye towers
he sent his English Balls.

bids it surrender

[1] And he bad them yeeld [up to him [2]] [page 242]
themselues & eke their towne,

or he'll beat it to the ground.

or else he sware vnto the earth
with cannon [3] to beate them downe.

[1] the great gunn of Caleis was vpsett,[4]
he mounted against those walls [5];
the strongest steepele in the towne,
he threw downe bells & all.

The Governors give up the town.

[1] then those *that* were the gouernors
their woefull hands did wringe [6];
thé brought their Keyes in humble sort
vnto our gracious *King*.

[1] & when the towne was woone and last,
the ffrenchmen out thé [7] threw,

Henry garrisons it,

& placed there 300 englishmen
that wold to him be true.

this being done, our Noble *King*[8]

and marches to

marched vp & downe *that* [9] land,—
& not a ffrenchman ffor his liffe
durst once his fforce withstand,—

[1] These 4 stanz[a] not in print.—P.
[2] MS. cut away. It has more words. —F. He bade the governors give up. —P.
[3] guns.—P.
[4] then.—P.
[5] was··'gainst their wall.—P.
[6] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[7] he.—P.
[8] done our noble English *King*, P.C. —P.
[9] the, P.C.—P.

till [1] he came to Agincourt; — Agincourt,
& [2] as it was his chance,
to ffind [3] the *King* in readinesse,
68 with him was all the power of ffrance, — where the French King is,

a mightye host they [4] had *pre*pared
off armed souldiers then,
w*hi*ch was noe lesse (the chronicle sayes) [5]
72 then 600000 [6] men.[7] — with 600,000 men.

the *King* of ffrance *that* well did know — Charles sends
the number of our men,
in vanting pride vnto our *King*
76 sends one of his heralds [8] then — a herald

to vnderstand what he wold giue — to ask Henry what ransom he'll pay for his life.
for the [9] ransome of his liffe,
when in *that* feild he had taken him [10]
80 amiddst *that* [11] bloody striffe.

& when [12] our *King* the Message heard,[13]
did straight the [14] answer make, — Henry answers
saying, " before *that* thing shold [15] come to passe,
84 many [16] of their harts shold [17] ake!

[1] Until, P.C.—P.
[2] Where, P.C.—P.
[3] He found.—P. *him was*, l. 68, marked out by P. conj[ecturally].—F.
[4] He, P.C.—P.
[5] by just account, P.C.—P.
[6] 40,000, P.C.—P.
[7] Between 18 and 19th Stanza of ye MS. is the following in Print:—
Which sight did much amaze our king,
For he and * all his host
Not passing fifteen thousand had,
Accounted at the most.—P.
[8] Did send a Herald, P.C.—P.
[9] *d.*—P.
[10] he in field sh'd . . . be, P.C.—P.
[11] their, P.C.—P.
[12] then . . .—P.
[13] with cheerful heart.—P.
[14] this.—P.
[15] *thing shold*, cut out by P.—F.
[16] some.—P.
[17] shall, P.C.—P.

* n.—P.

"My heart's blood."

" vnto your proud presumptuss prince
declare this thing," quoth hee,
my owne harts blood shall pay the price ;
nought [1] else he getts of me." [2]

The French

then all the night the frenchman Lyen,
with triumphe, mirth, & Ioy ;
the next morning they mad full accomp[t] [3]
our Armye to destroye.

play at dice for the English,

& for our King & all his Lords
at dice thé [4] playd apace,
& for our comon souldiers coates
they set a prize but base,

and value their red coats at 8*d.*, white at 4*d.*

8 pence for a redd coate,[5]
& a groate was sett to a white ; [6]
because they [7] color was soe light,
they sett noe better buy itt.[8]

Henry encourages his men :

the cheerfull day at last was come ;
our King with Noble hart
did pray his valliant soldiers all
to play a worthye part,

& not to shrinke from fainting foes,
whose fearfull harts in ffeeld
wold by their feirce couragious stroakes
be soone in-forced [9] to yeeld ;

[1] none.—P.
[2] Seven Stanz[s] following not in Print. —P.
[3] Making account the next morning, or,
They made &c.—P. *del.* full.—P.
[4] they.—P.
[5] coat was set.—P.
[6] And fourpence for a white.—P.
[7] The *y* put in brackets by P. *conj.* —F.
[8] by't.—P.
[9] enforced.—P.

"regard not of[1] their multitude,
tho they are more then wee,
for eche of vs well able is
to beate downe ffrenchmen 3 ;

"Don't mind the French numbers ; each of us can kill three of them ; but

"yett let eu*er*ye man p*ro*vide himselfe[2]
a strong[3] substantiall stake,
& set it right before himselfe,
the horsmans force to breake."

let every archer get a stake to stop the horse-men."

& then[4] bespake the Duke of yorke
"O noble K*ing*," said hee,
"the leading of *that*[5] battell braue
vouch[s]afe to giue it[6] me ! "

The Duke of York
leads the vanguard.

"god amercy, cosen yorke," sayes hee,
"I doe[7] grant thee thy request ;
Marche you[8] on couragiouslye, [page 243]
& I will guide[9] the rest."

Henry
the rest.

then came the bragginge frenchmen downe
w*i*th cruell[10] force & might,
w*i*th whome our noble K*ing* began
a harde & cruell ffight.

The French come on.

our English archers[11] discharged their shafts
as thicke as hayle in skye,[12]
& [13] many a frenchman in *that*[14] feelde
that happy day did dye ;

Our archers
kill many ;

[1] you, *or* then.—P.
[2] *himselfe* is in l. 114 in the MS. P. marks it to go to l. 113. *yett* is marked out by P.—F.
[3] But yet let every man provide
A strong &c.—P.
[4] With that, P.C.—P.
[5] this (the), P.C.—P.
[6] to, P.C.—P.
[7] *d*[*ele*].—P.
[8] then—thou, P.C.—P.
[9] lead, P.C.—P.
[10] greater, PC.—P.
[11] *d*. English. [Insert] they, P.C.—P.
[12] from skye, P.C.—P.
[13] That, P.C.—P.
[14] the, P.C.—P.

their stakes stop the horse.

[1] ffor the horssmen stumbled on our stakes,
& soe their liues they lost;
& many a frenchman there was tane
for p*ri*soners to their [2] cost.

10,000 French are slain,

10,000 taken,

10000 ffrenchmen [3] there were slaine
of enemies in the ffeeld,
& neere as many prisoners tane [4]
that day were fforced to yeeld.

and Henry wins the day.

thus had our K*ing* a happy day
& victorye ou*er* ffrance;
he brought his foes vnder his ffeete [5]
that late in pride did prance.

While the fight is going on, news comes

[6] when they were at the Maine battell there
w*i*th all their might & forces, then [7]
a crye came ffrom our English tents
that we were robbed all them [8];

that the French have plundered the English tents.

for the Duke of Orleance, w*i*th a band of men,
to our English tents they came [9];
all [10] our Iewells & treasure *that* they haue taken,
& many of our boyes [11] haue slaine.

Henry orders all the French prisoners to be slain,

much greeved was K*ing* [12] Harry therat,—
this was against [13] the law of armes then,—
comands eu*er*ye souldier on paine of death
to slay eu*er*ye prisoner then. [14]

[1] This stanza not in Print.—P.
[2] [prisoner··] his, [P.]C.—P.
[3] men that day, P.C.—P.
[4] (d. P.C.)—P.
[5] them quickly under foot, P.C.—P.
[6] The Nine Stanz[s] following not in print, but instead the annexed stanza vizt.:—

The Lord preserve our noble King
And grant to him likewise
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies!—P.

[7] force and might.—P.
[8] they were robbed quite.—P.
[9] Of men unto *the*m came.—P.
[10] *And* prefixed; *Iewells &*, and *that* marked out by P.—F.
[11] all our boys, so Shakesp[r] —P.
[12] the K*ing*.—P.
[13] Being 'gainst.—P. and *then* deleted. —F.
[14] And bade y[m] slay their Prisoners
For to revenge these hurms.—P.

200000 [1] ffrenchemen our Englishmen had, — 200,000 of them.
some 2, & some had one [2];
euerye one was commanded by sound of trumpett
to slay his prisoner then.[3]

& then thé followed vpon the maine battell; — The French flee towards Paris,
the ffrenchmen thé fled then [4]
towards the citye of Paris
as fast as thé [5] might gone.

but then ther was neuer a peere with-in france [6]
of all those [7] Nobles then,
of all those worthye Disse peeres, — and no Duzeper dares meet King Harry;
durst come to *King* Harry [8] then.

but then Katherine, the *King*s fayre daughter there,[9] — but the Princess Katherine
being proued apparant his heyre,
with her maidens [10] in most sweet attire
to *King* Harry did repayre; [11]

& when shee came before our [12] *King*, — comes and asks him
shee kneeled vpon her knee,
desiring him [13] *that* his warres wold [14] cease,
& *that* [13] he her loue wold bee. — to marry her.

there-vpon our English Lords then agreed [15]
with the Peeres of ffrance then [16];
soe he Marryed Katherine, the *King*s faire daughter, — He does, and is crowned King in Paris.
& was crowned *King* in Paris then.[17]

ffins.

[1] 10,000.—P. Both *men* deleted.—F.
[2] Some one and some had two.—P.
[3] And each was bid by Trumpets sound
To slay his prisoner tho,
(or)
His Prisoner to slo.—P.
[4] anon.—P. *the*, l. 162, and *&*, *the* and *vp* of l. 161 deleted by P.—F.
[5] they.—P.
[6] Then was there never a Peer in France. Conj.—P.
Then could there not be found in France
Of their Nobles all or Some.—P.
[7] Not one of all those.—P.
[8] to K^{g} Harry come.—P.
[9] King's Daughter fair, [P.]C.—P.
[10] all—Maids.—P. *then*, l. 169, *his*, l. 170, *most*, l. 171, marked *d* by P.—F.
[11] Did to our King rep^{re}, [P.]C.—P.
[12] our.—P.
[13] *d.*—P.
[14] might.—P.
[15] Our K^{g} & — Lords.—P.
[16] Soon with the French agreed.—P.
[17] So at Paris he fair Kath^{ne} wed
And crowned was with speed.—P.

Conscience.[1]

There are two sides to Early English Literature; one gay, the other grave; one light, the other earnest: and a man who comes to the subject fresh from struggles in the cause of reform, social and political, and meets first with the grave and earnest side of our early writings, is struck with delight and surprise at finding that in the old days, too, protesters against wrong existed, and that English writers denounced from the depths of their soul, in words of sternest indignation, the oppressions and abuses from which the English poor of their days suffered. Having passed myself from those *Morning Chronicle* letters on "Labour and the Poor"—which in 1849–50 revealed so much of the sad state of our workmen,—from meetings of sweated tailors, overworked bakers, and ballast-heavers forced into drunkenness, to the pages of Roberd of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, Langlande's *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, *Piers Ploughman's Crede*, and works of like kind from 1303 to 1560,—I can bear witness to the deep impression made on me by the noble and fervent spirits of our early men, rebuking the selfish, denouncing the hard-hearted, calling down God's judgment on the oppressor; striving, in their time too, to leave the land better than they found it. As one looked backward to these sources of the river of English life, one heard a great murmur of wrong rise from the torrents' currents, one saw the stream turbid with the woes of "humble folk;" but there were never wanting voices, ordering the one to be stilled in orderly channels, and the other cleared. Further

[1] This is a satirical Allegory: and seems not very ancient, vid. St. 13, v. 4.—P.

study of our early writers did not lessen this impression: for though the bright side came, though Chaucer's living sketches portrayed all that was merriest in early days, yet still there was method in his mirth; abuses in religion and social life were exposed, none the less effectively because with a joke; and when he spoke seriously, he too declared, "Thilke that thay clepe thralles, ben Goddes people; for humble folk ben Christes frendes: thay ben contubernially with the Lord: . . . certes, extorciouns and despit of our undirlinges is dampnable." (Persones Tale, *De avaritia.*) To their honour be it said, our early writers were on the weak man's side against the strong, and did what in them lay to lessen the vice of the world. It is this which makes the lovers of them not only surprised, but indignant, at the willing and wilful ignorance in which men of our day remain with regard to them. Our moderns will not take a few days' trouble to master their language; they care little for their thoughts: but when once the readers of the nineteenth—or is it to be the twentieth?—century awake to the recognition of the fact that there *is* an Early English Literature worth studying, they will be ashamed of their countrymen's long neglect, and gladly acknowledge the value of the treasures they will find—food for all the best impulses of the human soul. So far as I know, justice has never yet been done to this spirit of our early literature by any writer on it, except the latest—Professor Morley. He, a man of mind akin with that of our old men—fresh from half a life spent in struggles for reform in health-laws, education, politics, and religion, ever backing the right and fighting the wrong—has come to the old books and said to them, not only "what were you translated or altered from, what manuscripts are there of you?" but first and mainly, "*what do you mean?* what has the spirit of your writer got to say to the spirits of me and men here now?" And the old bones (that were nothing more to so many) have taken flesh again and answered him, have stretched out their hands

and gript his as a friend's; and he has put down their answer for us in his own way in divers places of his genial and able book,[1] one of which I quote. He is speaking of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*, written on Wat Tyler's rebellion.

"In that earlier work, though written with vigour and ease in Latin, the language of literature which alone then seemed to be lasting, John Gower spoke especially and most essentially the English mind. To this day we hear among our living countrymen, as was to be heard in Gower's time and long before, the voice passing from man to man that—in spite of admixture with the thousand defects incident to human character—sustains the keynote of our literature, and speaks from the soul of our history the secret of our national success. It is the voice that expresses the persistent instinct of the English mind to find out what is unjust among us and undo it, to find out duty to be done and do it, as God's bidding. We twist religion into many a mistaken form. With thought free and opinions manifold we have run through many a trial of excess and of its answering reaction. In battle for main principles we have worked on through political and social conflicts in which often, no doubt, unworthy men rising to prominence have misused for a short time dishonest influence. But there has been no real check to the great current of national thought, the stream from which the long line of our English writers, like the trees by the fertile river-bank, derive their health and strength. We have seen how persistently that slow and earnest English labour towards God and the right was maintained for six centuries before the time of Chaucer, from the day when Cædmon struck the first note of our strain of English song with the words: 'For us it is very right that we praise with our words, love in minds, the Keeper of the Heavens, Glory King of Hosts.' It was the old spirit still in Chaucer's time that worked in the 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' and spoke through the Voice of Gower as of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' It needed not in those days that a man should be a Wicliffite to see the griefs of the Church and people, and to trace them to their root in duties unperformed. Gower's name is a native one, possibly Cymric, but derived probably in or near Kent, from the old Saxon word for marsh-

[1] *English Writers*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 106-7.

country, of which there was much about the Thames mouth, Gyrwa-land. His genius is unmixed Anglo-Saxon, closely allied to that of the literature before the Conquest, in the simple earnestness of a didactic manner leavened by no bold originality of fancy. In his Latin verse Gower writes easily, and, having his soul in his theme, forcibly. But he tells that which he knows, and invents rarely. His few inventions also, as of the dream of transformed beasts that represent Wat Tyler's rabble, of the ship of the state at sea, of his landing at an island full of turmoil which an old man described to him as Britain, are contrivances wanting in the subtlety and the audacity of true imaginative genius. He does not see as he writes, and so write that all they who read see with him. But in his own old English or Anglo-Saxon way, he tries to put his soul into his work. Thus, in the 'Vox Clamantis' we have heard him asking that the soul of his book, not its form, be looked to; and speaking the truest English in such sentences as that 'the eye is blind, and the ear deaf, that convey nothing down to the heart's depth; and the heart that does not utter what it knows is as a live coal under ashes. If I know little, there may be another whom that little will help. Poor, I give of my scanty store, for I would rather be of small use than of none. But to the man who believes in God no power is unattainable if he but rightly feels his work; he ever has enough whom God increases.' This is the old spirit of Cædmon and of Bede, in which are laid, while the earth lasts, the strong foundations of our literature. It was the strength of such a temper in him that made Gower strong. 'God knows,' he says again, 'my wish is to be useful; that is the prayer that directs my labour.' And while he thus touches the root of his country's philosophy, the form of his prayer that what he has written may be what he would wish it to be, is still a thoroughly sound definition of good English writing. His prayer is that there may be no word of untruth, and that 'each word may answer to the thing it speaks of, pleasantly and fitly; that he may flatter in it no one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God. Give me,' he asks, 'that there shall be less vice and more virtue for my speaking.'"

So far as regards the spirit of our early literature, I believe that Professor Morley is justified in every word that he has said. Granted the occasional coarseness of expressions in it to us, granted many another shortcoming, the spirit of it is noble and

worthy of honour, as its words are worthy of study, by every Englishman.

The present poem, *Conscience*, is one effort, a late one, in the strain of that "slow and earnest labour towards God and the right" of which Professor Morley speaks. Differing as it does in word and form from the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* (or *Remorse of Conscience*) which Dan Michel of North Gate, "ane brother of the cloystre of saynt Austin of Canterburi," fulfilled in the year of our lordes bearing, 1340, it has yet the same aim,

> þis boc is ywrite
> uor englisse men, þet hi wyte (may learn)
> hou hi ssolle ham-zelue ssriue,
> and maki ham klene ine þise liue.

With Richard Rolle of Hampole in 1345 (or thereabouts), its writer desires that by his *Pricke of Conscience* men may

> Be stird þar-by til ryghtwyse way,
> þat es, tille þe way of gude lyfyng,
> And at þe last be broght til gude endyng. (p. 258, l. 9611.)

With Langlande, our *Conscience* tries the Court, the Lawyers, the Landlords, the Merchants, the Clergy; and all he finds in the possession of his enemies. Covetousness, Lechery, Usury, Avarice, and Pride have their way with all; the husbandmen are left desolate so that they cannot help the poor, and Conscience is driven out to lodge in the wood, and eat hips and haws, his only comforters being Mercy, Pity, and Almsdeeds. In early times Langlande's *Conscience* fared better: he got the King on his side; stood his ground well; reproved Mede or Bribery; brought sinners to repentance, sent them seeking for truth, and remained master of the situation. (See *Langlande's Vision of Piers the Ploughman*, ed. Skeat, E. E. Text Soc. 1867, Passus 3–5.)

A contrast of the different evils complained of by reforming writers in different ages, and the comparative prominence given to each vice by each writer, could not fail to bring out the cha-

racteristics of the successive periods of our social history, and be of great interest. But though I have some material for it, want of space forbids my attempting it here. Still, the point may be illustrated by looking at the clergy's hinderers in their good work of giving, as mentioned in the present poem,

> for their wiues & their children soe hange them vpon,
> *that* whosoeu*er* giues almes deeds they will giue none,

when set beside Roberd of Brunne's complaints, in his *Handlyng Synne*, about the priest's mare or concubine, and the earlier one of the *Old English Homilies* (? about 1200 A.D.) that Mr. Richard Morris will edit, probably in 1869, for the Early English Text Society:

And oðre fele lerdemen speken alse lewede alse ure drihten seide þurh anes prophetes muðe. *Erit sicut populus sacerdos.* Prest sal leden his lif alse lewede mæn . and swo hie doð nuðe ⁊ and sumdel werse. For þe lewede man wurðeð his spuse mid cloðes more þane mid him seluen . and prest naht sis (=so his) chireche, þe is his spuse ⁊ ac his daie, þe is his hore . awlencð hire mid cloðes . more þan him seluen. Ðe chirche cloðes ben to-brokene ⁊ and calde . and his wiues shule ben hole ⁊ and newe . His alter cloð great and sole ⁊ and hire chemise smal and hwit . and te albe sol ⁊ and hire smoc hwit. Þe haued-line sward ⁊ and hire wimpel wit . oðer maked geleu mid saffran. Ðe meshakele of medeme fustain . and hire mentel grene oðer burnet. Ðe corporeals sole ⁊ and unshapliche . hire handcloðes . and hire bord cloðes maked wite and lustliche on to siene. Ðe caliz of tin ⁊ and hire nap of mazere and ring of golde. And is þe prest swo muchele forcuðere . þane þe lewede. Swo he wurðeð his hore more þan his spuse.—*Homilies in Trinity Coll. MS.* A.D. 1200.

Translation by Mr. Richard Morris.

And many other learned men speak as the unlearned, as our Lord spake through the mouth of a prophet, *Erit sicut, &c.* The priest shall lead his life as the laity; and so they do now, and somewhat worse, for the layman honoureth his spouse with clothes more than himself, and the priest not so his church, which is his spouse; but his day (maid servant), who is his whore, whom he adorneth with clothes more than himself. The church cloths are ragged and old,

and his woman's shall be whole and new. His altar cloth great (coarse) and dirty (soiled), and her chemise small and white; and the alb soiled, and her smock white; the head linen black, and her wimple (neck-cloth) white, or made yellow with saffron. The masscloth of paltry fustian, and her mantle green or burnet; the corporas soiled and badly made, her hand-cloths and her table-cloths made white and pleasant to the sight. The chalice of tin, and her cup of maser (a sort of hard wood gilded or inlaid with jewels), and her ring of gold; and so the priest is much worse than the laity for he honoureth his whore more than his spouse.

On the question of the rents asked by grasping landlords, I may quote a passage from Ascham used in the Forewords to *The Babees Boke, &c.* (E. E. T. Soc., 1868).

"He says to the Duke of Somerset on Nov. 21, 1547 (*Works*, ed. Giles, i. 140–1),

"'Qui auctores sunt tantæ miseriæ? . . . Sunt illi qui hodie passim, in Anglia, prædia monasteriorum gravissimis annuis reditibus auxerunt. Hinc omnium rerum exauctum pretium; hi homines expilant totam rempublicam. Villici et coloni universi laborant, parcunt, corradunt, ut istis satisfaciant. . . Hinc tot familiæ dissipatæ, tot domus collapsæ . . Hinc, quod omnium miserrimum est, nobile illud decus et robur Angliæ, nomen, inquam, *Yomanorum Anglorum*, fractum et collisum est. NAM VITA, QUÆ NUNC VIVITUR A PLURIMIS, NON VITA, SED MISERIA EST.'

(When will these words cease to be true of our land? They should be burnt into all our hearts.)"

Harrison, in 1577, speaks more easily about rents, and as he deals also with the question of Usury or Interest noted in our poem, I make a long quotation from his *Description of England*, a book invaluable to the student of the England of Shakespeare's days, and which I hope we shall soon reprint in the Extra Series of our Early English Text Society. Harrison is speaking of the "Three things greatlie amended in England" in his day: "(1.) Chimnies; (2.) Hard lodging; (3.) Furniture of household," and of the latter says:

The third thing they tell of, is the exchange of vessell, as of

treene platters into pewter, and woodden spoones into siluer or tin. For so common were all sorts of treéne stuffe in old time, that a man should hardlie find foure péeces of pewter (of which one was peraduenture a salt) in a good farmer's house, and yet for all this frugalitie [1] (if it may so be iustly called) they were scarse able to liue and paie their rents at their daies without selling of a cow, or an horsse, or more, although they paid but foure pounds at the vttermost by the yeare. Such also was their pouertie, that if some one od farmer or husbandman had béene at the alehouse, a thing greatlie vsed in those daies, amongst six or seuen of his neighbours, and there in a brauerie to shew what store he had, did cast downe his pursse, and therein a noble or six shillings in siluer vnto them (for few such men then cared for gold bicause it was not so readie paiment, and they were oft inforced to giue a penie for the exchange of an angell) it was verie likelie that all the rest could not laie downe so much against it: whereas in my time, although peraduenture foure pounds of old rent be improued to fortie, fiftie, or an hundred pounds, yet will the farmer (as another palme or date tree) thinke his gaines verie small toward the end of his terme, if he haue not six or seuen yeares rent lieng by him, therewith to purchase a new lease, beside a faire garnish of pewter on his cupbord, with so much more in od vessell going about the house, thrée or foure featherbeds, so manie couerlids and carpets of tapistrie, a siluer salt, a bowle for wine (if not an whole neast) and a dozzen of spoones to furnish vp the sute. This also he taketh to be his owne cléere, for what stocke of monie soeuer he gathereth & laieth vp in all his yeares, it is often séene, that the landlord will take such order with him for the same, when he renueth his lease, which is commonlie eight or six yeares before the old be expired (sith it is now growen almost to a custome, that if he come not to his lord so long before, another shall step in for a reuersion, and so defeat him out right) that it shall neuer trouble him more than the haire of his beard, when the barber hath washed and shauen it from his chin. And as they commend these, so (beside the decaie of housekeeping whereby the poore haue beene relieued) they speake also of thrée things that are growen to be verie grieuous vnto them, to wit, the inhansing of rents, latelie mentioned; the dailie oppression of copiholders, whose lords séeke to bring their poore tenants almost into plaine seruitude and miserie, daily deuising new meanes, and séeking vp all the old how to cut them shorter and

[1] The sidenote here is "This was in the time of generall idlenesse."

shorter, doubling, trebling, and now & then seuen times increasing their fines, driuing them also for euerie trifle to loose and forfeit their tenures (by whome the greatest part of the realme dooth stand and is mainteined) to the end they may fléece them yet more, which is a lamentable hering. The third thing they talke of is vsurie, a trade brought in by the Iewes, now perfectlie practised almost by euerie christian, and so commonlie, that he is accompted but for a foole that dooth lend his monie for nothing. In time past it was *Sors pro sorte*, that is, the principall onelie for the principall; but now beside that which is aboue the principall properlie called *Vsura*, we chalenge *Fœnus*, that is commoditie of soile, & fruits of the earth, if not the ground it selfe. In time past also one of the hundred was much, from thence it rose vnto two, called in Latine *Vsura*, *Ex sextante*; thrée, to wit *Ex quadrante*; then to foure, to wit *Ex triente*; then to fiue, which is *Ex quincunce*; then to six, called *Ex semisse*, &c.: as the accompt of the *Assis* ariseth, and comming at the last vnto *Vsura ex asse*, it amounteth to twelue in the hundred, and therefore the Latines call it *Centesima*, for that in the hundred moneth it doubleth the principall; but more of this elsewhere. See *Cicero* against *Verres*, *Demosthenes* against *Aphobus*, and *Athenæus lib.* 13. *in fine*: and when thou hast read them well, helpe I praie thée in lawfull maner to hang vp such as take *Centum pro cento*,[1] for they are no better worthie, as I doo iudge in conscience. Forget not also such landlords as vse to value their leases at a secret estimation giuen of the wealth and credit of the taker, whereby they séeme (as it were) to eat them vp and deale with bondmen, so that if the leassée be thought to be worth an hundred pounds, he shall paie no lesse for his new terme, or else another to enter with hard and doubtfull couenants. I am sorie to report it, much more gréeued to vnderstand of the practise; but most sorowfull of all to vnderstand that men of great port and countenance are so farre from suffering their farmers to haue anie gaine at all, that they themselues become grasiers, butchers, tanners, shéepmasters, woodmen, and *denique quid non*, thereby to inrich themselues, and bring all the wealth of the countrie into their owne hands, leauing the communaltie weake, or as an idoll with broken or féeble armes, which may in a time of peace haue a plausible shew, but when necessitie shall inforce, haue an heauie and bitter sequele.—*Holinshed*, vol. i. p. 188–189, ed. 1586.

The date of the poem I cannot pretend to fix. "The new-found land" of l. 91—

[1] "By the yeare" is the sidenote.

We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
& sett thee on shore in *the new-found land*—

cannot refer, I think, to the re-discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot, then in the service of England, on the 24th of June, 1497 (*Penny Cycl.*). The date must be later than that.

The first three stanzas of the poem, which should contain twenty-one lines, in the Manuscript (which is written without divisions) contain only eighteen lines. Mr. Skeat has sent me two arrangements of them, of which the following seems the right one:

As I walked of late by one wood side,
to god for to meditate was my entent,
where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed
a silly poore creature ragged & rent,
with bloody teares his face was besprent,
his fleshe & his color consumed away,
& his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay;

with turning & winding his bodye was toste,
* * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * *
"good lord! of my liffe depriue me, I pray,
for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name;
& I cursse my godfathers *that* gaue me the same."

this made me muse & much desire
to know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stept to him straight, and did him require
his name & his secretts to shew vnto me.
his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,
"my name," q*uo*th hee, "is the causer of my care,
& makes me scornd, & left here soe bare."—F.

As: I walked of late by one[1] wood side, — As I walked out to meditate,
[2] to god for to meditate was my entent,
where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed — I spied
a silly poore creature ragged & rent; — a poor

[1] an.—P. [2] perhaps On God.—P.

ragged creature

with bloody teares his face was besprent,
his fleshe & his color consumed away;
[1] with turning & winding his bodye was toste,
& his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay.
" good lord! of my liffe depriue me, I pray,
for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name!
[2] my name, " quoth hee, " is the causer of my care,
& I cursse my godfathers *that* gaue me the same! "

mired all over. He wished himself dead,

his name caused his trouble.

this made me muse, & much desire
to know what kind of man hee shold bee; [3]
I stept to him straight, & did him require
his name & his secretts to shew vnto me. [page 244]
his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,[4]
[" My name," quoth hee, is the causer of my care,]
& makes me scornd, & left [5] here soe bare."

I asked him to tell it me.

then straight-way he turnd him & prayd him[6] sit dow[ne]
" & I will," saithe he, " declare my whole greefe.
my name is called Conscience;" wheratt he did fro[wne]
he pined to repeate it, & grinded his teethe.
.[7]

He said his name was *Conscience*.

When young

for while I was young & tender of yeeres,
I was entertained with *Kings*[8] & with Peeres,

[1] This verse is redundant.—P.

[2] To come in below.—P.

[3] Percy, in his *Reliques*, omits three of these lines, and transfers line 11 to line 18, where it must be, at least, repeated, without notice to the reader. The bishop warns his readers in his second and later editions that some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected, but not without notice to the reader, where it was necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.' He must have therefore thought the omission of lines 9, 10, and 12, a correction not necessary to be noticed.—F.

[4] The verse
["my name" quoth hee, " is the causer of my care,"]
to come in here.—P.

[5] The *f* is like an *f* in the MS.—F.

[6] me.—P.

[7] Thoughe now silly wretche, I'm deny'd all relief,
Yet . . .—*Reliques*.

[8] kinges.—*Rel.*

" there was none in all [1] the court *that* liued in such fame ; he was honoured
for with the *King*s councell he sate [2] in Commission ;
Dukes Erles & Barrons esteemed of my name ; by Dukes
& how *that* I liued there needs no repetition ;
I was eu*er* holden in honest condition ;
for howsoeu*er* the lawes went in westminster hall, and in Law Courts.
when sentence was giuen, for me thé wold [3] call.

" noe Incombes [4] at all the landlord wold take, Landlords obeyed him ;
but one pore peny, *that* was their fine,
& *that* they acknowledged to be for my sake ;
the poore wold doe nothing without councell mine ; the poor,
I ruld the world with the right line ; the world,
for nothing *that* was [5] passed betweene foe & freind,
but Conscience was called to bee at an [6] end.

" noe Merchandize nor bargaines the Merchants wold ma[ke], and merchants.
but I was called a wittenesse therto ; No usury was practised.
no vse [7] for noe mony, nor forfett wold take,
but I wold controwle them if *that* they did soe ;
that makes me liue now in great woe,
for then came in pride, Sathans disciple, " Then came in Pride,
that now is [8] entertaind with [9] all kind of people ;

he brought with him 3, whose names they be these, [10] Covetousness, Lechery, and Usury who overthrew me.
that is couetousnes, Lecherye, vsury, [11] beside ;
they neu*er* p*re*uailed till they had [12] wrought my downe-fall.

[1] *all* omitted.—*Rel.*
[2] I sate.—P.
[3] they wold.—P.
[4] Incomes.—P.
[5] (that was) seem redundant.—P.
[6] the.—P.
[7] interest.—F.
[8] is now.—*Rel.*
[9] of.—P.
[10] thus they call.—*Rel.*
[11] '& pride' was added here in the MS., then struck out with a heavy ink stroke, the acid of which has eaten the paper away.—F.
[12] *had* omitted.—*Rel.*

soe pride was entertained, but Conscience was deride.[1]

I tried abroad,

yet st[i]ll[2] abroad haue[3] I tryed
to haue had entertainment with some one or other,
but I am reiected & scorned of my brother.

then the Court;

"then went I to the[4] court, the gallants to winn,
but the porter kept me out of the gates.

but was told to pack off to St. Bartholomew's.

to Bartlwew[5] spittle, to pray for my sinnes,[6]
they bad[7] me goe packe me; it was fitt for my state;
"goe, goe, threed-bare conscience, & seeke thee a mate!"
good Lord! long preserue my King, Pirince, & Queene,
with whom euer more I haue esteemed[8] beene!

Next I tried London, but they

"then went I to london, where once I did wonne,[9]
but they bade away with me when thé knew my namé;
"for he will vndoe vs to bye & to sell,"

sent me off too.

they bade me goe packe me, & hye me for shame,
they lought at my raggs, & there had good game;
"this is old threed-bare Conscience *that* dwelt with St. Peete[r];
but they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.

I spent my last penny in an awl and patches to cobble shoes,

"not one wold receiue me, the Lord god doth know.
I, hauing but one poore pennye in my pursse,
of an aule[10] & some patches I did it bestow;
I thought better to[11] cobble shooes then to doe worsse.

[1] perhaps decried.—P.
[2] now ever since.—*Rel.*
[3] Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.
[4] *the* omitted.—*Rel.*
[5] Bartlemew.—*Rel.*
[6] Sin.—P.
[7] *me* omitted in 1st edn, restored in 2nd.—*Rel.*
[8] esteemed I've.—P. I *ever* esteemed have.—*Rel.*
[9] perhaps dwell. (*idem*)—P. dwell. *Rel.*
[10] On an awl.—P.
[11] For I thought better.—*Rel.*

straight then all they [1] Coblers they began to cursse, but the cobblers
& by statute *thé* wold proue me [2] I was a rouge & whipt me out of the town.
forlor[ne,]
& they whipt [3] me out of towne to see [4] where I was
borne.

"then did I remember & call to my minde
they court [5] of conscience where once I did sit, I tried the Court of Conscience,
not doubting but there some favor I shold find,
for [6] my name & the place agreed soe fitt.
but therof my [7] purpose I fayled a whitt,
for the [8] iudge did vse my name in eu*er*ye condic*i*on [9] but there the lawyers wheedled me out.
for Lawyers with their qu[i]lletts [10] wold get a [11]
dismission.

"then westminster hall was noe place for me ; Then I went to Westminster Hall, and the lawyers
good god ! [12] how the Lawyers began to assemblee ;
& fearfull they were lest there I shold be !
the silly poore clarkes began to tremblee ; [13]
I showed them my cause, & did not dissemble.
soe then they gaue me some mony my charges to beare, gave me money,
but they [14] swore me on a booke I must neu*er* come there. but made me swear to go.

"then [15] the Merchants said, 'counterfeite, get thee The merchants too rejected me,
away,
dost thou remember how wee thee found ? [16]
we banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
& sett thee on shore in the new-found land,[17]

[1] the.—P.
[2] (I was) *delend.*—P.
[3] And whipp.—*Rel.*
[4] seeke.—*Rel.*
[5] The court.—P.
[6] Sith.—*Rel.*
[7] there of my.—P. sure of my.—*Rel.*
[8] usd.—*Rel.*
[9] For tho'—comission.—P.
[10] The Lawyers—quillets.—P.
[11] my.—*Rel.*
[12] lord.—*Rel.*
[13] tremble.—*Rel.*
[14] *they* omitted.—*Rel.*
[15] Next.—*Rel.*
[16] fond.—*Rel.*
[17] lond.—P. land.—*Rel.*

92 & there thow & wee most freindly shook hands ;[1]
& we were verry[2] glad when thou did refuse vs,
for when we wold reape *pr*offitt heere[3] thou wold[4]
accuse vs.'

so I had to go to Gentlemen'shouses, and tell them I had made their forefathers grant just leases.

"then had I noe way but for to goe an[5]
96 to gentlemens houses of an ancyent name,
declaring my greeffes; & there I made moane, [page 245]
& [6] how there[7] forfathers had held me in fame,
& in letting of their ffarmes I alwayes vsed the same.[8]

They cursed me.

100 thé sayd, "fye vpon thee! we may thee cursse!
they haue leases[9] continue, & we fare the worsse."

At last I was driven to husbandmen; but landlords had left them nothing to give away;

"& then I was forced a begging to goe
to husbandsmens houses; who greeved right sore,
104 who sware *that* their Landlords had plaged them so
sore[10]
that they were not able to keepe open doore,
nor nothing thé[11] had left to giue to the pore.

so I am in this wood, and eat hips and haws,

therfore to this wood I doe repayre
108 with hepps & hawes; *that* is my best fare.

but am comforted by Mercy, Pity, and Almsdeeds."

"& yet within this same desert some comfort I haue
of Mercy, of pittye, & of almes-deeds,
who haue vowed to company me to my[12] graue.
112 wee are ill[13] put to silence, & liue vpon weeds;[14]
.
our banishment is their vtter decay,
the w*hi*ch the rich glutton will answer one day."

[1] hond.—P.
[2] right.—*Rel.*
[3] *proffitt heere* omitted.—*Rel.*
[4] woldst.—*Rel.*
[5] on.—*Rel.*
[6] Telling.—*Rel.*
[7] their.—P.
[8] And at letting their farmes how always I came.—*Rel.*
[9] their leases, i.e. the indulgent Leases let by our forefathers.—P.
[10] soe.—*Rel.*
[11] (the) redund*ant*.—P.
[12] *ny* in the MS.—F.
[13] all.—*Rel.*
[14] and hence such cold housekeeping proceeds.—*Rel.*

'why then," I said to him, "methinkes it were best
to goe to the Clergee; for dealye [1] thé preach
eche man to loue you aboue all the rest;
of mercy & of Pittie & of almes they doe [2] teach."
"O," said he, "no matter of a pin what they doe preach,
for their wiues & their children soe hangs them vpon,
that whosoeu*er* giues almes deeds [3] they will [4] giue none."

"Go to the Clergy," said I.

It'd be no good; their wives and children stop their giving.

then Laid he him downe, & turned him away,
prayd [5] me to goe & leaue him to rest,
I told him I might happen to [6] see the day
to haue [7] him & his fellowes to liue with the best;
[8] "first," said hee, "you must banish pride, & then all England were blest,[9]
& [10] then those wold loue vs *that* now sells [11] their lands, [12]
& then good houses eu*er*ye where wold be kept [13] out of hand."

Banish Pride; then England will be blest.

ffins.

[1] daily.—P.
[2] *doe* omitted.—*Rel.*
[3] *deeds* omitted.—*Rel.*
[4] It ought in justice and Truth to be "CAN."—P.
[5] And prayd.—*Rel.*
[6] haplie might yet.—*Rel.*
[7] For.—*Rel.*
[8] This line written as two in the MS. —F.
[9] First said he, banish Pryde: Then all Engl*a*nd were blest.—P. These make two lines in the MS.—F.
[10] For.—*Rel.*
[11] sell.—*Rel.*
[12] land.—P.
[13] house-keeping wold revive.—*Rel.*

Durham ffeilde.[1]

Says Shakespeare's Henry V.:

> You shall read, that my grandfather
> Never went with his forces into France,
> But that the Scot on his unfurnisht kingdom
> Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
> With ample and brim-fullness of his force;
> Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
> Girdling, with grievous siege, castles and towns,
> That England being empty of defence
> Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Perhaps the best account of the expedition celebrated in the following ballad is given by Fordun. "The local accuracy," observes Surtees, "with which Fordun describes the advance of the English army from Auckland, ... infers that his account must have been received from eye-witnesses." Other accounts are furnished by Knighton, Walsingham, Froissart. Harl MS. No. 4843 contains an ancient monkish poem on it.

The confidence of the Scotch King is amusingly represented in the First Part of the ballad.

Oddly enough, nothing is said of the Queen, who, though probably Froissart exaggerates the part she played, yet was certainly not remote from the scene of the conflict. One would have expected her presence to have been made much of by the ballad-writer.

John Copeland, who captured the King, was a Northumbrian esquire. He was afterwards Governor of Berwick and Sheriff of Northumberland.

[1] Fought Oct^r 17, 1346, at St. Nevil's Cross, near Durham. "An excellent" [*half scratched out*].—P.
Old Ballad. The Subject is the inrode (*sic*) into England by the Scotts, & the taking of their King, while Edward 3^d was in France.—P.

LORDINGES, listen, & hold yo[u] [1] still ; Listen,
hearken to me a litle ;
I shall you tell of the fairest battell and I'll tell you of a fair battle.
that eue*r* in England beffell.

for as it befell in Edward the 3^{ds} dayes,[2] When Edward III. was king,
in England, where he ware the crowne,
then all the cheefe chiualry of England all his knights
they busked [3] & made them bowne [4] ;

they chosen all the best archers and archers
that in England might be found,
and all was to fight with the K*ing* of ffrance went to fight the French.
within a litle stounde.[5]

and when our K*ing* was oue*r* the water,
and on the salt sea gone,
then tydings into Scotland came Then the Scotch hear
that all England was gone ;

bowes and arrowes they were all forth, that no men are left in England
at home was not left a man [6]
but shepards and Millers both, but millers and priests.
& preists with shauen crownes.

then the K*ing* of Scotts in a study stood, The Scotch king
as he was a man of great might ;
he sware 'he wold hold his Parlam*ent* in leeue [7] swears he'll ride to London.
London
if he cold ryde there right.'

[1] ? MS. ; it may be *yo.*—F.
[2] when Ed*ward* the 3^{d} —P.
[3] See P. 397, st. 46. (of MS.)—P.
[4] *bowne*, paratus, L.—P.
[5] *Stound*, signum, momentum, spatium, hora, tempus. Lye.—P.
[6] mon.—P. See vol. i. p. 217, l. 109. —F.
[7] Leeve, perhaps the same as leef, lief, leif, dear, beloved—A.-S. *leofa*, *belg. lief*. Teut. *lieb*, charus, amicus, gratus. Gloss^{y} to Gaw^{n} Douglas.—P.

A squire then bespake a Sq*uier* of Scottland borne,
& sayd, "my leege, apace,
tells him he'll rue his resolve, before you come to leeue London
full sore youle rue *that* race!

"ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,
husbandmen stiffe & strong;
sharpes swords they done weare,
bearen bowes & arrowes longe."

for which the King the *King* was angrye at that word,
a long sword out hee drew,
and there befor his royall companye
kills him, his owne squier hee slew.

so no one else dares say a word. hard hansell had the Scottes *that* day
that wrought them woe enoughe,
for then durst not a Scott speake a word
ffor hanging att a boughe. [page 246]

James tells the Earl of Angus to lead the van, "the Earle of Anguish,[1] where art thou?
in my coate armor[2] thou shalt bee,
and thou shalt lead the forward[3]
thorrow the English countrye.

"take thy[4] yorke," then sayd the *King*,
"in stead wheras it doth stand;
and promises him Northumberland. Ile make thy eldest sonne after thee
heyre of all Northumberland.

To the Earl of Buchan he promises Derbyshire; "the Earle[5] of Vaughan,[6] where be yee?
in my coate armor thou shalt bee;
the high Peak & darbyshire
I giue it thee to thy fee."

[1] Earl of Angus.—P.
[2] Cote-Armour. A name applied to the tabard by Chaucer and others. Fairholt.—F.
[3] vaward.—P. There is a tag to the *d* in the MS.—F.
[4] thee, i. e. to thee.—P.
[5] The *l* is made over an *e*.—F.
[6] It should be Baughan, i. e. Buchan. —P.

then came in famous Douglas,
 saies, "what shall my meede bee?
& Ile lead the vawward,[1] Lord,
 thorow the English countrye."

to Douglas,

"take thee Worster," sayd the *King*,
 "Tuxburye,[2] Killingworth, Burton vpon trent;
doe thou not say another day
 but I haue giuen thee lands and rent.

Worcester;

"Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee?
 a wise man in this warr!
Ile giue thee Bristow & the shire
 the time *that* wee come there.

to Sir Richard of Edinburgh,

Bristol and its shire;

"my Lord Nevill, where beene yee?
 you must in this warres bee!
Ile giue thee Shrewsburye," saies the *King*,
 "and Couentrye faire & free.

to Lord Nevill,

Shrewsbury and Coventry;

"my Lord of Hambleton, where art thou?
 thou art of my kin full nye;
Ile giue thee lincolne & Lincolneshire,
 & *that*s enouge for thee."

to Lord Hambleton,

Lincolnshire.

by then came in W*illia*m Douglas
 as breeme[3] as any bore;
he kneeled him downe vpon his knees,
 in his hart he sighed sore,

William Douglas

saies, "I haue serued you, my louelye leege,
 this 30 winters and 4,
& in the Marches[4] betweene England & Scottland
 I haue beene wounded & beaten sore;

reminds the King of his long services,

[1] i. e. the Van, the Vanguard. Fr. avant-guarde. L.—P.
[2] qu. MS.—F.
[3] breme, ferox, atrox, cruel, sharp, severe. Lye.—P.
[4] Marches, confinia, limites, alicujus territorii: refer ad *Mark* Scotis. *March*, a landmark, &c. Vid. Lye, ad Jun.—P.

and asks what his reward is to be.

"for all the good service *that* I haue done,
what shall my meed bee ?
& I will lead the vanward
thorrow the English countrye."

"Whatever you ask," answers James. "Then I ask for London."

"aske on, douglas," said the King,
"& granted it shall bee."
"why then, I aske litle London," saies Will*iam* Douglas,
"gotten giff *that* it bee."

James refuses that,

the K*ing* was wrath, and rose away,
saies, "nay, *that* cannot bee !
for *that* I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,
gotten if it bee ;

but gives Douglas N. Wales and Cheshire,

"but take thee North wales & weschaster,
the cuntrye all round about,
& rewarded thou shalt bee,
of *that* take thou noe doubt."

makes 100 new knights

5 score k*nights* he made on a day,
& dubbd them with his hands ;
rewarded them right worthilye

and gives them the English towns.

with the townes in merry England.

They make ready for battle,

& when the fresh k*nights* they were made,
to battell thé buske them bowne ;[1]
Iames Douglas went before,
& he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.

but the English Commons meet them, and let none escape ;

but thé were mett in a morning of May
with the com*m*inaltye of litle England ;
but there scaped neu*er* a man away
through the might of christes hand,

[1] See Page 397, st. 46 [of MS.].—P.

but all onely Iames Douglas ; except Douglas,
in Durham in the ffeild
an arrow stroke him in the thye. who is wounded and flees to the King.
fast flinge[s he] towards the *King*.

the *King* looked toward litle Durham,
saies, "all things is not well!
for Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,
the head of it is of steele.

"how now Iames?" then said the *King*, James asks where his men are.
"how now, how may this bee?
& where beene all thy merrymen
That thou tooke hence with thee?" [page 247]

"but cease, my *King*," saies Iames [1] Douglas,
"aliue is not left a man!" All dead.
"now by my faith," saies the *King* of scottes, James vows
"*that* gate [2] was euill gone ;

"but Ile reuenge thy quarrell well, revenge ;
& of *that* thou may be faine ;
for one Scott will beate 5 Englishmen one Scot is a match for five English.
if thé meeten them on the plaine."

"now hold your tounge," saies Iames Douglas, "No," says Douglas,
"for in faith *that* is not soe ;
for one English man is worth 5 Scotts "one Englishman is worth five Scots ;
when they meeten together thoe ;

"for they are as Egar men to fight
as a faulcon vpon a pray.
alas! if euer thé winne the vanward, they let no one escape alive."
there scapes noe man away."

[1] *Ianes* in the MS.—F.
[2] gate, *via* a way : march or walk. Lye.—P.

"O peace thy talking," said the *King*,
"they bee but English knaues,
but shepards & Millers both,
& [mass] preists with their staues."

A herald reports to James

the *King* sent forth one of his heralds of armes
to vew the Englishmen.

that he has ten to the English one,

"be of good cheere," the herald said,
"for against one wee bee ten."

"who leades those Ladds?" said the *King* of Scottes,
"thou herald, tell thou mee."

whom the Bishop of Durham leads.

the herald said, "the Bishopp of Durham
is captaine of *that* companye;

for the Bishopp hath spred the *King*s banner
& to battell he buskes him bowne."
"I sweare by St. Andrewes bones," saies the *King*,
"Ile rapp *that* preist on the crowne!"

[Part II.]

James sees

Lord Percy in the field.

2d part

The *King* looked towards litle Durham,
& *that* hee well beheld,
that the Earle Percy was well armed,
with his battell axe entred the feild.

the *King* looket againe towards litle Durham,
4 ancyents there see hee;
there were to standards, 6 in a valley,
he cold not see them with his eye.

There, too, are Lords York, Carlisle, and two Fitzwilliams.

My Lord of yorke was one of them,
my lord of Carlile was the other;
& my Lord ffluwilliams,
the one came with the other.

the Bishopp of Durham commanded his men, The Bishop
& shortlye he them bade,
'*that* neuer a man shold goe to the feild to fight orders all his men
till he had serued his god.' to hear mass.

500 preists said masse *that* day 500 priests say it,
in durham in the feild;
& afterwards, as I hard say, and then take arms,
they bare both speare & sheeld.

the Bishopp of Durham [1] orders himselfe to fight as does the Bishop.
with his battell axe in his hand;
he said, "this day now I will fight
as long as I can stand!"

"& soe will I," sayd my Lord of Carlile, Carlisle
"in this faire morning gay;"
"& soe will I," said my Lord ffluwilliams, and the Fitzwilliams swear to fight.
"for Mary, *that* myld may."

our English archers bent their bowes Our archers first
shortlye and anon,
they shott ouer the Scottish Oast shoot too high.
& scantlye [2] toucht a man.

"hold downe your hands," sayd the Bishopp of Durham, The Bishop orders them to shoot low.
"my archers good & true."
the 2d shoote *that* thé shott, They do, and punish the Scots,
full sore the Scottes itt rue.

the Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye
that both partyes might heare,
"be of good cheere, my merrymen all,
the Scotts flyen, & changen there cheere!"

[1] Durhan in MS.—F. [2] scantly, scarcely.—P.

but as thé saidden, soe thé didden,
they fell on heapes hye;
our Englishmen laid on with their bowes
as fast as they might dree.

who fall in heaps.

King James is shot through the nose,

[1] The *King* of Scotts in a studye stood [page 248]
amongst his companye,
an arrow stoke him thorrow the nose
& thorrow his armorye.

gets off his horse,

the *King* went to a marsh side
& light beside his steede,
he leaned him downe on his sword hilts
to let his nose bleede.

and is summoned to yield by an English yeoman, Copland.

there followed him a yeaman of merry England,
his name was Iohn of Coplande:
"yeeld thee Traytor!" saies Coplande then,
"thy liffe lyes in my hand."

James refuses,

"how shold I yeeld me?" sayes the *King*,
"& thou art noe gentleman."
"noe, by my troth," sayes Copland there,
"I am but a poore yeaman;

"what art thou better then I, Sir *King*?
tell me if that thou can!
what art thou better then I, Sir *King*,
now we be but man to man?"

and strikes at Copland,

who floors him,

the *King* smote angerly at Copland then,
angerly in that stonde [2];
& then Copland was a bold yeaman,
& bore the *King* to the ground.

[1] Here a short leaf is inserted in the MS. in a more modern hand, Percy's late upright hand, differing from the early small one of most of his notes.—F.

[2] stound.—? Percy.

he sett the *King* upon a Palfrey, — puts him on a palfrey,
himselfe upon a steede,
he tooke him by the bridle rayne, — and takes him to London,
towards London he can him Lead.

& when to London *that* he came, — where King Edward is.
the *King* from ffrance was new come home,
& there unto the *King* of Scottes
he sayd these words anon,

"how like you my shepards & my millers, — Edward asks James how he likes his millers and priests. "They're the hardest fighters I ever met."
my priests with shaven crownes?"
"by my fayth, they are the sorest fighting men
that ever I mett on the ground;

"there was never a yeaman in merry England
but he was worth a Scottish k*night*!"
"I, by my troth," said *King* Edward, & laughe,
"for you fought all against the right."

but now the Prince of merry England
worthilye under his Sheelde
hath taken the *King* of ffrance — The King of France is also taken at Poictiers
at Poytiers in the ffeelde.

the Prince did *p*resent his father with *that* food,[1] — by the Black Prince,
the louely *King* off ffrance,
& fforward of his Iourney he is gone:
god send us all good chance!

"you are welcome, brothers!" sayd the *King* of Scotts, — and both he and the Scotch King
to *the* *King* of ffrance,
"for I am come hither to soone;
Christ leeve *that* I had taken my way
unto the court of Roome!"

[1] feod or feodary.—P. Person: see note [2], p. 456, vol. i.—F.

wish they had kept out of England.

"& soe wold I," said the *King* of ffrance,
"when I came over the streame,
that I had taken my Iourney
unto Ierusalem."

Durham Field,

Thus ends the battell of ffaire Durham [page 249]
in one morning of may,

Cressy, and Poictiers, all won in a month!

the battell of Cressey, & *the* battle of Potyers,
All within one monthes day.

Then was wealth and mirth in England,

then was welthe & welfare in mery England,
Solaces, game, & glee,
& every man loved other well,

and the King loved the yeomanry!

& the *King* loved good yeomanrye.

but God *that* made the grasse to growe,
& leaves on greenwoode tree,

God save him, and the yeomen too!

now save & keepe our noble *King*,
& maintaine good yeomanry! ffinis.[1]

[1] (*Pencil note in Percy's late hand.*) "This & 2 following Leaves being unfortunately torn out, in sending the subsequent piece [King Estmere] to the Press, the conclusion of the preceding ballad has been carefully transcribed; and indeed the fragments of the other Leaves ought to have been so."

The loss of *King Estmere* is much to be lamented. It was, perhaps, the best ballad in the Manuscript. Percy says in the 2nd edition of the *Reliques*, p. 59, that "this old Romantic Legend.. is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS."; but we have not been able to find the second copy. It is not in the other small MS. in the possession of the Bishop's descendants now. It is evident at a glance that Percy must have touched up the ballad somewhat, as in line 4 he has *y-were*, were, for a perfect tense, *y* being the past participle prefix; and a comparison of the first three editions with the 4th shows what liberties he took with the (supposed) text of the MS. Some of these will be pointed out in a note at the end of this volume. The thing to be noticed here is that Percy must have deliberately and unnecessarily torn three leaves out of his MS. when preparing his 4th edition for the Press, and after he had learnt—to use his own words—*to reverence* the MS. These leaves were in the MS. till that time, as he says in his note on "Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." As the differences of the fourth from the other editions, after v. 253, are only in spelling *louked*, 'looked,' and *wyfe*, 'wiffe,' we must take the latter part of Percy's sentence to apply to the whole ballad. By tearing out the leaves he has prevented us from knowing the extent of his large changes, and has sacrificed not only the original of the whole of *King Estmere* but also the first 22 (or more or less) stanzas of *Guy and Phillis*, of which his version is printed in the *Reliques* iii. 143, 4th ed., and Child's *Ballads* i. 63–6. I calculate Percy's additions to *Estmere* and the lost part of *Guy* at 40 lines.—F.

Guy & Phillis.[1]

[A fragment.]

[See the General Introduction to all the Guy Poems in *Guy & Colebrande* below. The beginning of this Poem was on one of the torn-out leaves of the MS.]

In winsor fforrest I did slay [page 254] In Windsor Forest I
a bore of passing might & strenght,[2] slew a big boar,
whose like in England neu*er* was
for hugnesse, both for breadth & lenght;

some of his bones in warwicke yett some of whose bones are in Warwick Castle
*w*ithin the Castle there doth[3] Lye;
one of his sheeld bones to this day
doth hang in the Citye of Couentrye. and Coventry.

on Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe On Dunsmore Heath I slew
a mightye wyld & cruell beast
calld the Duncow of Dunsmore heath, the Dun Cow,
w*hi*ch many people had opprest;

some of her bones in warwicke yett whose bones are also in Warwick.
there for a monument doth[4] lye,
w*hi*ch vnto euery lookers veue
as wonderous strange they may espye.

another dragon in this Land Another Dragon I also slew,
in fight I alsoe did destroye,
who did bothe men & beasts opresse,
& all the countrye sore anoye;

& then to warwicke came againe and then came back to Warwick,
like Pilgrim poore, & was not knowen;
& there I liued a Hermitts liffe and lived a hermit's life,
a mile & more out of the towne;

[1] Title written in by P.—F. [2] stremght in the MS.—F. [3] do.—P. [4] do.—P.

in a cave cut out of a rock,

where with my hands I hewed a house
out of a craggy rocke of stone,
& liued like a palmer poore
within the caue my selfe alone;

and begged my food at my own castle of my wife.

& daylye came to begg my foode
of Phillis att my castle gate,
not knowing[1] to my loued wiffe,
who daylye moned for her mate;

At last I fell sick,

till att the last I fell soe sicke,
yea, sicke soe sore *that* I must dye.

sent her a ring,

I sent to her a ring of gold
by which shee knew me presentlye;

and she closed my dying eyes.

then shee, repairing to the graue,
befor *that* I gaue vp the ghost
shee closed vp my dying eyes,
my Phillis faire, whom I loued most.

I died like a palmer to save my soul.

thus dreadfull death did me arrest,
to bring my corpes vnto the graue;
& like a palmer dyed I,
wherby I sought my soule to saue.

You may see my statue now.

tho now it be consumed to mold,
my body *that* endured this toyle,
my stature ingrauen in Mold
this present time you may behold.

ffins.

[1] knowen.—P.

John : a : Side.

The rescue of a prisoner was a favourite subject with the ballad-makers of the Borders. There are in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* "no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different, that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others." These three are *Jock o' the Side*, *Kinmont Willie*, and *Archie of Ca'field*. The ballad here given for the first time is vitally the same with *Jock o' the Side*. The persons are partly changed: Sybill o' the Side takes the place of the Lady Downie of Scott's ballad; Much the Miller's Son answers to the Laird's Saft Wat, though as the Folio copy does not give the names of the five who accompany Hobbie Noble, the Laird's Saft Wat may have been one of them. The incidents differ very slightly: as at Culerton or Cholerford, when the rescuers are going and returning, at Newcastle where the *Minstrelsy* copy brings in "a proud porter" to be duly made away with, at the gaol on the way back, where that same copy gives the banter with which the heavy-ironed prisoner was assailed by his triumphant friends. The Folio copy is a very fresh, valuable version of the ballad.

"The reality of this story," says Scott, "rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Margertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland:

He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde.
A greater theif did never ryde;
He never tyris
For to brek byris,
Our muir and myris
Ouir gude and guide.

PEETER a whifeild [1] he hath slaine;
& Iohn a side, he is tane;
& Iohn is bound both hand & foote,
& to the New-castle he is gone.

John-a-Side is taken, and sent prisoner to Newcastle.

but Tydinges came to the Sybill o the side,
by the water side as shee rann;
shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,
& fast shee runn to Mangerton.

His mother, Sybill, tells Lord Mangerton.

.
the Lord was sett downe at his meate;
when these tydings shee did him tell,
neuer a Morsell might he eate.

but lords thé wrunge their fingars white,
Ladyes did pull themselues by the haire,
crying "alas and weladay!
for Iohn o the side wee shall neuer see more [2]!

Lords and Ladies lament,

"but weele goe sell our droues of Kine,
& after them our oxen sell,
& after them our troopes of sheepe,
but wee will loose him out of the New-castell."

and vow to lose their all or rescue him.

but then bespake him hobby noble,
& spoke these words wonderous hye,
sayes "giue me 5 men to my selfe,
& Ile feitch Iohn o the side to thee."

Hobby Noble offers to fetch John, with five men.

[page 255]

[1] ? The first *i* may be *t*.—F. [2] maire.—P.

"yea, thoust haue 5, hobby noble,
of the best *that* are in this countrye!
Ile giue thee 5000, hobby Noble,
that walke in Tyuidale trulye." — The lord promises 5000;

"nay, Ile haue but 5," saies hobby Noble, — but Hobby will only have five,
"*that* shall walke away with mee;
wee will ryde like noe men of warr;
but like poore badgers[1] wee wilbe." — dressed as corn-dealers.

they stuffet vp all their baggs with straw,
& their steeds barefoot must bee;
"come on my bretheren," sayes hobby noble, — They start,
"come on your wayes, & goe with mee."

& when they came to Culerton[2] ford,
the water was vp, they cold it not goe; — but at Culerton Ford find the water up.
& then they were ware of a good old man,
how his boy & hee were at the plowe.

"but stand you still," sayes hobby noble, — Hobby
"stand you still heere at this shore,
& I will ryde to yonder old man, — asks an old man
& see were the gate[3] it Lyes ore.

"but christ you saue, father," Quoth hee,
"crist both you saue and see!
where is the way ouer this fford? — the way over the ford.
for christs sake tell itt mee!"

"but I haue dwelled heere 3 score yeere, — The old man won't tell it.
soe haue I done 3 score and 3;
I neuer sawe man nor horsse goe ore
except itt were a horse of 3.[4]"

[1] corn-dealers, Fr. *bladiers*.—F.
[2] Challerton, probably.—P.
[3] way, ford.—F.
[4] Tree, qu.—P.

Hobby tells him to go to the devil,

52 "but fare thou well, thou good old man;
the devill in hell I leave with thee!
noe better comfort heere this night
thow giues my bretheren heere & me."

and rides back to his mates.

56 but when he came to his brether againe,
& told this tydings full of woe,
& then they found a well good gate
They find the ford, they might ryde ore by 2 and 2.

and get safe over,

60 and when they were come ouer the fforde,
all safe gotten att the last,
"thankes be to god!" sayes hobby nobble,
"the worst of our perill is past."

64 & then they came into HOWBRAME wood,
& there then they found a tree,
cut down a tree, 33 ft. high, & cutt itt downe then by the roote;
the lenght was 30 ffoote and 3.

68 & 4 of them did take the planke
as light as it had beene a fflee,
carry it to John-a-Side's prison, & carryed itt to the Newcastle
where as Iohn a side did lye;

72 & some did climbe vp by the walls,
& some did climbe vp by[1] the tree,
and climb up to where he is lamenting his fate. vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle
where Iohn made his moane trulye:

He takes leave of his mother Sybill,

76 he sayd, "god be with thee, Sybill o the side!
my owne mother thou art," Quoth hee,
"if thou knew this knight[2] I were here,
a woe woman then woldest thou bee!

[1] MS. eaten through by ink.—F. [2] night.—P.

"& fare you well, Lord Mangerton! of Lord Mangerton,
& euer I say 'god be with thee!'
for if you knew this night I were heere,
you wold sell your land for to loose mee.

"& fare thou well, Much Millers sonne! of Much the Miller's son,
Much Millars sonne, I say;
thou has beene better att Merke midnight
then euer thou was att noone o the day.

"& fare thou well, my good Lord Clough! and of Lord Clough;
thou art thy ffathers sonne & heire;
thou neuer saw him [1] in all thy liffe,
but with him durst thou breake a speare.

"wee are brothers childer 9: or :10: and boasts that his family is large and brave.
& sisters children 10: or :11:
we neuer come to the feild to fight,
but the worst of us was counted a man."

but then bespake him hobynoble, Hobby tells him
& spake these words vnto him,
saies, "sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the side,
or art thou this castle within?"

"But who is there," Quoth Iohn oth side, [page 256]
"*that* knowes my name soe right & free?"
"I am a bastard brother of thine; he has come to free him.
this night I am comen for to loose thee."

"now nay, now nay," quoth Iohn othe side; I fear not, says John;
"itt ffeares me sore *that* will not bee;
ffor a pecke of gold & silver," Iohn sayd,
"infaith this night will not loose mee."

[1] man.—F.

but Hobby

but then bespake him hobby Noble,
& till his brother thus sayd hee,

says his four can do it.

sayes, "4 shall take this matter in hand,
and 2 shall tent our geldings ffree."

for 4 did breake one dore without,
then Iohn brake 5 himsell;

They break five doors, and get to the iron one.

but when they came to the Iron dore,
it smote 12 vpon the bell.

Much fears they'll be taken.

"itt ffeares me sore," sayd much the Miller,
"*that* heere taken wee all shalbee."
"but goe away, bretheren," sayd Iohn a side,
"for eu*er*, alas! this will not bee."

Hobby reproaches him,

"but ffye vpon thee!" sayd Hobby Noble;
"Much the Miller! fye vpon thee!
"it sore feares me," said Hobby Noble,
"man *that* thou wilt neu*er* bee."

files down the iron door, takes John out,

but then he had fflanders files 2 or 3,
& hee fyled downe *that* Iron dore,
& tooke Iohn out of the New-castle,
& sayd "looke thou neu*er* come heere more!"

when he had him fforth of the Newcastle,
"away w*i*th me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde."
but eu*er* alas! itt cold not bee;
for Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.

wraps sheets round his chains,

and sets him on a horse

but then he had sheets 2 or 3,
& bound Iohns boults fast to his ffeete,
& sett him on a well good steede,
himselfe on another by him seete.

then Hobby Noble smiled & louge,[1]
& spoke these words in mickle pryde,
"thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge
that, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde."

woman-fashion.

& when they came thorrow HOWBRAME towne,
Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone ;[2]
"out & alas !" cryed much the Miller,
"Iohn, thoule make vs all be tane."

Much the Miller gets into another fright,

"but fye vpon thee!" saies Hobby Noble,
"much the Millar, fye on thee !
I know full well," sayes Hobby Noble,
"man *that* thou wilt neu*er* bee !"

and is again snubbed by Hobby Noble,

& when thé came into HOWBRAME wood,
he had fflanders files 2 or 3
to file Iohns bolts beside his ffeete,
that hee might ryde more easilye.

who files off John's chains from his feet.

sayes Iohn, "Now leape ou*er* a steede,"
& Iohn then hee lope ou*er* 5 :
"I know well," sayes Hobby Noble,
"Iohn, thy ffellow is not aliue !"

Thereupon John leaps over five horses,

then he brought him home to Mangerton ;
the Lo*rd* then he was att his meate ;
but when Iohn o the side he there did see,
for faine hee cold noe more eate ;

and goes home to Lord Mangerton.

he sayes "blest be thou, Hobby Noble,
th at euer thou wast man borne !
thou hast feitched vs home good Iohn oth side
that was now cleane ffrom vs gone !"

Lord Mangerton blesses Hobby Noble.

ffins.

[1] loughe.—P. [2] stane.—P.

Risinge in the Northe:[1]

This ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, "from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained (*sic*) considerable variable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history."

On the subject see the Introduction to "The Earle of Westmorelande," vol. i. p. 292, and Percy's, in the *Reliques*, i. 248, 1st ed.

Listen,

LISTEN, liuely lordings all,
& all *that* beene this place within!

and I'll tell all about it.

if youle giue eare vnto my songe,
I will tell you how this geere did begin.

The Earl of Westmoreland

It was the good Erle of westmorlande,
a noble Erle was called hee;

turned traitor;

& he wrought treason against the crowne;
alas, itt was the more pittye!

so did the Earl of Northumberland.

& soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,
another good Noble Erle was hee,
they tooken both vpon one *part*, [page 257]
against their crowne they wolden bee.

Earl Percy

Earle Pearcy is into his garden gone,

tells his wife

& after walkes his awne ladye[2];
"I heare a bird sing in my eare

he must fight or flee.

that I must either ffight or fflee."

[1] A.D. 1569. N.B.—To correct this by my other copy, which seems more modern.—P. The other copy in many parts preferable to this.—Pencil note.

[2] This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, E. of Worcester.—*Rel.*

" god fforbidd," shee sayd, " good my lord,
that euer soe *that* it shalbee !
but goe to London to the court, — She advises him to go to court.
& faire ffall truth & honestye ! "

" but nay, now nay, my Ladye gay, — He says
that euer it shold soe bee ;
my treason is knowen well enoughe ; — his treason is too well known.
att the court I must not bee."

" but goe to the Court ! yet, good my Lord, — She again says, " Go to court with plenty of men."
take men enowe with thee ;
if any man will doe you wronge,
your warrant they [1] may bee."

" but Nay, Now Nay, my Lady gay, — No, says the Earl,
for soe itt must not bee ;
If I goe to the court, Ladye, — it would be certain death.
death will strike me, & I must dye."

" but goe to the Court ! yett, [good] my Lord,
I my-selfe will ryde with thee ; — She offers to go with him.
if any man will doe you wronge,
your borrow [2] I shalbee."

" but Nay, Now nay, my Lady gay, — He still refuses,
for soe it must not bee ;
for if I goe to the Court, Ladye,
thou must me neuer see.

" but come hither, thou litle footpage, — but sends a page to ask
come thou hither vnto mee,
for thou shalt goe a Message to *Master* Norton — Master Norton
in all the hast *that* euer may bee :

[1] altered from *them*.—F. they.—P.
[2] *Borrow, borow, borge*. Sponsor, vas, fide jussor, vadimonium, pignus. A.-S. *borge, borhoe*, Lye.—P.

" comend me to *that* gentleman ;
bring him here this letter from mee,
to go with him. & say, 'I pray him Earnestlye
that hee will ryde in my companye.' "

The page hurries off but one while the foote page went,
another while he rann ;
to Master Norton, vntill he came to M*aster* Norton,
the ffoot page neuer blanne ; [1]

& when he came to M*aster* Nortton,
he kneeled on his knee,
and gives him the letter. & tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
& lett the gentleman it see.

& when the letter itt was reade
affore all his companye,
I-wis,[2] if you wold know the truth,
there was many a weeping eye.

Norton asks his son Kester he said, " come hither, Kester[3] Nortton,
a ffine ffellow thou seemes to bee ;
for advice. some good councell, Kester Nortton,
this day doe thou giue to mee."

Kester tells him not to draw back from his word. " marry, Ile giue you councell, ffather,
if youle take councell att me,
that if you haue spoken the word, father,
that backe againe you doe not flee."

Norton promises him reward, " god amercy, Christopher Nortton,
I say, god amercye !
if I doe liue & scape with liffe,
well advanced shalt thou bee ;

[1] cessavit.—P.

[2] to *wis*, to know. Germ. *wissen*, Johns.—P.

[3] Kester, Christopher. *Northern.* Halliwell's Glossary.—F.

" but come you hither, my 9 good sonnes, and asks his own nine sons
in mens estate I thinke you bee ;
how many of you, my children deare, who will be on his side.
on my *part that* wilbe ? "

but 8th of them did answer soone, Eight vow
& spake ffull hastilye,
sayes " we wilbe on *your part*, ffather, to be with him to the death.
till the day *that* we doe dye."

" but god amercy, my children deare,
& e*uer* I say godamercy !
& yett my blessing you shall haue,
whether-soeuer I liue or dye. [page 258]

" but what sayst thou, thou ffrancis Nortton, He asks his eldest son, Francis,
mine eldest sonne & mine heyre trulye ?
some good councell, ffrancis Nortton, for advice ;
this day thou giue to me."

" but I will giue you councell, ffather, and he answers
if you will take councell att mee ;
for if you wold take my councell, father,
against the crowne you shold not bee." Don't go against the Crown.

" but ffye vpon thee, ffrancis Nortton ! Norton reproaches his son Francis,
I say ffye vpon thee !
when thou was younge & tender of age
I made ffull much of thee."

" but *your* head is white, ffather," he sayes,
" & *your* beard is wonderous gray ;
itt were shame ffor *your* countrye
if you shold rise & fflee away."

and calls him a coward.

"but ffye vpon thee, thou coward ffrancis!
thou neuer tookest *that* of mee!
when thou was younge & tender of age
I made too much of thee."

Francis offers to go unarmed, but invokes death on traitors.

"but I will goe with you, father," Quoth hee;
"like a Naked man will I bee;
he *that* strikes the first stroake against the crowne,
an ill death may hee dye!"

Norton and his men join the Earls

but then rose vpp Master Nortton *that* Esquier,
with him a ffull great companye;
& then the Erles they comen downe
to ryde in his companye.

at Wetherby;

they have 13,000 men.

att whethersbye thé mustered their men
vpon a ffull fayre day;
13000 there were seene
to stand in battel ray.[1]

Westmoreland's standard is the Dun Bull,

the Erle of westmoreland, he had in his ancyent[2]
the DUME bull in sight most hye,
& 3 doggs with golden collers
were sett out royallye.

Northumberland's the half-moon.

the Erle of Northumberland, he had in his ancyent[3]
the halfe moone in sight soe hye,
as the Lord was crucifyed on the crosse,
& sett forthe pleasantlye.

[1] array.—P.

[2] Ensign, standard. See vol. i. p. 304, for the Dun Bull. That of Nevill (Chevet, Co. York; granted 1513), is "A greyhound's head erased or, charged on the neck with a label of three points, vert, between as many pellets, one and two." The crest of Nevill (Ireland), is a greyhound's head, erased argent, collared gules, charged with a harp or. *Burke's Armorie.*—F.

[3] Burke gives the Percy (Duke of Northumberland) badge as 'A crescent argent within the horns, per pale, sable and gules, charged with a double manacle, fesseways or.' *Armorie*, 1847. —F.

& after them did rise good Sir George Bowes,[1] — Sir G. Bowes rises behind them.
after them a spoyle to make ;
the Erles returned backe againe, — They turn back,
thought euer *that* Knight to take.

this Barron did take a Castle then,
was made of lime & stone ;
the vttermost walls were ese to be woon ; — take the outer walls of his castle
the Erles haue woon them anon ;

but tho they woone the vttermost walls
quickly and anon,
the innermust[2] walles thé cold not winn, — but can't win the inner.
thé were made of a rocke of stone.

but newes itt came to leeue London — News of the rebellion reaches London.
in all they speede *that* euer might bee ;
& word it came to our royall Queene
of all the rebells in the North countrye.

shee turned her grace then once about, — Elizabeth swears she'll give the rebels a breakfast they won't stomach.
& like a royall Queene shee sware,[3]
sayes, "I will ordaine them such a breake-fast
as was not in the North this 1000 yeere!"

shee caused 30000 men to be made — She sends 30,000 men
with horsse and harneis all quicklye ;
& shee caused 30000 men to be made
to take the rebells in the North countrye. — against them

they tooke with them the false Erle of Warwicke, — under Lord Warwick.
soe did they many[4] another man ;
vntill they came to yorke Castle, — They march to York,
I-wis they neuer stinted nor blan.

[1] Bowes.—P.
[2] innermust in MS.—P.
[3] This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears. *Reliques*, i. 255.—F.
[4] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

but West-moreland,

"spread thy ancyent, Erle of Westmoreland!
The halfe moone ffaine wold wee see!" [page 259]

Northum-berland,

but the halfe moone is fled & gone,
& the Dun bull vanished awaye;

and Norton flee like cowards.

& ffrancis Nortton & his 8 sonnes
are flled away most cowardlye.

Ladds with mony are counted men,
men without mony are counted none;
but hold your tounge! why say you soe?
men wilbe men when mony is gone.

ffins.

Northumberland : Betrayd by : Dowglas.[1]

[A Sequel to *the* preceding.—P.]

This ballad is printed in the *Reliques* (from another copy) and elsewhere.

After the dispersion of their forces, the rebel Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland sought refuge in the Borders. See Introduction to *Earl of Westmoreland*, vol. i. p. 294. Neville found his trust in the Borderers justified; but Percy was betrayed to the Regent Moray by Hector Graham (not Armstrong, as the ballad, v. 209, calls him) of Harlaw; whose name became thenceforward infamous, to take *Hector's cloke* becoming a proverbial phrase for betraying a friend. Moray's successor, the Earl of Morton, who during his exile in England has received many kindnesses from Northumberland, "sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth," in May 1572. He delivered him up to Lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick, who sent him to York, where he was executed.

The extradition of the refugee by Morton gave as deep dissatisfaction to the country at large as his betrayal by Hector of Harlaw did to the Borderers. Many furious ballads made their appearance, as—'Ane exclamation maid in England upone the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberlan furth of Lochlevin, quho immediattlie thairefter was execute in Yorke, 1572'—the answer to the English ballad, 'Ane schort inveccyde maid aganis the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberland.' The present

[1] Whose Sister being an enchantress would have saved him, from her Brother's treachery.—P.

This song seems unfinished.—P.

N.B. My other Copy is more correct than this, and contains much which is omitted here.—P.

N.B. The other Copy begins with Lines the same as that in pag. 112. [*Earle of Westmorelande* i. 300.] The minstrels often made such Changes. —Pencil note.

ballad so far recognises this national feeling as to introduce a Scotch woman using her utmost endeavours to preserve the Earl, from the snare laid for him. Mary Douglas[1] represents Scotia. But the Earl will not listen. He goes away with her brother, his keeper, to be the victim of a second betrayal, which was finally to conduct him to the scaffold at York.

I'll tell you how Douglas betrayed banished Percy.

NOW list & lithe you gentlemen,
& Ist tell you the veretye,
how they haue delt with a banished man,
driuen out of his countrye.

when as hee came on Scottish ground,
as woe & wonder be them amonge,
ffull much was there traitorye
thé wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

At supper they ask Percy

when they were att the supper sett,
beffore many goodly gentlemen
thé ffell a fflouting & Mocking both,
& said to the Erle of Northumberland,

"what makes you be soe sad, my Lord,
& in your mind soe sorrowffullye?
in the North of Scottland to-morrow theres a shooting,
& thither thoust goe, my Lord Percye.

to go to a shooting in Scotland.

"the buttes are sett, & the shooting is made,
& there is like to be great royaltye,
& I am sworne into my bill
thither to bring my Lord Pearcy."

[1] "The interposal of the WITCH-LADY [l. 26, here] is probably his [the northern bard's] own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to in verse" [101 here]. *Reliques*, i. 258.—F.

" Ile giue thee my Land,[1] Douglas," he sayes,
& be the faith in my bodye,
if *that* thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,
Ile ryde in thy companye."

Percy promises to go with Douglas.

& then bespake the good Ladye,—
Marry a Douglas was her name,—
" you shall byde here, good English Lord ;
my brother is a traiterous man ;

Mary Douglas warns Percy that her brother is a traitor

" he is a traitor stout & stronge,
as Ist[2] tell you the veretye,
for he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,[3]
& into England he will liuor thee."

and will give him up to the English.

" now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye Ladye,
& let all this talking bee ;
ffor all the gold *that*s in Loug Leuen,[4]
william wold not Liuor mee !

Percy declares that he trusts Douglas.

"it wold breake truce betweene England & Scottland,
& freinds againe they wold neu*er* bee
if he shold liuor a bani[s]ht[5] Erle
was driuen out of his owne countrye."

" hold yo*ur* tounge, my Lo*rd*," shee sayes,
" there is much ffalsehood them amonge ;
when you are dead, then they are done,
soone they will part them freinds againe.

Mary Douglas

" if you will giue me any trust, my Lord,
Ile tell you how you best may bee ;
youst lett my brother ryde his wayes,
& tell those English Lords trulye

advises Percy to let Douglas go alone,

[1] hand. *Reliques.*—F.
[2] I'll. See note 4, p. 20, vol. i.—F.
[3] pay "of the earl of Morton:" James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1572. *Rel.* vol. i. p. 251, 259.—F.
[4] Lough Leven.—P.
[5] banisht.—P.

" how *that* you cannot with them ryde
because you are in an Ile of the sea[1];
and then she'll see him safe — then, ere my Brother come againe,
to Edenborrow castle[2] Ile carry thee,

into Lord Hume's hands. " Ile liuor you vnto the Lord HUME,
& you know a trew Scothe Lord is hee,
for he hath lost both Land & goods
in ayding of your good bodye."

Percy says that no friend shall suffer for him again, " marry! I am woe! woman," he sayes,
" *that* any freind fares worse for mee;
for where one saith 'it is a true tale,'
then 2 will say it is a Lye.

his old adherents have " when I was att home in my [realme,][3] [page 260]
amonge my tennants all trulye,
in my time of losse, wherin my need stoode,
they came to ayd me honestlye;

suffered enough. " therfore I left many a child ffatherlese,
& many a widdow to looke wanne;
& therfore blame nothing, Ladye,
but the woeffull warres *which* I began."

Mary Douglas offers to prove her words. " If you will giue me noe trust, my Lord,
nor noe credence you will give mee,
& youle come hither to my right hand,
indeed, my Lord,[4] Ile lett you see."

Percy will have nothing to do with her witchcraft. saies, " I neuer loued noe witchcraft,
nor neuer dealt with treacherye,
but euermore held the hye way;
alas! *that* may be seene by mee!"

[1] *i.e.* Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.—*Rel.* i. 261.

[2] At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.—*Rel.*

[3] This line is partly pared away.—F.

[4] ? MS. Lorid, or Louerd; or Lord, with one stroke too many.—F.

"if you will not come your selfe, my Lord,
youle lett your chamberlaine goe with mee,
3 words *that* I may to him speake,
& soone he shall come againe to thee."

Mary Douglas shows the chamberlain

when Iames Swynard came *that* Lady before,
shee let him see thorrow the weme [1] of her ring
how many there was of English lords
to wayte there for his Master and him.

through her ring the liers in wait for Percy:

"but who beene yonder, my [2] good Ladye,
that walkes soe royallye on yonder greene?"
"yonder is Lord Hunsden,[3] Iamye," she saye;
"alas! heele doe you both tree [4] & teene!"

Lord Hunsden,

"& who beene yonder, thou gay Ladye,
that walkes soe royallye him beside?"
"yond is Sir william Drurye,[5] Iamy," shee sayd,
"& a keene Captain hee is, and tryde."

and Sir Wm. Drurye,

"how many miles is itt, thou good Ladye,
betwixt yond English Lord and mee?"
"marry, 3^se 50 mile, Iamy," shee sayd,
"& euen to seale [6] & by the sea:

(150 miles off,

"I neuer was on English ground,
nor neuer see itt with mine eye,
but as my witt & wisedome serues,
and as [the] booke it telleth mee.

"my mother, shee was a witch woman,
and part of itt shee learned mee;
shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen
what they dyd in London Cytye."

as her mother's witchcraft tells her.)

[1] weme, the Scottish word for the belly, i. e. womb.—P.
[2] ny in MS.—F.
[3] The Lord Warden of the East Marches.—*Rel.* i. 263.
[4] dre, dree, to suffer, endure.—P.
[5] Governor of Berwick.—*Rel.* i. 264.
[6] saile.—P.

"but who is yond, thou good Layde,
that comes yonder with an Osterne [1] ffface ?"

and Sir J. Forster.

"yonds Sir Iohn fforster,[2] Iamye," shee sayd;
"methinkes thou sholdest better know him then I."
"Euen soe I doe, my goodlye Ladye,
& euer alas, soe woe am I!"

The chamberlain weeps,

he pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,
&, lord, he wept soe tenderlye!

and tells Lord Percy

he is gone to his *Master* againe,
& euen to tell him the veretye.

that Mary

"Now hast thou beene with Marry, Iamy," he sayd,
"Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;
but if thou trust in any womans words,
thou must refraine good companye."

has shown him the English Lords waiting to take him,

"It is noe words, my Lord," he sayes,
"yonder the men shee letts me see,
how many English Lords there is
is wayting there for you & mee;

with Lord Hunsden,

"yonder I see the Lord Hunsden,
& hee & you is of the 3d. degree;

his greatest enemy.

a greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,
in England none haue yee,"

Percy says that he's been three years in jail,

"& I haue beene in Lough Leven
the most part of these yeeres 3:
yett had I neuer noe out-rake,[3]
nor good games *that* I cold see;

[1] Austerne, austere, fierce. L. austerus. Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

[2] Warden of the Middle March.—*Rel.* i. 264.

[3] *rake raik*, ambulare, expatiari. As Isl. *reika*. *Raik* gradus citatus, a long *raik*, Iter longum, to *raik* home, accelerato gradu domum abire; hinc a *Rake*, homo dissolutus; an *out-raik*, a Riot, at large. Lye. See G.D. 224. 39. —P.

"& I am thus bidden to yonder shooting
by william Douglas all trulye;
therfore speake neuer a word out of thy mouth
That thou thinkes will hinder mee.[1] [page 261]

and he will go to the shooting with Douglas.

then he writhe the gold ring of his ffingar[2]
& gaue itt to *that* Ladye gay;
sayes, "*that* was a legacye left vnto mee
in Harley woods where I cold[3] bee."

He gives Mary a gold ring.

"then ffarewell hart, & farewell hand,
and ffarwell all good companye!
that woman shall neuer beare a sonne
shall know soe much of your priuitye."

She laments over him.

"now hold thy tounge, Ladye," hee sayde,
"& make not all this dole for mee,
for I may well drinke, but Ist neuer eate,
till againe in Lough Leuen I bee."

He says he shall soon be back,

he tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen
for to sayle now ouer the sea,
& he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,
saies "fare thou well, my good Ladye!"
the Ladye looked ouer her left sholder;
in a dead swoone there fell shee.

and gets into the boat to sail away.

Mary Do ugl swoons.

"goe backe againe, Douglas!" he sayd,
"& I will goe in thy companye,
for sudden sicknesse yonder Lady has tane,
and euer, alas, shee will but dye!

Percy asks her brother to return,

as she will die.

[1] Part cut away by the binder.—F. Percy gives the verse as:

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

[2] A.-S. *wríðan* to twist: perf. *wráð* twisted.—F.

[3] did.—F.

"if ought come to yonder Ladye but good,
then blamed fore *that* I shall bee,
because a banished man I am,
& driuen out of my owne countrye."

Douglas refuses;

"come on, come on, my Lord," he sayes,
"& lett all such talking bee;
theres Ladyes enow in Lough Leuen,
& for to cheere yonder gay Ladye."

the ladies can look after his sister.

Percy asks that his Chamberlain may go back with him.

"& you will not goe yo*ur* selfe, my lord,
you will lett my chamberlaine goe with mee;
wee shall now take our boate againe,
& soone wee shall ou*er*take thee."

Douglas says

"come on, come on, my Lord," he sayes,
"& lett now all this talking bee!
ffor my sister is craftye enoughe
for to beguile thousands such as you & mee."

it's only his sister's tricks.

They sail 50 miles:

When they had sayled[1] 50: myle,
now 50 mile vpon the sea,
hee had fforgotten a message *that* hee
shold doe in lough Leuen trulye:
hee asked 'how ffarr it was to *that* shooting.
that w*illia*m Douglas p*ro*mised mee.'

the Chamberlain asks how far it is to the shooting.

Douglas says

now faire words makes fooles faine[2];
& *that* may be seene by thy M*aster* & thee;
ffor you may happen think[3] itt soone enoughe
when-eu*er* you *that* shooting see."

he'll never see it.

[1] There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.—*Rel.* i. 266.

[2] *Belle promesse fol lie*: Prov. Faire promises oblige the fool; or, are noe better than fopperies; (for the words *fo lie* equivocate vnto *folie*.) *Douces promesses obligent les fols*: Prov. Faire promises oblige fools; or, (as our) faire words make fools faine.—F.

[3] A Lancashire phrase.—F.

Iamye pulled his hatt now ou*er* his browe ; — Jamie
I wott the teares fell in his eye ;
& he is to his M*aster* againe,
& ffor to tell him the veretye :

" he sayes, fayre words makes fooles faine, — tells Percy Douglas's words.
& *that* may be seene by you and mee,
ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe
when-eu*er* wee *that* shooting see."

" hold vpp thy head, Iamye," the Erle sayd, — Percy says Douglas
& neu*er* lett thy hart fayle thee ;
he did itt but to proue thee w*ith*, — was only trying his courage.
& see how thow wold take w*ith* death trulye."

when they had sayled other 50 mile, — After 100 miles' sail,
other 50 mile vpon the sea,
L*ord* Peercy called to him, himselfe,
& sayd, " Douglas what wilt thou doe w*ith* mee ? " — Percy asks Douglas what he'll do with him.

" looke *that* yo*ur* brydle be wight, my Lord, — Douglas tells him to have his bridle and spurs ready.
that you may goe as a shipp att sea ;
looke *that* yo*ur* spurres be bright & sharpe,
that you may pricke her while sheele awaye."

" what needeth this, Douglas," he sayth. — Percy asks " why this mockery ?
" *that* thou needest to ffloute mee ?
for I was counted a horsseman good
before *that* eu*er* I mett w*ith* thee.

" A ffalse Hector hath my horsse ; [page 262] — My horse and spurs are in others' hands."
& eu*er* an euill death may hee dye !
& willye Armestronge hath my spurres
& all the geere belongs to mee."

After 150 miles' sail,

when thé had sayled other 50 mile,
other 50 mile vpon the sea,

Percy is landed and betrayed on English soil.

thé landed low by Barwicke side;
a deputed land [1] Landed *Lord* Percye.

ffin[s [2]].

[1] So in MS. Percy prints 'The Douglas' in *Rel.* i. 268, and winds up with an added stanza:

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.—F.

[2] *s* pared off by the binder.—F.

Guye : of : Gisborne :[1]

[The fight between him and Robin Hood.—P.]

This ballad was printed from the Folio in the *Reliques*, and from the *Reliques* by Ritson, Child, and others.

"As for Guy of Gisborne," says Ritson, "the only further memorial which has occurred concerning him is in an old satirical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scottish poet of the fifteenth century, on one Schir Thomas Nory (MS. Maitland, p. 3, MMS. More (l. 5. 10) where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity.

Was nevir Weild Robeine under bewch,
Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinslewch
So bauld a bairne as he;
Gy of Gisborne, na Allane Bell,
Na Simones Sones of Qutrynsell
Off thocht war nevir slie.

Gisborne is a market town in the west riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire.

It is merry to walk in the forest in spring.

When shales beeene sheene, & shradds[2] full fayre,
& leeues both Large & longe,
itt is merrry walking in the fayre fforrest
to heare the small birds singe.[3]

[1] A very curious Old Song, much more ancient and perfect than the common printed Ballads of Robin Hood.—P.

[2] *Shale*, a husk. The *shales* or stalkes of hempe. Hollyband's *Dictionary*, 1593, Halliwell. *Shradd* is a twig, either from "shred, to cut off the smaller branches of a tree," or "*schrags*, the clippings of live fences." Halliwell.—F.

[3] songe.—P.

the woodweete sang & wold not cease
amongst the leaues a lyne ; [1]
[* * * * * *]

Robin Hood dreams that two yeomen beat him.

" [2]& it is by 2 [3] wight yeomen,
by deare god *that* I meane :
" me thought they did mee beate & binde,
& tooke my bow mee froe :

He vows revenge on them,

If I bee Robin a-liue in this Lande,
Ile be wrocken on both them towe."

" sweeuens [4] are swift, *Master*," q*uo*th Iohn,
" as the wind *that* blowes ore a hill ;
ffor if itt be neu*er* soe lowde this night,

and orders his men to go with him.

to-morrow it may be still."

" buske [5] yee, bowne yee, my merry men all !
ffor Iohn shall goe w*i*th mee ;
for Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen
in greenwood where thé bee."

They all start,

thé cast [6] on their gowne of greene ; [7]
a shooting gone are they
vntill they came to the Merry greenwood
where they had gladdest bee ;

and soon see one yeoman,

there were thé ware of [a] wight yeoman ;
his body Leaned to a tree,

[1] of lime: I *would* read 'so greene.'—P.

[2] As the lines that follow are part of a Speech of Robin hood relating a dream: there are certainly some lines wanting and we can no where better fix the *hiatus* than between the 2[d] & 3[d] lines of st. 2[d]. N.B. In my printed Copy of this song in *the* Reliques, &c., Vol. I. I took the Liberty to fill up some of these *Lacunæ*, &c., from Conjecture, &c.—P.

Percy also alters lines 6 7 and 8: his verses in the 1st edition are—

The woodweete sang, and wold not cese,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he wakend Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay.
Now by faye, said jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow mighty yemen
That fast with me can fight.—F.

[3] of 2.—P.

[4] i. e. dreams.—P.

[5] i. e. get you ready.—P.

[6] *then* inserted by Percy.—F.

[7] Two lines wanting at *the* beginning of this St., if these 2 lines are not rather to be added to the next St.—P.

a sword & a dagger he wore by his side,
had beene many a mans bane,[1]
& he was cladd in his Capull[2] hyde, clad in a horse's hide.
topp, & tayle, and mayne.

"stand you still, *Master*," q*uo*th litle Iohn, Little John tells Robin to stop while he asks who the man is.
"vnder this trusty tree,
& I will goe to yond wight yeoman
to know his meaning trulye."

"a, Iohn![3] by me thou setts noe store, Robin Hood is angry at John's wanting to keep him back,
& *that*s a ffarley[4] thinge;
how offt send I my men beffore,
& tarry my-selfe behinde?[5]

"it is noe cunning a knaue to ken,
& a man but heare him speake;
& itt were not for bursting of my bowe, and threatens to break Little John's head.
Iohn, I wold thy head breake."

but often words they breeden ball;[6] This parts them, and
that parted Robin and Iohn;
Iohn is gone to Barnsdale, Little John goes to Barnsdale,
the gates[7] he knowes eche one.

& when hee came to Barnesdale,
great heauinesse there hee hadd;
he ffound 2 of his own fellowes where he finds two mates slain,
were slaine both in a slade,[8]

& Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was and Scarlett flying
ou*er* stockes and stone,
for the sheriffe with 7 score men from the Sheriff.
fast after him is gone.

[1] Of many a man the bane.—P.
[2] Horse.—P.
[3] Ah! John.—P.
[4] wonderous. Lye.—P.
[5] mean*ing* that he never did so.—P.
[6] bale.—P.
[7] passes, paths, ridings.—P. *in Rel.*
[8] i. e., a parting between 2 Woods.—P.

Little John tries to shoot the Sheriff,

"yett one shoote Ile shoote," sayes Litle Iohn;
"with crist his might & Mayne
Ile make yond fellow *that* flyes soe fast
to be both glad & ffaine.

Iohn bent vp a good veiwe [1] bow,[2] [page 263]
& ffetteled [3] him to shoote:
but his bow breaks. the bow was made of a tender boughe,
& fell downe to his footee.[4]

"woe worth thee, wicked wood!" sayd litle Iohn,
"*that* ere thou grew on a tree!
ffor [5] this day thou art my bale,
my boote when thou shold bee!"

this shoote it was but looselye shott,
and yet the arrow kills the arrowe flew in vaine,
& [6] it mett one of the Sheriffes men:
William a Trent, good *william* a Trent was slaine.

(who'd better have been hung). it had beene better [7] for a *william* Trent
to hange vpon a gallowe
then for to lye in the greenwoode
there slaine with an arrowe.[8]

& it is sayd, when men be mett,
6 [9] can doe more then 3:
But Little John is taken. & they haue tane [10] litle Iohn,
& bound him ffast to a tree.

[1] Query MS: the word is partly pared away.—F.
[2] John bent up a good yew bow.—P.
[3] prepared, addressed him, verbum Salopiense.—P.
[4] foote.—P.
[5] ffor now.—P.
[6] or Yet.—P.
[7] as good.—P.
[8] Altered in the *Reliques*, 1st ed. i. 81, to

To have been abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.—F.

[9] Fyve.—*Rel.*
[10] insert now.—P.

"thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe," q*uo*th the sheriffe,[1] — and the Sheriff vows he shall be hanged.
"& hanged hye on a hill."
"but thou may ffayle," q*uo*th litle Iohn, — "Don't be too sure," says Little John.
"if itt be christs owne will."

let vs leaue talking of Litle Iohn,
for hee is bound fast to a tree,
& talke of Guy & Robin hood — Let us turn to Guy and Robin.
in they[2] green woode where they bee;

how these 2 yeomen together they mett
vnder the leaues of Lyne,[3]
to see what Marchandise they made
euen at that same time.

"good morrow, good fellow!" q*uo*th S*i*r Guy; — Guy greets Robin
"good morrow, good ffellow!" q*uo*th hee;
"methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
a good archer[4] thou seems to bee.[5]

"I am wilfull[6] of my way," q*uo*th S*i*r Guye,
"& of my morning tyde."
"Ile lead thee through the wood," q*uo*th Robin,
"good ffellow, Ile be thy guide."

"I seeke an outlaw," q*uo*th S*i*r Guye, — and tells him he seeks an outlaw, Robin Hood.
"men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him vpon a day[7]
then 40^{li}. of golde."

[1] These three words seem added by some explainer.—P.
[2] the.—P.
[3] perhaps Lime; tho' Line or Lyne is more common in these old ballads.—P.
[4] An *e* has been added at the end.—F.
[5] sh*ou*ldest bee.—P.
[6] probably the same as "wilsome," page 357 [of MS.] st. 6.—P.
[7] this day.—P.

Robin proposes some sport.

"if you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were better
afore yee did p*a*rt awaye;
let vs some other pastime find,
good ffellow, I thee pray.[1]

No doubt, as they go on, they'll meet Robin Hood.

"let vs some other masteryes make,
& wee will walke in the woods euen,
wee may chance[2] mee[t] w*i*th Robin Hoode
att some vnsett steven."[3]

they cutt them downe the[4] sum*m*er shroggs[5]
w*h*ich grew both vnder a Bryar,[6]
& sett them 3 score rood in twinn[7]
to shoote the prickes full neare.[8]

They make pricks ready to shoot at.

"leade on, good ffellow," sayd S*i*r Guye,
"lead[9] on, I doe bidd thee."
"nay, by my faith," q*uo*th Robin Hood,
"the leader thou shalt bee."

[1] Percy alters this in his *Reliques*, i. 81, 1st ed., to

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

[2] to.—P.

[3] See page 358, st. 16.—P. unfixed, unexpected moment. There is a stroke before the *v* of *steven* in the MS.—F.

[4] two.—*Rel.*

[5] *scrog*, a stunted shrub: Jamieson. —F.

[6] pronounced Breer in some p*a*rts of Engl*a*nd.—P. *Bryar* is entered in Levin's, 1570, under the words in *eare*.

[7] apart.—F.

[8] y-fere.—*Rel.* Threescore roods or 330 yards must have been a long range. The *Pricke-wandes* were, I suppose, willow wands or long thin branches stuck in the ground to shoot at. *Prickes* seem to have been the long-range targets, *butts* the near.

Moll. Out upon him, what a suiter have I got; I am sorry you are so bad an Archer, sir.

Eare. Why Bird, why Bird?

Moll. Why, to shoote at *Buts*, vvhen you shou'd use *prick-shafts*, short-shooting vvill loose ye the game, I as[sure] you, sir.

Eare. Her minde runnes sure upon a *Fletcher*, or a *Bowyer*, ... 1633, Rowley. *A Match at Midnight*, Act ii. sc. 1.

"Modern prick shooting is practised by the Royal Archers at Edinburgh, and is their favourite, at a small round target fixed at 180 yards," says Mr. Peter Muir, their Bowmaker. See my note on *pricks* in *The Babees Boke &c.* 1868, p. ci.—F.

[9] *i. e.* begin to shoot.—P.

the first good shoot *that* Robin ledd,
did not shoote an inch the pricke [1] ffroe.
Guy was an archer good enoughe,
but he cold neere shoote soe.

Robin shoots first, an inch from the prick.

the 2d. shoote [2] Sir Guy shott,
he shott within the garlande;
but Robin hoode shott it better then hee,
for he cloue the good pricke wande.

Guy next, within the garland. Robin then cleaves the prick-wand.

"gods blessing on thy heart!" sayes Guye,
"goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode;
for on [3] thy hart be as good as thy hands,
thou were better then Robin Hood.

"Bless your heart, you shoot well," says Guy.

[page 264]

"tell me thy name, good ffellow," quoth Guy,
"vnder the leaues of Lyne."
"nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
"till thou haue told me thine."

"Tell me your name."

"Not till you tell me yours."

"I dwell by dale & downe," quoth Guye,
"& I haue done many a curst turne;
& he *that* calles me by my right name,
calles me Guye of good Gysborne."

"Mine is Guye of Gysborne."

"my dwelling is in the wood," sayes Robin;
"by thee I set right nought;
my name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
a ffellow thou has long sought."

"And mine Robin Hood of Barnesdale."

he *that* had neither beene a [4] kithe nor kin [5]
might haue seene a full fayre sight,
to see how together these yeomen went
with blades both browne & bright;

It was a pretty sight to see 'em fight.

[1] was not an Inch the prick.—P.
[2] *that* inserted by P.—F.
[3] an, or and.—P.
[4] *a* delend.—P.
[5] neither acquaintance nor relation. —P.

to haue seene how these yeomen together foug[ht]
2 howers of a summers day:
Neither thinks of flying. itt was neither Guy nor Robin hood
that ffettled them to flye away.

But Robin stumbles, Robin was reacheles[1] on a roote,
& stumbled[2] at *that* tyde;
and Guy hits him. & Guy was quicke & nimble with-all,
& hitt him ore the left side.

Robin calls on the Virgin, "ah, deere Lady!" sayd Robin hoode,
"thou art both Mother & may!
I thinke it was neuer mans destinye
to dye before his day."

leaps up, Robin thought on our Lady deere,
& soone leapt vp againe;
kills Sir Guy, & thus he came with an awkwarde[3] stroke;
good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

sticks his head on his bow, he tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
& sticked itt on his bowes end;
"thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
which thing must haue an ende."

slashes his face till no one can know him, Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
& nicked Sir Guy in the fface,
that hee was neuer on[4] a woman borne
cold tell who Sir Guye was:

saies, "lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
& with me be not wrothe;
if thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand,
thou shalt haue the better cloathe."

[1] i.e. careless.—P.
[2] he stumbled.—P.
[3] perhaps backward.—P.
[4] of woman.—P.

Robin did on [1] his gowne of greene, throws his own green coat on the corpse,
[on] Sir Guye [2] hee did it throwe;
& hee put on *that* Capull hyde puts on Sir Guy's horse-hide,
that cladd him topp [3] to toe.

"the [4] bowe, the [4] arrowes, & litle horne, and takes his horn,
& [5] with me now Ile beare;
ffor now I will goe to Barnsdale,
to see how my men doe ffare."

Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth; and blows it.
a lowd blast in it he did blow.
that beheard the Sheriffe of Nottingham The Sheriff hears it,
as he leaned vnder a lowe [6];

"hearken! hearken!" sayd the Sheriffe,
"I heard noe tydings but good; thinks Guy has slain Robin Hood,
for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
for he hath slaine Robin hoode:

"for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
itt blowes soe well in tyde,
for yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman
cladd in his capull hyde.

"come hither,[7] thou good Sir Guy! and promises him whatever reward he asks.
aske of mee what thou wilt haue!"
"Ile none of thy gold," sayes Robin hood, Robin asks
nor Ile none of itt haue [8];

"but now I haue slaine the *Master*," he sayd, [page 265]
let me goe strike the knaue;
this is all the reward I aske, leave to kill Little John.
nor noe other will I haue."

[1] off.—P.
[2] On Sir Guy.—P.
[3] from topp.—P.
[4] tby.—*Rel.*
[5] *and* delend.—P.
[6] perhaps bowe.—P. hill, A.-S. *hlæw*.
—F.
[7] come hither [repeated].—P.
[8] Perhaps
None of it I will have
or
Nor nothing else Ill have.—P.

"thou art a Madman," said the shiriffe,
"thou sholdest haue had a knights ffee.
seeing thy asking beene [1] soe badd,
well granted it shall be."

The Sheriff grants it.

Little John knows Robin's voice, and thinks he shall be freed.

but litle Iohn heard his *Master* speake,
well he knew *that* was his steuen [2];
"now shall I be loset, [3]" q*uo*th litle Iohn,
"w*i*th Christs might in heauen."

but Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn;
hee thought hee wold loose him beliue.

The Sheriff and his men press on them.

the Sheriffe & all his companye
fast after him did driue.

Robin orders them back,

"stand abacke! stand abacke!" sayd Robin;
"why draw you mee soe neere?
itt was neu*er* the vse in our countrye
ones shrift [4] another shold heere."

looses Little John, and gives him Guy's bow.

but Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffee,
& losed Iohn hand & ffoote,
& gaue him S*i*r Guyes bow in his hand,
& bade it be his boote.

Little John prepares to shoot.

[5] but Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand,
his arrowes were rawstye by the roote;
the Sherriffe saw litle Iohn draw a bow
& ffettle him to shoote;

[1] hath been.—P.
[2] i. e. voice.—P.
[3] loosed.—P.
[4] i. e. confession.—P.
[5] Then John he took Guyes bowe in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow.
He fettled him to be gone.—*Rel.*
? is *rawstye*, l. 224, rusty. *Rawly* is rude; unskilful. Halliwell.—F.

towards his house in Nottingam
he ffled full fast away,— The Sheriff takes to flight,
& soe did all his companye,
not one behind did stay,—

but he cold neither soe fast goe,
nor away soe fast runn,[1] but can't get away from Little John's arrow, which cleaves his heart.
but litle Iohn with an arrow broade
did cleaue his heart in twinn.[2]

ffins.

[1] ryde.—*Rel.*

[2] He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.—*Rel.* Too bad, Bishop! And to put your inverted commas too, as if you'd only altered the one word 'backe.' —F.

Hereford & Norfolke.[1]

This ballad is to be found in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, in the 1727 *Collection of Old Ballads*, and elsewhere.

The subject is the well-known quarrel between the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk,[2] which finally resulted in their banishment in 1398. A full description of the Lists of Coventry (in September, not August) is given by Hall.[3] The ballad's account of the origin of the quarrel is not quite fair. Hereford accused Norfolk, not Norfolk Hereford, of treason. But the ballad goes with the winning side. Vox populi mostly shouts in favour of the successful. The cause pleases it that "pleases the gods."

The ballad is evidently written by a practised ballad-writer, some time about 1600 probably. But it may have been founded on some older one. The subject is not likely to have lain uncelebrated till late in Elizabeth's reign.

I sing the fall of two noble Dukes,

Towe noble dukes of great renowne
that long had liued in ffame,
throug ffatall envye were cast downe
& brought to sudden bane:

Hereford

the Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent prince & wise,
gainst whom such mallice there was showen,
w*hi*ch soone in fight did rise.

[1] In *the* printed Collect*i*on of old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 120. N. XV., and in Dryden's Misc. Vol. 5. 382.—P.

[2] See Shakspere's *Richard II.*—F.

[3] Hall's descriptions of armour and fashions before his time were his own fabrication, though adopted as genuine by Gough and Sharon Turner. *Planché, Hist. of Costume*, p. 223.—F.

the Duke of Norfolke most vntrue [1] — and Norfolk.
declared to the King, — Norfolk denounces Hereford
"the duke of Hereford greatly grew
in hatred of eche thinge

*wh*ich by his grace was acted still — to the King
against both hye & lowe,
& how he had a traiterous will — as a traitor.
his state to ouerthrowe."

the Duke of Hereford then in hast — The King sends for Hereford,
was sent for to the Kinge,
& by his lords in order placet — has him examined,
examined in eche thinge;

*wh*ich being guiltelesse of *that* crime — and he is guiltless.
*wh*ich was against him layd,
the duke of Norfolke at that time [2] — Norfolk
these words vnto him sayd:

"how canst thou *w*ith a shamelesse face — reproves him for his shamelessness,
deny a truth soe stout,
& there before his royall grace
soe falselye faced itt out?

"did not these treasons from thee passe — declares Hereford has talked treason,
when wee together were, [page 266]
how *that* the *King* vnworthye was
the royall crowne to weare?

"wherfore, my gracyous Lo*rds*," q*uo*th hee,
"& you, his Noble Peeres,
to whom I wish long liffe to bee,
*w*ith many happy yeeres,

[1] Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

[2] MS. time.—F.

and avows

"I doe pronounce before you all
the duke of Hereford here,
he is a traitor. a traytour to our Noble Kinge,
as time shall show itt clere."

Hereford

the Duke of Herefford hearing *that*,
in mind was greeved much,
& did returne this answer fflatt,
w*hi*ch did Duke Norfolke tuche;

hurls back his accusation in his face,

"the terme of Traytor, trothelesse Duke,
in scorne & deepe disdaine,
w*i*th fflatt deffyance to thy face[1]
I doe returne againe!

and craves leave to fight Norfolk.

"& therfore, if it please yo*u*r grace
to grant me grace," q*uo*th hee,
"to combatt w*i*th my knowen ffoe
that hath accused mee,

"I doe not doubt but plainlye proue,
that like a pe*ri*ured knight
hee hath most falslye sought my shame
against all truth & right."

The King grants it, and fixes Coventry as the place.

the K*ing* did grant their iust request,
& did therto agree,
att Couentry in August next
this combatt fought shold bee.

The Dukes appear armed,

the Dukes in barbed steeds full stout,
in coates of steele most bright,
w*i*th speares in brest did enter list,
the combatt feirce to ffight

[1] There is a stroke between the *c* and *e* in the MS.—F.

the *King* then cast his warder downe,
 com*m*anding them to stay;
& w*i*th his Lords some councell tooke
 to stint *that* Mortall ffraye.

but the King stops the combat,

att lenght vnto the Noble Duke[s]
 the *King* of Heralds came,
& vnto them w*i*th loftye speech
 this sentence did p*ro*claime:

and a Herald proclaims his judgment.

"w*i*th Henery Bullenbrooke this day,
 the Duke of Hereford here,
& Tho*mas* Mawbray, Norfolkes Duke,
 soe valyant did apeare,

"& hauc in hono*ura*ble sorte
 repayred to this place.
our noble *King* for specyall cause
 hath altered thus the case:

"ffirst, Henery Duke of Hereford,
 Ere 15 dayes were past
shall p*ar*t this realme, on payne of death,
 while 10 yeeres space doth last.

Hereford is banished for ten years;

"& Tho*mas*, duke of Norfolke, thou
 that hast begun this striffe,—
& therfore noe good proue can bring,
 I say,—for terme of liffe,

Norfolk for life;

"by iudgment of our sou*er*raine Lo*rd*
 w*hi*ch now in place doth stand,
for euermore I banish thee
 out off thy Natiue Land,

"charging thee on payne of death,
 when 15 dayes are past,
thou neu*er* treade on English ground
 soe long as liffe doth last."

and both must go in fifteen days.

Each swears not to go where the other is.

thus were thé sworne before the K*ing*
ere they did further passe,
the one shold neuer come in place
wheras the other was.

then both the dukes *with* heauy hart
were p*ar*ted p*re*sentlye, [page 267]
the vncoth streames of froward chance
in forraine lands to trye.

Norfolk, before sailing off, laments his lot.

the duke of Norfolke cominge then
where [he] shold shipping take,
the bitter teares fell from his cheekes,
& thus his moane did make:

"May grief burst my heart!

"now let me sob & sigh my fill
ere I from hence dep*ar*t,
that inward panges *with* speed may burst
my sore afflicted hart!

"accursed man, whose lothed liffe
is held soe much in scorne,
whose companye[1] is cleane despised,
& left as one forlorne,

I bid adieu to my loved land.

"Now take thy leaue & last adew
of this thy country deare,
w*hi*ch neuer more thou must behold,
nor yett approache itt neere!

Would I were dead, that I might be buried here,

"how happy shold I count my selfe,
if death my hart had torne,
that I might haue my bones entombed
where I was bredd and borne;

[1] In the MS. there is only one stroke for the *n*.—F.

"or *that* by Neptunes rathfull rage,
I might be prest to dye,
while *that* sweet Englands pleasant bankes
did stand before mine eye.

or that I might die now!

"how sweete a sent hath Englands ground
within my sences now!
how fayre vnto my outward sight
seemes euery branch & bowe!

How sweet smells England's ground!

"the ffeeleds, the flowers, the trees & stones,
seeme such vnto my minde,
that in all other countreys sure,
the like I shall not ffinde.

There are no such fields abroad.

"oh *that* the sun [1] his shining face
wold stay his steeds by strenght!
that this same day might streched bee
to 20 yeeres of lenght;

Oh that this night could

last twenty years,

"& *that* they true *per*formed tyde
their hasty course wold stay,
that Æolus wold neu*er* yeeld
to bring me hence away!

"*that* by the fountaine of mine eyes
the ffeldes might wattered bee,
that I might graue my greevous plaints
vpon eche springing tree!

and that I could grave my plaints on the trees!

"but time, I see, with Egles wings,
I see, doth flee away,
& dusty clouds begin to dimm
the brightnesse of the day;

But Time flies,

[1] MS. or *that* the shuning.—F.

"the ffatall hower draweth on,
the winds & tydes agree;
& now, sweet England, ouer soone
I must depart from thee!

the sailors call me.

"the Mariners haue hoysed sayle,
& call to catch me in,
& in [my] woefull hart doe [1] feele
my torments to begin.

Farewell, sweet England,

"wherfore, farwell for euermore,
Sweet England, vnto thee!
& farewell all my freinds which I
againe shall neuer see!

I kiss thy soil

"& England, heere I kisse the ground
vpon my bended knee,

to show how I loved thee."

herby to shew to all they world
how deere I loued thee."

Hereford goes,

this being [2] sayd, away he went
As fortune did him guide; [page 268]

and dies in Venice.

and att the lenght, with greefe of hart,
in Venis [3] there he dyed.

Norfolk

the other duke in dolefull sort

lives in France,

did lead his liffe in ffrance,
& at the last the mightye Lord

is promoted,

did him ffull hiye advance.

recalled to England

the Lords of England afterwards
did send for him againe,

while Richard II. wars in Ireland,

while *that* King Richard [4] in the warres
in Ireland did remaine;

[1] I.—F.
[2] A *de* follows in the MS., but is crossed out.—F.
[3] *or* Veins, MS.—F.
[4] The *d* has a curl like *s* to it.—F.

who thro [1] the vile and great abuse
w*hi*ch through his deeds did springe,
deposed was, & then the duke
184 was truly crowned Kinge.

and is crowned King.

ffins.

[1] MS. tho. "The vile and great abuse" is dwelt on in the curious incomplete alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II., edited by Mr. Thomas Wright for the Camden Society in 1838 from the Cambridge MS. Ll. 4. 14. Take, among other passages, lines 88–106, pp. 4, 5:

Now, Richard the redeles, reweth on 3ou self,
That lawelesse leddyn 3oure lyf and 3oure peple bothe;
Ffor thoru the wyles and wronge and wast in 3oure tyme,
3e were lyghtlich y-lyste ffrom that 3ou leef thou3te,
And ffrom 3oure willffull werkis, 3oure will was chaungid,
And rafte was 3oure riott, and rest, ffor 3oure daie3
Weren wikkid thoru 3oure cursid counceill, 3oure karis weren newed,
And coveitise hath crasid 3oure croune ffor evere.
Of a-legeaunce now lerneth a lesson other tweyne
Wherby it standith and stablithe moste,
By dride, or be dyntis, or domes untrewe,
Or by creaunce of coyne ffor castes of gile;
By pillynge of 3oure peple 3oure prynces to plese,
Or that 3oure wylle were wrou3te, thou3 wisdom it nolde,
Or be tallage of 3oure townnes without ony werre,
By rewthles routus that ryffled evere,
Be preysing of polaxis that no pete hadde,
Or be dette ffor thi dees, deme as thu ffyndist,
Or be ledinge of lawe with love well y-temprid.—F.

Ladyes : fall.[1]

This ballad is given in the *Reliques* "(with corrections [2]) from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter: one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is 'A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall,' to the tune of 'In Peascod Time,'" (to which air "Chevy Chace," as Mr. Chappell informs us, was sometimes sung). There is also a copy of it in the Douce Collection. It appears in the 1727 Collection of Old Ballads, and many later Collections.

It is evidently of very much the same date as *The Children in the Wood* (which is certainly as old as 1595, as its name is entered in the Stationers' Registers of that year), and may possibly be by the same author. The same facility of language and of rhime, the same power of pathos, the same extreme simplicity characterise both ballads.

The story is who can say how old? Who was the first frail woman? who the first false man? It touchingly illustrates Goldsmith's pathetic lines:

> When lovely woman stoops to folly
> And finds too late that men betray,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy?
> What art can wash her guilt away?
>
> The only art her guilt to cover,
> To hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover
> And wring his bosom, is—to die.

The poor weak betrayed lady had looked in vain for the fulfilment of her lover's promises:

[1] In y^e^ printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 244. N. xxxiv.—P.
[2] Noticed in the 4th edition only.—F.

If any person she had spied
Come riding o'er the plain,
She thought it was her own true love;
But all her hopes were vain.

She gives birth to a child,

And with one sigh which brake her heart
This gallant dame did die.

Then, at last, repentance is given to her lover, and his bosom is wrung. He kills himself. And so the ballad ends with a word of admonition and warning to "dainty damsels all."

MARKE: well my heauy dolefull tale, — Hear the sad tale of a lady's fall:
you loyall louers all,
& heedfully beare in your brest
a gallant Ladyes fall.

long was shee wooed ere shee was woone — Long was she wooed,
to lead a wedded liffe,
but folly rought her ouerthrowe
before shee was a wiffe;

to soone, alas! she gaue consent, — but consented too soon.
& yeeleded to his will,
tho he protested to be true
& faithfull to her still.

shee felt her body altered quite, — Her shape changed,
her bright hue waxed pale,
her faire red cheekes changed color quite,[1]
her strenght began to fayle.

& soe[2] with many a sorrowffull sighe,
this bewtious Ladye Milde
with greeued hart perceiued her selfe — and she found herself with child.
to be[3] conceiued with chyld.

[1] Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white.—*Rel.* 1st ed. (only partly collated. —F.)

[2] Soe that.—*Rel.*

[3] have.—*Rel.*

She hid it from her parents,

shee kept it from her parents sight
as close as close might bee,
& soe put on her silken gowne
none shold her swelling see.

but told her lover,

vnto her louer secretly
her greefe shee did bewray,
& walking with him, hand in hand,
these words to him did say :

"behold," quoth shee, "a Ladyes distresse
by loue brought to your bowe ;
see how I goe with chyld with thee,
tho none thereof doth knowe !

"my litle babe springs in my wombe
to heare it [1] fathers voyce ;
prayed him not to let her babe be a bastard,
o lett itt not be a bastard called,
sith I make thee my choyce ! [2]

to remember his promises,

"thinke on thy former promises,
thy words & vowes eche one !
remember with what bitter teares
to mee thou madest thy Moane !

"convay me to some secrett place,
and marry her or kill her.
& marry me with speede,
or with thy rapyer end my liffe,
lest further shame proceede ! "

Her lover makes excuses :

"alacke, my derest loue ! " quoth hee,
"my greatest Ioy on earthe !
which way shold I conuay you hence
to scape [3] a sudden death ?

[1] *It* preceded *its* as the gen. neuter of *he*.—F. its.—*Rel.*

[2] *Rel.* inserts four lines here.—F.

[3] without.—*Rel.*

"your freinds are all of hye degree, how can he get her away from her home?
& I of meane estate;
ffull hard itt is to gett you forthe [page 269]
out of your ffathers gate."

"dread not your liffe to saue your fame! She says
for if you taken bee,
my selfe will step betweene the sword she will save him from harm,
to take the harme of thee;

"soe may you[1] scape dishonor quite.
if soe you[2] shold be slaine,
what cold they say, but *that* true loue
had wrought a Ladyes paine[3]?

"but feare not any further harme; and will come to him
my selfe will soe devise,
I will safelye ryd[4] with thee
vnknowen of Morttall Eyes.

disguised like some pretty page disguised as a page.
Ile meete thee in the darke,
& all alone Ile come to thee
hard by my ffathers parke."

"& there," quoth hee, "Ile meete my deere— He agrees to meet her that day month.
if god doe lend me liffe—
on this day month without all fayle;
Ile make thee then my wiffe."

& with a sweet & louing kisse They kiss and part.
they parted presentlye,
& att their partinge brinish[5] teares
stoode in eche others eye.

[1] shall I.—*Rel.*
[2] ? I.—F. and if I.—*Rel.*
[3] bane.—P. and *Rel.*
[4] ryde away.—*Rel.*
[5] ? MS.; perhaps it is *bainish*.—F.

On the day fixed the lady is ready,

att lenght the wished day was come
wherin [1] this louely Mayd
with longing eyes & strange attire
for her true louer [2] stayd.

if any person shee had spyed [3]
came ryding ore the plaine,
but her lover never comes. shee thought [4] itt was her owne true loue;
but all her hopes was vaine!

She weeps, then did shee weepe, & soer bewayle
her most vnhappy fate;
then did shee speake these wofull words
when succourles shee sate:

reproaches her false lover, " O ffalse, fforsworne, ffaithelesse man!
disloyall in thy loue!
hast thou fforgott thy promise past,
& wilt thou periured prooue?

" & hast thou now fforsaken mee
in this my greate distresse,
to end my dayes in heauinesse [5]
which well thou might [6] redresse?

and wishes she had never trusted him. " woe worth [7] the time I did beleeue [8]
that fflattering toung of thine!
wold god *that* I had neuer seene
the teares of thy false eyen! "

Grieving, she goes home, soe *that* with many a grieuous groane [9]
homewards shee went amaine.
noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
shee found [10] such priuy payne.

[1] On which.—*Rel.*
[2] ? MS. loves.—F.
[3] When any person she espyed.—*Rel.*
[4] hoped.—*Rel.*
[5] open shame.—*Rel.*
[6] thou mightst well.—*Rel.*
[7] be to; A.-S. *weorthan*, to become, be. —F.
[8] I e'er believ'd.—*Rel.*
[9] sorrowful sigh.—*Rel.*
[10] felt.—*Rel.*

in trauell strong shee fell *that* night — is taken with childbirth pangs,
with many a bitter thraw[1] :—
what woefull paines shee felt *that* night[2]
doth eche good woman knowe !—

shee called vp her waiting mayds — calls up her maids,
who lay att her bedds feete,[3]
and musing at her great[4] woe
began full fast to weepe.

"weepe nott," shee sayth, "but shutt the dores — has the doors shut,
& windowes all about;
let none bewray my wretched state, — and bids them keep out every one.
but keepe all persons out ! "

"O Mistrus ! call *your* mother here; — The maids urge her to
of women you haue neede; — have a midwife.
& to some skilfull midwiffe helpe
the better may you speed."

"call not my mother for thy liffe, — She refuses.
nor ffeitch noe woman here !
The midwiffes helpe comes all to late; [page 270]
my death I doe not feare."

with that the babe sprang from her wombe, — gives birth to a babe,
noe creature being by,[5]
& *with* one sighe *which* brake her hart
this gallant dame did dye. — and dies.

the litle louely infant younge,
the pretty smiling babe,[6]
resigned itt new receiued berath — Her babe dies too.
to him *that* had it made.

[1] throwe.—*Rel.*
[2] then did feel.—*Rel.*
[3] A curl at the end like another *e*.—F.
[4] Who musing at her mistress.—*Rel.*
[5] nye.—*Rel.*
[6] The mother being dead.—*Rel.*

Her lover comes, and kills himself.

next morning came her owne true loue
affrighted with this newes,
& he for sorrow slew himselfe,
whom eche one did accuse.

Mother and babe are buried together.

the Mother with her new borne babe
were laide both in one graue;
their parents, ouerworne [1] with woe,
noe Ioy *that* they [2] cold haue.

Damsels! ware flattering words!

take [heed] you dayntye damsells all;
of fflattering words beware;
& to the honor of *your* name
haue you a specyall care.[3]

ffins.

[1] overcome.—*Rel.*
[2] joy thenceforth.—*Rel.*
[3] The *Reliques* add:

Too true, alas! this story is,
As many one can tell.
By others harmes learne to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

Buckingam betrayd : by Banister.[1]

In the late autumn of 1483, the nobles who had previously determined to put an end to the usurpation of Richard the Third, and who had lately heard of the murder of the young Princes, fixed on Henry of Richmond for their king. About the middle of October the Marquess of Dorset proclaimed him at Exeter. Men declared for him in Wiltshire, in Kent, in Berkshire. The Duke of Buckingham made a rising at Brecon. But the conspiracy failed. Richard was on the alert; Henry could not land; the insurgents could not combine. From Brecon the Duke "marched through the forest of Deane to the Severn; but the bridges were broken down, and the river was so swoln that the fords had become impassable. He turned back to Weobley, the seat of the lord Ferrers; but the Welshmen who had followed him disbanded; and the news of their desertion induced the other bodies of insurgents to provide for their own safety. Thus the King triumphed without drawing the sword. Weobley was narrowly watched on the one side by Sir Humphrey Stafford, on the other by the clan of the Vaughans, who for their reward had received a promise of the plunder of Brecon. Morton effected his escape in disguise to the isle of Ely, and thence passed to the coast of Flanders; *the Duke, in a similar dress, reached the hut of Banister, one of his servants in Shropshire, where he was betrayed by the perfidy of his host.* If he hoped for pardon on the merit of his former services, he had

[1] There is another Song on this Subject in *the* printed Collection 12mo 1738, Vol. 3^{d} p. 38. N. 5.—P.

mistaken the character of Richard. That prince had already reached Salisbury with his army; he refused to see the prisoner, and ordered his head to be immediately struck off in the market-place." (Lingard).

There is another ballad on this same subject given in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. iii. 1727, entitled "The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely End, for consenting to the deposing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's children. To the tune of *Shore's Wife*." In point of style this is of much the same date with that here given from the Folio. It is the production of a thorough-bred ballad-writer, viz. Robert Johnson, and included in his *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*. It administers political justice in the same uncompromising manner:

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg
And crave for Food with Cap and Leg;
But none on him would Bread bestow,
That to his Master prov'd a Foe.

Thus wandring in this poor Estate,
Repenting his misdeeds too late,
Till starved he gave up his Breath,
By no man pitied at his Death.

To woful End his Children came,
Sore punish'd for their Father's shame;
Within a channel one was drown'd
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the Powers divine
Was strangely eaten up of swine;
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

A third ballad, entitled "A most sorrowful Song, setting forth the miserable end of Banister, who betrayed the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master," is in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. p. 64, and reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 23, 8vo, 1810. It begins thus:—

If ever wight had cause to rue
A wretched deed, vile and untrue,
Then Banister with shame may sing,
Who sold his life that loved him.

Perhaps all three ballads are founded on some common older original.

YOU: Barons bold, ma[r]ke [1] and behold — A strange true tale I tell.
the thinge *that* I will rite [2];
a story strange & yett most true
I purpose to Endite.[3]

ffor the Noble Peere while he liued heere,
the duke of Buckingam, — The Duke of Buckingham
he fflourisht in King Edwards time,
the 4th: King of *that* name.

in his service there he kept a man — has a servant
of meane & low degree,
whom he brought vp then of a chyld
from basenesse to dignitye;

he gaue him lands & liuings good — whom he enriches,
wherto he was noe heyre,
& then [4] mached him to a gallant dame — and marries to a gallant dame,
as rich as shee was fayre.

it came to passe in tract of time
his wealth did soe excell, — so that the man is very wealthy;
his riches did surpasse them all
that in *that* shire did dwell.

who was soe braue as Banister? — none dares strive with Banister.
or who durst with him contend?
which [5] wold not be desirous still
to be his daylye freind?

[1] mark.—P. [2] write.—P. [3] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F. [4] This and 19 other words in different places are marked in red brackets, for omission.—F. [5] who.—P.

for then [1] it came to passe; more woe, alas!
for [2] sorrowes then began;
for why, the M*aster* was constraind [3]
to seeke succour of his man.

Richard III.

then Richard the 3d. swaying the sword,
cryed himselfe a kinge,[4]

murders the princes;

murthered 2 princes in their bedds,
which deede great striffe did bringe.

Buckingham raises a host to avenge them;

& then the duke of Buckingam,
hating this bloody deede,
against the tyrant raysed an Oaste
of armed men indeed.

& when K*ing* Richard of this hard tell,
a mightye Ost he sent
against the duke of Buckingam,
his purpose to prevent.

but his men flee from Richard's army,

& when the dukes people of this heard tell,
ffeare ffilled their hearts eche one;
many of his souldiers fledd by night,
and left him one by one.

in extreme need the Duke tooke a steede,[5] [page 271]

and he flees

& posted night and day
towards Banister his man,

to Banister

in secrett there to stay.

"O Banister, Sweet Banister!

to hide him.

pitty thow my cause," sayes hee,
"& hyde me from mine[6] Enemyes
that here accuseth[7] mee."

[1] Now it.—P.
[2] such.—P.
[3] The M^r^ was constrained to seek. —P.
[4] Himself proclaimed king.—P.
[5] Part of the line pared off the MS. —F.
[6] One stroke too few in the MS.—F.
[7] persueth (in red ink: by Percy in his late hand.—F.)

"O, you be welcome, my Lord!" hee sayes, Banister
"your grace is welcome here!
& as my liffe Ile keepe you safe, vows to keep him safe,
although it cost me deere!"

"be true, sweete Banister!" sayes hee,
O sweete Banister, be true!"
"christs curse," he sayd, "on me & mine "Christ's curse on me if I be false!"
if euer I proue ffalse to you!

then the Duke cast of his veluett sute, Buckingham takes off his velvet clothes,
his chaine of gold likwise,
& soe he did his veluett capp,
to blind the peoples eyes;

a lethern Ierkyn[1] on his backe, dresses as a woodman,
& lethern slopps[2] alsoe,
a heidging bill vpon his backe,
& soe into the woods did goe!

an old felt hat vppon his head,
with 20 holes therin;
& soe in labor he spent the time, and works away
as tho some drudge he had beene.

& there he liued long vnknowen, in safety.
& still vnknowne might bee,
till Banister for hope of gaine
betrayd him Iudaslye.

for a proclamation there was made, But Richard
'whosoeuer then cold bringe
newes of the Duke of Buckingam
to Richard then our Kinge,

[1] Languedoc *jhergaon*, an over-coat; Fr. *Jargeot, Jargot*, a kind of course garment worne by countrey people. Cotgrave; in Wedgwood.—F.

[2] slopps, A kind of open breeches, trowsers. Johnson.—P.

offers 1000 marks

and knighthood, for news of Buckingham.

'a 1000 markes shalbe his ffee
of gold & silver bright,
& then be *pre*ferred by his grace,
& made a worthy knight.'

Banister betrays his master.

& when Banister of *that* heard tell,
straight to the court sent hee,
& soe betrayd his M*aster* good
for lucre of *that* ffee.

a herald of armes there was sent,
& men *with* weapons good,
who did attach this noble Duke
where he was labouring in the wood.

Buckingham is seized.

He reproaches Banister,

"Ah, ffalse Banister! a, wreched man!
Ah, Caitiffe!" then sayes hee;
"haue I maintained thy poore estate
to deale thus Iudaslye?

"alas *that* euer I beleeued
that fflattering tounge of thine!
woe worth the time *that* euer I see
that false Bodye of thine!"

then ffraught *with* feare & many a teare,
with sorrowes almost dead,
this noble Duke of Buckingam
att Salsbury[1] lost his head.

but is beheaded at Salisbury.

Banister

is cast into prison,

then Banister went to the court,
hoping this gold to haue,
but straight in prison hee was cast,
& hard his liffe to[2] saue.

[1] query Shrewsbury.—P.

[2] hard his life could.—P.

small ffreinds he found in his distresse,
nor any comfort in his need,
but euery man reuiled him — reviled by all,
[for] this [1] his trecherous deede.

& then, according to his wishe, — and Christ's curse falls on him:
gods Iudgments did on him fall;
his children were consumed quite,
his goods were wasted all;

[page 272]

ffor one of his sones for greeffe Starke madd did fall; [2] — one son turns mad, the other is drowned.
the other ffor sorrow drowned was
within a shallow runing streame
where euery man might passe.

his daugter right of bewtye bright, — His daughter becomes a strumpet.
to such lewde liffe did ffall
that shee dyed in great miserye;
& thus they were wasted all.

Old Banister liued long in shame, — He lives in shame and dies.
& att the lenght did dye;
& thus they Lord did plague them all
ffor this his trecherye.

now god blesse our king & councell graue, [3] — God send
in goodness still to *pro*ceed;
& send euery [4] distressed man — all in need a better friend!
a better ffreind att need! ffins.

[1] for this. Qu.—P.
[2] stark mad did fall.—P. This line is made two in the MS. *Starke* begins p. 272.—F.
[3] Our k^{g} G^{d} bless And grant his grace.—P.
[4] to each.—P.

Earle Bodwell.[1]

This ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, vol. ii. pp. 198–200, under the title of "The Murder of the King of Scots." Percy's Introduction, p. 197, is as follows:—"The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

"Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

[1] On the Murther of David Riccio and of *the* k*ing* of Scotts. Written while *the* Queen of Scotts was in England.—P.

"This ballad (printed [1] from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II, who died Dec. 4, 1560."

WOE: worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scottlande! Woe to you, Scotland, you've hanged the best of Princes!
ffor thou hast eu*er* wrought by a [2] sleight;
for [2] the worthyest Prince *that* euer was borne,
you hanged vnder a cloud by night!

the queene of ffrance a letter wrote, Queen Mary bade him come and marry her;
& sealed itt [3] w*i*th hart and ringe;
& bade him come Scottland w*i*thin,
& shee wold marry him [2] & crowne him K*ing*.

to be a K*ing*, itt [2] is a pleasant thing;
to bee [4] a Prince vnto a Peere;
but you haue heard, & so haue I too,[2]
a man may well by [5] gold to deere.

there was an Italyan in that place, but she had an insolent Chamberlain, Rizzio,
was as welbeloved as euer was hee;
Lo*rd* David [6] was his name,
chamberlaine [7] vnto the Queene was hee.

ffor [8] if the King had risen forth [2] of his place,
he wold haue sitt [9] him downe in the cheare,[10]
& tho itt [11] beseemed him not soe well,
altho the King had beene [12] p*re*sent there.

[1] So in 2nd and 3rd editions too: "printed with a few corrections," 4th ed. —F.
[2] *Rel.* omits these.—F. 4th and 2nd and 3rd editions restore *too*, l. 11.
[3] it.—*Rel.* itt.—4*th ed.*
[4] be.—*Rel.* bee.—4*th ed.*
[5] buy.—P.
[6] And Dav^d Rizzio—qu. David Rizzio. —P.*
[7] Lord Chamberl^n.—P.
[8] from.—P.
[9] sate.—*Rel.*
[10] i' th' chaire.—*Rel.* in the cheare.—4*th ed.*
[11] although it.—*Rel.* And tho itt.—4*th ed.*
[12] And tho were.—P. *Rel.* Although . . had biene.—4*th ed.*

* And David Riccio.—*Rel.* Lord David.—4*th ed.*

and some Scotch lords

some lords in Scottland waxed wonderous [1] wroth,
& quarrelld with him for the nonce [2]:
I shall you tell [3] how itt beffell;

stabbed him.

12 daggers were in him all [1] att once.

The Queen was wroth,

when this queene see the [4] Chamberlaine was [1] slaine,
for him her [5] cheeks shee did weete,
& made a vow for a 12 month & a day [6]
the *King* & shee [7] wold not come in one sheete.

and other Lords

then some of the Lords of Scottland [8] waxed wrothe,
& made their vow [9] vehementlye,

vowed to kill the King.

'for death of the queenes [10] Chamberlaine [11]
the *King* himselfe he shall dye.' [12]

they strowed his chamber ouer with gunpowder,[13]
& layd greene rushes in his way;
ffor the traitors thought *that* [14] night
the [15] worthy king for to betray.[16]

to bedd the worthy *King* made [17] him bowne; [18]
to take his rest, *that* [19] was his desire;

They set fire to his bedroom,

he was noe sooner cast on sleepee,[20]
but his chamber was on a blasing fyer.[21]

he jumped out of window,

vp he lope, & a glasse [22] window broke;
he [23] had 30 foote for to ffall.

[1] *Rel.* omits these.—F.
[2] ? MS. *noncett*, with *tt* blotted out.—F. nonce.—*Rel.*
[3] And I shall tell.—*Rel.* 4*th ed.* omits *And*.
[4] the queen she saw her.—*Rel.* 4*th ed.* omits *she*, and restores *was*.
[5] [her] fair.—P.
[6] year & a day.—P.
[7] shee'd ne'er.—P.
[8] lords they.—*Rel.*
[9] [vow] now.—P.
[10] That for the death of the.—*Rel.* For the death of the queenes.—4*th ed.*
[11] Queen's Lo. Chr.—P.
[12] How he, the king himself shd dye.—P. and.—*Rel.* The king himselfe how he shall dye.—4*th ed.*
[13] with Gunpowdr they strewd his room.—P.
[14] very.—P. [15] this.—*Rel.*
[16] betraye.—*Rel.* betray.—4*th ed.*
[17] the kg he made.—P.
[18] ready, *paratus*. Lye.—P.
[19] omitted.—*Rel.*
[20] sleepe.—*Rel.*
[21] it was all on fire.—P.
[22] and the.—*Rel.* [23] And.—P.

Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach
vnderneath [1] his castle wall.
"who haue wee [2] heere ? " sayd *Lord* Bodwell ; and was caught by Lord Bothwell,
"answer me, now I doe call." [3]

"*King* Henery the 8th my vnckle was ;
some pitty show for his sweet sake ! [4]
"Ah, *Lord* Bodwell ! I know thee well ; whom he prayed for mercy.
some pitty on me I pray thee take ! "

"Ile [5] pitty thee as much," he sayd, But Bothwell would have none,
"& as much favor [6] Ile show to thee
As thou had on the Queenes Chamberlaine [page 273]
that day thou deemedst [7] him to dye.[8] "

through halls & towers this [9] *King* they Ledd,
through castles & towers [10] *that* were hye,[11]
through an arbor into an orchard, and hanged him on a pear-tree.
& there hanged him in a peare tree.[12]

when the gou*er*nor of Scottland he [13] heard tell [13] The Governor cursed Mary,
that [14] the worthye king he [13] was slaine,
he hath banished [15] the Queene soe bitterlye
that in Scottland shee dare not remaine ;

[1] all und^r &c.—P. All underneath. —*Rel.* Underneath his.—4*th ed.*
[2] we.—*Rel.* wee.—4*th ed.*
[3] Now answer me that I may know. —*Rel.*
[4] For his sweete sake some pitty show.—*Rel.*
The next two lines Percy has altered into
Who have we here ? lord Bodwell sayd,
Now answer me when I doe speake.—F.
[5] I'll.—*Rel.*
[6] favour.—*Rel.* favor.—4*th ed.*
[7] i. e. doomedst—deem, est opinari, censere, judicare. Jun.—P. l. 51 is partly pared off the MS.—F.
[8] dye.—*Rel.* die,—with the note "Pronounced after the northern manner *dee*" in ed^s 2, 3, 4.
[9] the.—P.
[10] thro' towers & castles, &c.—P.
[11] nye.—*Rel.*
[12] There on a peare-tree hangd him hye.—*Rel.*
[13] omitted.—*Rel.* [14] how that.—P.
[15] He persued.—*Rel.* ? banish=ban, curse.—F.

but shee is ffled into Merry England,

and she fled to England,

64 & Scottland to aside hath laine ; [1]

where she now is.

& through the Queene of Englands good [2] grace
now in England shee doth remaine.[3]

ffins.

[1] And here her residence hath tane. —*Rel.* A change not for the better. —F.

[2] omitted.—*Rel.*

[3] In Engl[d] now shee doth remain. —P.

[Those readers (if any) who have looked at the notes will have noticed that the fourth edition of the *Reliques* has restored the reading of the MS. in several places where the first has altered it,—though in others it leaves the changes of the first edition untouched :—thus in lines

First three editions.		Fourth edition and MS.
6. it	*is changed into*	itt
15. And David Riccio	„	Lord David
18. i' th' chaire	„	in the cheare
19. Although it	„	And tho itt
20. And though	„	Altho
23. And I	„	I
25. queene shee	„	queene
25. slaine	„	was slaine
29. wroth	„	wrothe
36. betraye	„	betray
44. All underneath	„	Underneath his
45. we	„	wee
51. hee	„	he
52. favour	„	favor

while in lines 31–32 the manuscript

" for death of the queenes Chamberlaine,
the King himselfe he shall dye,"

which Percy altered in his first edition to

That for the death of the chamberlaine,
How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye,

he changed back in the fourth to,

For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall die."

I write *he* changed back, for Mr. David Laing says that a friend of Percy's and his assured him that Percy himself edited the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, and that with great care, though he let his nephew, in the Advertisement to that edition, take the responsibility of it off his own episcopal shoulders, supposed to be burdened with "more important" matters. It is, indeed, evident that the many changes made in the text of the fourth edition must have been carefully considered by Percy, for they are changes of lines sometimes as well as of words. —F.]

Early English Text Society.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

Bíshoppe & Browne.[1]

See Introduction to *King James & Brown*, vol. i. p. 135.

This piece is printed in the *Reliques*. "The original copy," says Percy, "(preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is entitled, 'A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the King's Chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.' At the end is subjoined the name of the author 'W. Elderton.' 'Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,' in black-letter folio."

It is the work of the professional ballad-writer who could "rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted"; and it is well-executed work of its sort. The image is fairly well shaped; but there is scarcely a spark of Heaven's fire in it—no breath of life breathed into its nostrils.

It was written, no doubt, rather to give information than entertainment. At a time when there were no newspapers circulating through the country, the ballad was an ordinary vehicle of news. "Marry, they say that *the running stationers of London*, I mean *such as use to sing ballads*, and those that cry malignant pamphlets, &c." (*Knaves are honest men, or More Knaves yet*, apud Collier's Book of Roxburghe Ballads.)

[1] N.B. This Copy is very imperfect. See Page 58 & 59 [of MS.], Stanza the last in that Page [vol. i. p. 141, l. 108–9 of print], where the subject of this ballad is alluded to.—P. The title in the *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 204, first edition, is the "King of Scots and Andrew Browne." The version there printed contains 15 stanzas, while the present one has only 10, and two of these are incomplete.—F.

How sad that subjects can't be true!

IESUS god! what[1] greeffe is this
that Princes subiects cannot be true!
but still the devill & [2] some of his
doth play his p*art*, as plaine is in shew.[3]

In Scotland

in Scottland dwelles a bony king,
as *proper* a youth as any can bee;
hee is giuen to euery happy [4] thing
that can be in a Prince to see.[5]

King James's nurse heard that he was to be poisoned.

on whitsontyde, as itt befell,
a possett was made to giue the King;
& *that* his Ladye Nurse heard tell
that itt was made a poysoned thing.

She called for help.

shee cryed, & called pittiouslye,
"helpe! or else the King must dye!"

Browne sprang forward,

& Browne being [6] an Englishman,
he did heare [7] *that* Ladyes pityous crye;
but with his sword he besturred him then;
forth att the dore he thought to fflee,

leapt out of a window,

but euery dore was made full fast;
forth of a window hee lope at last.[8]

met the Bishop with the

he mett the Bishopp att the dore,
& with the possett in his hand.
the sight of Browne made the Bishopp agast;

[1] Out alas! what a.—*Rel.*
[2] hath.—*Rel.*
[3] Will play their parts, whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed kinge?
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.
—*Rel.*
The collation after this is not complete.—F.

[4] The *y* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.
[5] *Rel.* adds:—
Yet that unluckie countrie still
Hath people given to craftie will,
Alas for woe, &c.
[6] One Browne that was.—*Rel.*
[7] And hard.—*Rel.*
[8] MS. at last lope hee.—F. Out of a window he got at last.—*Rel.*

he bade him soe boldleye stay & stand.
with him were 2 *that* ran awaye
for feare lest browne shold make a fray.

"Bishopp," said Browne, "what hast thou there?"
"nothing at all, my ffreinde,[1]" *Quoth* hee,
"but a possett to make the King good cheere." poisoned posset,
"is itt soe?" sayd Browne, "*that* will I see;
before thou goe any further inn,
of this possett thou shalt begin."

"Browne," said the Bishopp, "I know thee well;
thou art a yong man both pore & bare;
& liuings [2] of [3] thee I shall bestowe;
goe thou thy way, & take noe care." rejected his bribes to be quiet,
"noe!" said Browne, "*that* shall not bee!
Ile not be a traitor for all christentye!
for be itt for wayle,[4] or for woe be itt,
drinke thou off this sorrowfull possett." and made

the Bishopp dranke; then by & by the Bishop drink the posset.
his belly burst, & he ffell downe: The Bishop burst and died.
a iust reward for his traitorye.
"marry, this was a possett indeed!" sayd Browne.
he searched the Bishopp, & found they Kayes
to goe to the King when he did please.

& when the Kinge heard tell of this, King James thanked God,
he meekelye fell downe on his knee,
& thanked god *that* he did misse
then of this false trecherye;
& then he did *per*ceiue & know
that his clergye wold haue him betraid [so.[5]]

[1] The last *e* is made over an *s* in the MS.—F.
[2] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[3] on.—*Rel.*
[4] i. e. sorrow: unless it be corruptly written for weal, welfare, good: written by the Scots weil, wele.—P.
[5] *Rel.* inserts another stanza here, and adds four after the next.—F.

he called the nursse befor his grace,
rewarded the nurse, & gaue vnto her 20$^{tye}_{:}$ pounds [a yeere.]
doughtye Browne, [i'] the like case,
and knighted Browne. he dubbd him K*nigh*t with gallant cheere,
bestowed vpon him liuings great
[For dooing such a manly feat.[1]]

ffins.

[1] Last line cut away in the MS.; supplied here from the *Rel.*, which adds:

As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made &c.

and then four more stanzas about a fresh attempt to make away with the King. —F.

Childe Waters.[1]

[page 274]

This ballad was printed in the *Reliques* from the Folio, with a few "corrections." These amount to the insertion of six new lines, and numerous minor changes. The copy is indeed somewhat mutilated, and needed a little patching to make it presentable to the general reader.

"Several traditional versions," says Professor Child in his *English and Scotch Ballads*, "have since been printed, of which we give *Burd Ellen* from Jamieson's, and in the Appendix *Lady Margaret* from Kinloch's Collection. Jamieson also furnishes a fragment, and Buchan[2] (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 30) a complete copy of another version of *Burd Ellen*; and Chambers (*Scottish Ballads*, 193) makes up an edition from all the copies, which we mention here because he has taken some lines from a manuscript supplied by Mr. Kinloch."

The love and fidelity of a woman are here tried to the utmost limit. Worse sufferings than are even mentioned in the *Nut-brown Maid*, and in that feeble reflection of it, *A Jigge*, are here verily endured. Certainly "Burd Ellen" is the better, more expressive title for the ballad. She is the one centre of interest in it—the one living glory and delight. Child Waters appears but to introduce her—to "bring her out"—to furnish her with an opportunity for displaying her splendid trust and adherence. He must be regarded so, or he is intolerable. This part he performs excellently. He brings Ellen's faithfulness into glorious

[1] A Tryal of female Affection not unlike the Nut-brown Maid. Shewing how child Waters made his Mrs undergo many Hardships, & afterwards married her. It was not necessary to correct this much for the Press.—P.

[2] This Buchan (whom I once endeavoured to assist in his poverty by procuring purchasers for his books) was a most daring forger: scarcely anything that he has published can be trusted to as genuine.—A. Dyce.

relief. Let this and kindred ballads, then, be accepted as atonements for the light doubting talk men sometimes hold about women.

Be it true or wrong
These men among
On women do complaine
Affermyng this
How that it is
A labour spent in vaine
To love them wele
For never a dele
They love a man agayne.
For lete a man
Do what he can
Ther favour to attayne
Yet yf a newe
To them pursue
Ther furst trew lover than
Laboureth for nought
And from her thought
He is a bannisshed man.

I say not nay
But that all day
It is both writ & sayde
That woman's fayth
Is as who sayth
All utterly decayed.

This and kindred ballads show how, in spite of many sad scandals, in spite of suspicions and sneers, the heart of men still nursed and cherished a precious fond belief in the truth of women. Much frivolity there might be,[1] much hypocrisy, much falseness; but ever here and there was one to be found —one who, through good report and through evil, through all extreme distresses and neglects and cruelties, would never withdraw her trust from him to whom once she had given it—would never falsify the vows she had once uttered—would never fail from her true-love's side—*una de multis face nuptiali*

[1] See the ballad in the metre of the Notbrowne Mayd in Mr. Skeat's Preface to *Partenay*, p. ii, (E. E. T. Soc. 1866) beginning,

masteres anne,
I am your man.—F.

digna. Such an one is Ellen in this ballad. She illustrates how "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." She cares nothing for gold and fee; had rather have one kiss of her love's mouth or one twinkling of his eye than "Cheshire and Lancashire both"; will lay aside her woman's dress, sacrifice her long yellow locks, endure strange hardships —running barefoot through the broom and struggling through the water—invoke generous blessings on the head of her supposed rival, obey the most trying orders, that she may accompany and please the master of her heart. Her love never hesitates. When, after much ill usage, she gives birth to a child in the stable whither she has gone in the early morning to feed the Child's horse, she lets no murmur against the author of her miseries escape her.

She said, "Lullaby, my own dear child,
Lullaby, dear child dear!
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier."

In the end her trust wins its reward.

"Peace now," he said, "good fair Ellen,
And be of good cheer, I thee pray;
And the bridal and the churching both
They shall be upon one day."

CHILDE: watters in his stable stoode, — To Childe Waters
& stroaket his milke white steede:
to him came a ffaire young Ladye — comes fair Ellen,
as ere did weare[1] womans wee[de[2];]

saies, "christ you saue, good Chyld waters!" — says,
sayes, "christ you saue and see!
my girdle of gold which was too longe
is now to short ffor mee;

[1] ware.—P. ever ware.—*Rel.* [2] weed.—P.

"I am with child by you."

"& all is with one[1] chyld of yours,
I ffeele sturre att my side.
my gowne of greene, it is to strayght;
before it was to wide."

"If so,

"if the child be mine,[2] faire Ellen," he sayd,
"be mine, as you tell mee,
take[3] you Cheshire & Lancashire both,
take them your owne to bee.

take Cheshire and Lancashire,

"if the child be mine, ffaire Ellen," he said,
"be mine, as you doe sweare,
take you Cheshire & Lancashire both,
& make *that* child your heyre."

and make the child your heir."

"I'd rather have a kiss

shee saies, "I had rather haue one kisse,
child waters, of thy mouth,
then I wold haue Cheshire & lancashire both,
that lyes[4] by north & south.

"& I had rather haue a twinkling,
Child waters, of your eye,[5]
then I wold haue Cheshire & Lancashire both,
to take them mine oune to bee!"

and a look from you, than your counties."

He says he must take the fairest lady north with him.

"to-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
soe ffarr into[6] the North countrye;
the ffairest Lady *that* I can ffind,
Ellen, must goe with mee."[7]

Ellen asks to be his footpage.

"& euer I pray you, Child watters,
your ffootpage let me bee!"

[1] a.—P.
[2] Only one stroke for the *m*.—F. be mine.—P.
[3] Then take.—*Rel.*
[4] lye.—P.
[5] thine ee.—*Rel.*
[6] far into.—P.
[7] The *Reliques* inserts:
Though I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me go with thee.—F.
Tho' I am not that fayre Lady,
Yet let me go with thee.—P.

"if you will my ffootpage be, Ellen, — He agrees,
as you doe tell itt mee,
then you must cutt your gownne of greene — if she'll cut her gown
an inche aboue *your* knee;

"soe must you doe *your* yellow lockes, — and hair.
another inch [1] aboue *your* eye;
you must tell noe man what is my name;
my ffootpage then you shall bee."

all this [2] long day Child waters rode, — She runs barefoot by his side
shee ran bare ffoote [3] by his side;
yett was he neu*er* soe curteous a K*night*,
to say, "Ellen, will you ryde?"

but all this day Child waters rode, — all day thro' the broom.
shee ran [4] barffoote thorow the broome!
yett he was [5] neu*er* soe curteous a K*night*
as to say, "put on *your* shoone."

"ride softlye," shee said,[6] "Child watters; — Ride softly, she says.
why doe you ryde soe ffast?
the child, w*hi*ch is no mans but yours,[7]
my bodye itt will burst.[8]"

he sayes,[9] "sees thou yonder [10] water, Ellen,
that fflowes from banke to brim?"
"I trust to god, Child waters," shee said,[11]
"you will neuer [12] see mee swime."

but when shee came to the waters side, — He makes her
shee sayled to the Chinne:
"except the [13] Lo*rd* of heauen be my speed,
now must I [14] learne to swime."

[1] an inch.—P.
[2] Shee all the.—*Rel.* and omits 'shee' in the next line.—F.
[3] Shee all the long day (that) Ch. Wat. rode, ran barefoot.—P.
[4] She all *the* long day Ch. W. rode, Ran.—P.
[5] was he.—P.
[6] O.—P.
[7] thine.—P.
[8] brast.—P.
[9] Hee sayth.—*Rel.*
[10] yond.—P.
[11] I trust in God O Child Waters. —*Rel.*
[12] you'll never.—P. not.—P.
[13] but the.—P. Now the.—*Rel.* and P.
[14] For I must.—*Rel.*

swim thro' the water.

the salt waters bare vp Ellens [1] clothes;
our Ladye bare vpp he[r] chinne;
& Child waters was a woe man,[2] good Lo*rd*,[3]
to ssee faire Ellen swime.

& when shee ouer the water was,
Shee then came to his knee: [page 275]

He shows her

he said, "come hither, ffaire Ellen,
loe yonder what I see!

a hall.

"seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
of redd gold shine the yates [4];
theres 24 ffayre ladyes,[5]
the ffairest is my wordlye make.[6]

The fairest girl there is his bride,

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
of redd gold shineth the tower;
there is [7] 24 ffaire Ladyes,[8]
the fairest is my paramoure."

his paramour.

Ellen

"I doe see the hall now, Child waters,
that of redd gold shineth the yates.[9]

wishes him and his bride God speed.

god giue [10] good then of yo*ur* selfe,
& of yo*ur* wordlye make [11]!

"I doe see the hall now, Child waters,
that of redd gold shineth the tower.
god giue [12] good then of yo*ur* selfe
and of yo*ur* paramoure!"

[1] her.—*Rel.*
[2] i. e. a woeful man.—P.
[3] Ch. W. was a woe man good Lord. —P.
[4] shines [the] gate.—P.
[5] Of twenty foure fayre ladyes there. —*Rel.* of.—P.
[6] mate: so the rhyme seems to require, but Make signifies also a Mate, match, or equal, a familiar companion. from A.-S. *maca, gemaca,* par, socius, conjux. Vid. Jun. Gloss. Sax. Voc.—P. *Rel.* omits 'wordlye.'—F.
[7] There are there.—P.
[8] *Rel.* adds 'there.'—F.
[9] yate.—P.
[10] [insert] you.—P.
[11] worthy mate.—P.
[12] [insert] you.—P.

there were 24 Ladyes,[1]
were[2] playing at the ball;
& Ellen was[3] the ffairest Ladye,[4]
must bring his steed to the stall. — She stables his steed,

there were 24 faire Ladyes[5]
was[6] playing att the Chesse;
& Ellen shee was[7] the ffairest Ladye,[8]
must bring his horsse to grasse. — and takes it to grass.

& then bespake Child waters sister, — His sister
& [9] these were the words said shee;
" you haue the prettyest ffootpage, brother, — asks that his footpage
that euer I saw [10] with mine eye,

" but *that* his belly it is soe bigg,
his girdle goes [11] wonderous hye;
& eu*er* I pray you, Child waters,
let him goe into the Chamber with mee.[12] " — may go to her room with her.

[13] " it is more meete for a litle ffootpage — Childe Waters says the page had
that has run through mosse and mire,
to take his supper vpon his knee — better sup by the kitchen fire.
& sitt downe [14] by the kitchin fyer,
then to goe into the chamber with any Ladye
that weares soe [rich] attyre.[15] "

[1] 'were playing' follows and is crossed out.—F. There were 24 faire Ladies there.—P. There twenty four ladyes were.—*Rel.*
[2] A.—*Rel.* A.—P.
[3] that was, Qu.—P.
[4] the fayrest ladye there.—*Rel.*
[5] P. has written *there* at the end.—F. *Rel.* omits 'were.'
[6] a.—P.
[7] that was, Qu.—P.
[8] the fayrest ladye there.—*Rel.*
[9] *Rel.* omits &.—F.
[10] I did see.—P. I did see.—*Rel.*
[11] is.—P.
[12] in my chamber lie.—P.
[13] Percy turns the last two lines into another stanza, and prefixes it to the first four:—

It is not fit for a little foot page
That has run through mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any lady
That weares soe riche attyre.

[14] And lye.—*Rel.*
[15] rich attyre, Qu.—P.

He sends
but when thé had supped euery one,
to bedd they tooke they [1] way ;
Ellen
he sayd, " come hither, my litle footpage,
hearken what I doe say !

to hire a prostitute for him
" & goe thy downe into [2] yonder towne,
& low into the street ;
the ffarest Ladye *that* thou can find,
hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
and carry her up to him.
& take her vp in thine armes 2 [3]
for filinge [4] of her ffeete."

Ellen
Ellen is gone into the towne,
& low into the streete :
hires the woman
the fairest Ladye *that* shee cold find,
shee hyred in his armes to sleepe,
and carries her up,
& tooke her in her armes 2
for filing of her ffeete.

and asks to lie at his bed-foot.
" I pray you now, good Child waters,
that I may creepe in att *your* bedds feete ; [5]
for there is noe place about this house
where I may say [6] a sleepe."

At daybreak
[7] this, & itt droue now affterward [8]
till itt was neere the day :
Childe Waters orders Ellen to feed his steed.
he sayd, " rise vp, my litle ffoote page,
& giue my steed corne & hay ;
& soe doe thou [9] the good blacke oates,
that he may carry me the [10] better away."

[1] their.—P. they = the.—F.
[2] thee into.—P. thee downe into.—*Rel.*
[3] twaine.—*Rel.*
[4] i. e. for fear of defiling.—P.
[5] Let me lie at your feet.—P. Let me lye at your feete.—*Rel.*
[6] Vide Liffe & Death. Pag. 384, lin. 36 ; pag. 390, lin. 453 [of MS.]—P. say = essay, try.—F.
[7] In the *Reliques* a stanza is made of the next two lines :—
He gave her leave, and faire Ellen
Down at his beds feet laye :
This done the nighte drove on a pace,
And when it was neare the daye.—F.
[8] This done, the night drove on apace.—P.
[9] And give him nowe.—*Rel.*
[10] To carry mee.—*Rel.*

And vp then rose [1] ffaire Ellen, [page 276]
& gaue [2] his steed corne & hay, — She does it,
& soe shee did on [3] the good blacke oates,
that he might carry him the better [4] away.

shee layned [5] her backe to the Manger side,
& greiuouslye did groane; [6] — but groans, for her pains come on.
& *that* beheard his mother deere, — Childe Waters's mother
and [7] heard her make her moane.

shee said, "rise vp, thou Child waters! — tells him to get up,
I thinke thou art a [8] cursed man;
for yonder is a ghost in thy [9] stable — there's a ghost in his stable,
that greiuouslye doth groane,
or else some woman laboures of [10] child, — or a woman in labour.
shee is soe woe begone!"

but vp then rose Child waters, [11] — He dresses,
& did on his shirt of silke;
then he put on his [12] other clothes
on his body as white as milke.

& when he came to the stable dore, — goes to the stable,
full still *that* hee did [13] stand,
that hee might heare now faire Ellen, — and hears Ellen
how shee made her monand [14]:

shee said, "lullabye, my [15] owne deere child! — sing to her child:
lullabye, deere child, deere!
I wold thy father were a king, — would that his father were a king,
thy mother layd on a beere! — she dead!

[1] [insert] the.—P.
[2] to give.—P.
[3] *Rel.* omits on.—F.
[4] to carry him th' bet.—P.
[5] leaned.—P.
[6] The *Reliques* inserts and alters thus:
She leaned her back to the manger side
And there shee made her moane,
And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her 'woeful woe;'
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
And into thy stable goe.—F.
[7] she.—P.
[8] thee a.—P.
[9] the.—P.
[10] with.—*Rel.*
[11] 'soon' is written at the end by P.—F.
[12] and so he did his.—P.
[13] there did he.—P.
[14] monand, is moaning, i. e. moan. Lye.—P.
[15] mine.—*Rel.*

Childe Waters promises to marry her.

"peace now," he said, "good faire Ellen!
& be of good cheere, I thee pray;
& the Bridall, & the churching both,
164 they [1] shall bee vpon one day."[2]

ffins.

[1] *Rel.* omits they.—F.

[2] In the admiration bestowed on fair Ellen, Enid, and patient Grisild, it is doubtful whether disgust and indignation at their friends' conduct have been sufficiently expressed or felt. Anything more deliberately brutal, I find it hard to conceive. "Cursed man" is surely an epithet well deserved here.—F.

Perhaps the most poetical and finest version of this poem is to be found in Bürger's melodious German ballad, entitled *Graf Walter*, which he professes to have made *nach dem Alt-englischen*, and which follows Percy's edition pretty closely. He has made it into a very pleasing poem, having paraphrased it after his own fashion with great artistic skill.

Bürger concludes thus:

"Sammt deinem Vater schreibe Gott
Dich in sein Segensbuch!
Werd' ihm und dir ein Purpurkleid,
Und mir ein Leichentuch!"

"O nun, O nun, süss, süsse Maid,
Süss, süsse Maid, halt ein!
Mein Busen ist ja nicht von Eis,
Und nicht von Marmelstein.

"O nun, O nun, süss, süsse Maid,
Süss, süsse Maid, halt ein!
Es soll ja Tauf' und Hochzeit nun
In *einer* Stunde sein."

He has also translated "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" as *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, and "The Child of Elle" as *Die Entführung*.—Skeat.

Bessie : off Bednall :[1]

THERE are copies of this ballad in the Roxburghe and the Bagford collections, and in the Collection of Old Ballads. It is printed in the *Reliques* chiefly from the Folio MS. "compared with two ancient printed copies." It appears in numberless recent collections, as Professor Child's, Mr. Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England.* The Folio copy, differing slightly from the current ones, is here printed faithfully for the first time; for the editor of the *Reliques* seems to have thought that to him too, as to painters and poets,

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,

and freely used his license in the case of this ballad. He was offended by the "absurdities and inconsistencies" of the old version, "which so remarkably prevailed" in that part of the song where the Beggar discovers himself. These were, we suppose, that a Montfort should be spoken of as serving in the wars,

When first our King his fame did advance
And fought for his title in delicate France,

and then that the blinded soldier, when at last he got back to his country, should resign himself to a beggar's life instead of at once declaring himself and appealing to the royal bounty, if he was possessed of no estate to support him. There seemed no hope of curing such grievous deformities as these; so the whole limb was lopped off, and a new one substituted, manufactured by Robert Dodsley, author of *The Economy of Human Life.* Eight new stanzas were substituted. "By the alteration of a

[1] In the printed collection of Old Ballads, 1726. Vol. 2, p. 202, N. 35.—P.

few lines," says Percy, "the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history." Let those who think it profitable or possible to bring about such a reconciliation be thankful. The copy as now at last reproduced gives one stanza (vv. 228–32) not found in the ordinary versions.

The ballad was certainly not written later than Queen Elizabeth's reign; for, as Percy points out, *Mary Ambree* was sung to the tune of it. One reason for which Percy attributes it to that reign seems odd—because the "Queen's Arms" are mentioned in v. 23!

It was an extremely popular ballad, and no wonder. "This very house," writes Pepys in his Diary, June 25, 1663, of Sir W. Rider's place at Bethnal Green, "was built by the blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some outhouses of it." (*apud* Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where the tune is given.) The story is pretty, and is told unaffectedly. Each part has its own surprise: the one revealing the wealth, the other the high birth of the Beggar. These *dénouements* are not supremely noble; but they are such as please the crowd. Such sudden reverses are always delightful. But what a bathos it would seem if, in the ballad of King Cophetua, the Beggar-maid should turn out to be a disguised Princess, or the village maiden, whom the Lord of Burleigh in Mr. Tennyson's poem leads home, a Lady of title! The present ballad is not satisfied to represent Bessie as "pleasant and bright," "of favours most fair," "courteous." It crowns her with vulgarer honours—showers riches on her, and proves her of high lineage.

Regium certe genus et penates
Mœret iniquos.
Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
Plebe dilectam.

ITT was a blind beggar *that* long lost his sight, A blind beggar had a fair daughter.
he had a faire daughter both pleasant & bright,
& many a gallant braue sutor had shee,
for none was soe comelye as pretty Bessye.

And tho shee was of ffavor most faire,
yett seeing shee was but a beggars heyre,
of ancyent houskeep*e*rs despised was shee, Householders despised her,
whose sonnes came as sutors to prettye Bessye.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
" good ffather & mother, let me goe away so she
to seeke out my fortune, where euer itt be."
this sute then they granted to pretty Bessye.

Then Bessye *that* was of bewtye soe bright, left her parents,
they cladd in gray russett, & late in the night
with teares shee lamented her destinye;
soe sadd & soe heauy was pretty Bessye.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford the bow, walkt to Stratford,
then knew shee not whither nor w*hi*ch way to goe;
ffrom ffather & mother alone p*ar*ted shee,
who sighed & sobbed for pretty Bessye.

Shee kept on her Iourney till it was day,
& went vnto Rumford along the hye way,
& att the Queenes armes entertained was shee, stopt at the Queen's Arms, Rumford,
soe faire & welfavoured was pretty Bessye.

Shee had not beene there a month to an End,
but M*aster* & M*istress*, and all, were her ffreind;
& euery braue gallant *that* once did her see, and all the gallants fell in love with her,
was straight-way in loue with pretty Bessye.

Great guifts they did giue her of siluer & gold,
& in their songs daylye her loue was extold; sang of her beauty,
her beawtye was blessed in euery degree,
soe faire & soe comlye was pretty Bessye.

The young men of Rumford in her had their Ioy,
shee showed herseffe curteous, & neuer to coye;
and did her bidding. and att her commandement wold they [ever] bee,
soe ffayre and soe comly was pretty Bessye.

Four suitors sue her: ffowre sutors att once thé vnto her did goe, [page 277]
thé craved her ffavor, but still shee sayd noe;
"I wold not wish gentlemen marry with mee:"
yett euer thé honored pretty Bessye.

1. a rich London Merchant, A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
was there the ffirst sutor, & proper with-all;
2. a Gentleman, the 2d. a genteleman of good degree,
who wooed & sued ffor pretty Bessye;

3. a Knight, The 3d. of them was a gallant young Knight,
& he came vnto her disguised in the night;
4. the Landlady's son, who will die for her. her Mistress owne sonne the 4. man must bee,
who swore he wold dye ffor pretty Bessye.

The Knight will make her a lady; "And if thou wilt wedd with me," quoth the Knight,
"Ile make thee a Ladye with Ioy [and] delight;
my hart is inthralled by thy bewtye!
then grant me thy ffavor, my pretty Bessye!"

the Gentleman will clothe her in velvet; The gentleman sayd, "marry with mee;
in silke & in veluett my bessye shalbee;
my hart lyes distressed; O helpe me!" quoth hee,
"& grant me thy Loue, thou pretty Bessye!"

the Merchant will give her jewels. "Let me bee thy husband!" the Merchant cold say,
"thou shalt liue in London both gallant & gay;
my shippes shall bring home rych Iewells for thee;
& I will ffor euer loue pretty Bessye."

Bessy refers them to her father. Then Bessye shee sighed, & thus shee did say,
"my ffather & mother I meane to obey;
ffirst gett their good will, & be ffaithfull to me,
& you shall enioye your prettye Bessye."

To euery one this answer shee made,
wherfore vnto her they Ioyffullye sayd,
"this thing to ffulfill wee doe all agree; Who is he?
& where dwells thy ffather, my pretty Bessy?"

"My ffather," shee said, "is soone to be seene; The Blind Beggar of Bednall Greene,
he is the blind beggar of Bednall greene,
that daylye sitts begging ffor charitye;
he is the good ffather of pretty Bessye;

"his markes & his tokens are knowen ffull well, led by a dog with a bell.
he alwayes is led *with* a dogg and a bell;
a silly blind man, god knoweth, is hee,
yett hee is the good ffather of pretty Bessye."

"Nay then," q*uo*th the Merchant, "thou art not for mee!" The Merchant,
"nor," q*uo*th the Inholder, "my Wiffe thou shalt bee!" Innkeeper,
"I lothe," sayd the gentleman, "a beggars degree; and Gentleman cry off.
therffore, ffarwell, my pretty Bessye!"

"Why then," q*uo*th the knight, "hap better or worsse, But the Knight says
I way not true loue by the waight of my pursse,
& bewtye is bewtye in euery degree,
then welcome to me, my pretty Bessye! he'll have Bessy.

"*With* thee to thy ffather fforth will I goe."
"nay sofft," q*uo*th his kinsman, "itt must not be soe; His kinsman says No:
a beggars daughter noe Ladye shalbe;
therfore take thy due [leaue] of pretty Bessye."

But soone after this, by breake of the day, but he carries off Bessy.
the knight ffrom Rumfford stole Bessye away.
the younge men of Rumfford, as thicke as might bee, The Rumford men
rode affter to ffeitch againe pretty Bessye;

As swift as they winde to ryd they were seene
vntill they came to Bednall greene; overtake him;
& as the knight lighted most curteouslye,
thé ffought against him for pretty Bessye;

but he is rescued.

But rescew speedilye came on the plaine,
or else the young knight ffor his loue had beene slaine.
this ffray being ended, then straight he did see
his kinsman came rayling against pretty Bessye.

The Blind Beggar offers to give his girl as much gold as the Knight's kin will.

Then spake the blind Beggar, "althoe I be poore,
yett rayle not against my child at my dore;
thoe shee be not decked in veluett & pearle,
yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle;

"And then if my gold may better her birthe,
& equall the gold you lay on the earth,
then neyther rayle, nor grudge you to see
the blind beggars daughter a Lady to bee.

[page 278]

"Butt ffirst I will heare, & haue itt well Knowen,
the gold *that* you drop shall all be your owne."
Agreed. with *that* they replyed, "contented wee bee."
"then here is," quoth the Beggar, "ffor pretty Bessye."

The Beggar lays down angels against the Knight's till the latter's store is gone,

With *that* an angell he dropped on the ground,
& dropped in angells 500li
& oftentimes itt was proued most plaine,
ffor the gentlemans one the beggar dropt twayne,

Soe *that* the place wherin thé did sitt,
with gold was couered euery whitt.
the gentleman hauing dropped all his store,
said, "Beggar, hold! for wee haue noe more.

"Thou hast ffulfilled thy promise arright."
"then marry," quoth hee, "my girle to this Knight;
& heere," quoth hee, "Ile throw you downe
and then gives 100l. more. a 100li more to buy her a gowne."

The gentleman *that* all this treasure had seene,
admired the beggar of Bednall greene,
& those *that* were her sutors before,
their fflesh for verry anger they tore.

Then was ffaire Bessye mached to the knight,
& made a Ladye in others despite;
a ffairer Ladye was neuer seene
then the Beggars daughter of Bednall gree[ne].

So fair Bessy is made a Lady,

But of their sumptuos marriage & ffeast,
& what braue Lords & Knights thither we[r]e prest,
the 2d. ffitt shall sett to sight,
with marueilous pleasure & wished delight.

and I'll tell you all about the Marriage in Fitt II.

[Part II.]

2d. parte

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
that late was betrothed vnto a younge Knight,
all the discourse ther-of you did see:
but now comes the wedding of pretty Bes[sye].

The wedding

within a gallant pallace most braue,
adorned with all the cost thé cold haue,
this wedding was kept most sumptuously,
& all ffor the creditt of pretty Bessye.

is held in a palace,

All kind of daintyes & delicates sweete
was brought ffor the banquett, as it most mee[t],
Partridge, plouer, & venison most ffree,
against the braue wedding of pretty Bessye.

and a grand banquet is made.

This marryage through England was sp[r]ead by repor[t],
soe that a great number therto did resort
of nobles & gentles in euery degree;
& all was ffor the ffame of pretty Bessye.

Nobles and gentles come to it.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
h[i]s bride ffollowed, an angell most bright,
with troopes of Ladyes, the like were neuer seene
as went with Sweet Bessye of Bednall greene.

Ladies follow Bessy to church.

After the marriage,

This marryage being solempnized then
with musicke p*er*fourmed by the skillfullest men,
comes the feast, the Nobles & gentles sate downe at *that* tyde,
each one beholding the beautifull bryde.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
to talke & to reason a number begunn
of the blind Beggars daughter most bright,
& what *with* his daughter he gaue to the Knight.

Then spake the Nobles, "most marueill haue wee,
and then the Beggar is asked for. this Iolly blind beggar wee cannott here see."
"my Lo*rd*," said the Bride, "my father is soe base,
he is loth by his *pr*esence these states[1] to disgrace;

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
before her fface heere, were a flattering thing."
Bessy's beauty puts away his baseness. "wee thinke thy ffathers basenesse," q*uo*th they,
"might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

So the Beggar comes in They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
but in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cote,
a velluett capp and a ffether had hee,
& now a Musityan fforsooth hee wold bee;

[page 279]
with a lute, And being led in, ffor catching of harme
he had a daintye Lute vnder his arme,
saies, "please you to heare any Musicke of mee?
Ile sing you [a] song of pretty Bessye."

With that his lute he twanged straight-way,
& there begann most sweetlye to play,
& after a lesson was playd 2 or 3:
and sings a song of he strayned on this song most delicatelye:

[1] Nobles.—F.

"A Beggars daughter did dwell on [a] greene, — the Beggar's daughter,
who ffor her ffaire might well be a queene;
a blithe bonny Lasse, & daintye, was shee,
& many a one called her pretty Bessye." — Pretty Bessy,

"Her ffather hee had noe goods nor noe Lands, — whose father gave her 3,000*l.*,
but begd [1] for a penny all day with his hand[s];
yett to her marriage hee gaue thousands 3:
& still he hath somewatt for pretty Bessye;

"And if any one her birth doe disdaine, — and can prove she's of noble birth.
her ffather is ready with might & with maine
to prooye shee is come of a Noble degree;
therfore neuer fflout att pretty Bessye."

With *that* the Lords & the companye round — The Lords laugh.
with harty Laughter were like to sound.
att last said the Lords, "full well wee may see,
the Bride & the Beggar is behouldinge to thee."

With that the Bride all blushing did rise — Bessy begs them to excuse her father's praise of her.
with the salt water within her faire eyes:
"O pardon my ffather, graue Nobles," quoth shee,
"*that* thorrow blind affection thus doteth on mee."

"If this be thy ffather," the [2] noble[s] did say, — The Lords ask
"well may he be proud of this happy day;
yett by his countenaunce well may wee see,
his birth & his ffortune did neuer agree;

"And therfor, blind man, I pray thee bewray, — the Blind Beggar to confess who he really is.
& looke *that* the truth thou to vs doe say,
thy birth & thy parentage, what itt may bee,
euen for the loue thou bearest to pretty Bessye."

[1] The *g* is made over a *d* in the MS. —F.

[2] The *e* is made over a *g* in the MS. —F.

He tells them.

"Then giue me leaue, you Gengells[1] eche one,
a song more to sing, then will I goe on;
& if *that* itt may not winn good report,
then doe not giue me a groat for my sport.

With King Henry,

"When ffirst our King his ffame did Advance,
& fought for his title in delicate ffrance,
in many a place many perills past hee:
then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

went to France young Mountford.

"And then in those warres went over to fight
many a braue duke, a L*ord*, & a K*night*,
& with them younge Mountford, his courage most free:
but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

At Blois he was wounded,

"Att Bloyes there chanced a terrible day,
where many braue ffrenchmen vpon the ground Lay;
amonge them Lay Mountford for companye:
but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

"But there did younge Mountford, by blow on the face,
loose both his eyes in a very short space;
& alsoe his liffe had beene gone with his sight,
had not a younge woman come forth in the night

lost both his eyes, and nearly his life, but for a young woman

"Amongst the slaine men, as fancy did moue,
to search & to seeke for her owne true loue;
& seeing young Mountford there gasping to bee,
shee saued his liffe through charitye.

who saved him.

Together they begged;

"And then all our vittalls, in Beggars attire [page 280]
att hands of good people wee then did require.

came to Bednall Greene,

att last into England, as now it is seene,
wee came, & remained att Bednall greene;

[1] Gentles.—F.

"And thus wee haue liued in ffortunes despite,
tho[1] poore, yett contented with humble delight;
& in my young[2] yeeres, a comfort to bee, and begot Pretty Bessy.
god sent mee my daughter, prétty Bessye.

"And thus, noble Lords, my song I doe end, That's the Beggar's tale.
hoping the same noe man doth offend;
full 40 winters thus I haue beene,
a silly blind beggar of Bednall greene."

Now when the companye euerye one The Lords
did heare the strange tale in the song he had show[n],
they were all amazed, as well thé might bee, wonder.
both at the blind beggar & pretty Bessye.

with *that* he did the fayre bride imbrace, The Beggar embraces Bessy,
saying, "thou art come of an hon*oura*blle race;
thy ffather likewise of a highe degree,
& thou art well worthy a lady to bee!"

Thus was the ffeast ended with Ioy & delight;
a br[i]degrome [blissful] was the young knight,
who liued in Ioy & felicitye and she and her Knight live happily.
with his ffaire Ladye, pretty Bessye.
ffins.

[1] MS. the.—F. [2] ? old.—F.

Hugh : Spencer :[1]

[His great atchievements on an Embassy to france.—P.]

This piece is now printed from the Folio for the first time. It is no very considerable addition to English literature. It gives, with average dulness, a ridiculously bragging account of the achievements of one Sir Hugh Spencer at the court of France, whither he was dispatched as ambassador—a truly Philistine piece, such as might have been told at Gath or published at Askalon. There does not seem to be any historical ground for it. Not even the most triumphant English history of England contains any account of the terrifying a French king into promises of peace by the prowess of an English ambassador, as here happens when Spencer, with four others, manages to kill "about two or three score" of the King's guards (p. 295, l. 134), after having slain "13 or 14 score on a previous occasion (p. 294, l. 122). The piece is, indeed, nothing better than a tissue of coarse English braggadocio. An English "old hackney" outvalues any one of a French knight's war-steeds. An English staff is as stout as three French spears bound together. And as for an English man, why he is good for a French host. What a vulgar Philistine was this ballad-monger!

The: Court is kept att leeue London,
& euermore shall be itt;
The King tells Sir H. Spencer — the *King* sent for a bold Embassador,
& *Sir* Hugh Spencer *that* he hight.

[1] The subject of this Ballad seems to be all-together fabulous.—P.

" come hither, Spencer," saith our Kinge,
" & come thou hither vnto mee,
I must make thee an Embassadour — to go to the King of France,
8 betweene the *King* of ffrance & mee.

" thou must comend me to the *King* of ffrance,
& tell him thus & now ffrom mee,
'I wold know whether there shold be peace in his land, — and ask him whether he's for peace or war.
12 or open warr kept still must bee.'

" thoust haue thy shipp at thy comande,
thoust neither want for gold nor ffee,
thoust haue a 100 armed men
16 all att thy bidding ffor to bee."

they [1] wind itt serued, & they sayled, — Spencer and his men
& towards ffrance thus they be gone;
they [1] wind did bring them safe to shore, — land in France.
20 & safelye Landed euerye one.

the ffrenchmen lay on the castle wall [2] — The French
the English souldiers to be-hold:
" you are welcome, traitors, out of England; — count on their heads.
24 the heads of you are bought and sold!"

with *that* spake proud Spencer, — Spencer says he
" my leege, soe itt may not bee!
I am sent an Embassador — comes from the English King
28 ffrom our English King to yee.

"the *King* of England greetes you well,
& hath sent this word by mee;
he wold know whether there shold be peace in your Land, — to ask whether it's to be peace or war.
32 or open warres kept still must bee."

[1] the.—P. [2] There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS.—F.

War, says the French King;

" Comend me to the English Kinge,
& tell this now ffrom mee;
There shall neuer peace be kept in my Land [page 281]
while open warres kept there may bee."

and his Queen

with *that* came downe the Queene of ffrance,
and an angry woman then was shee;

sneers at him for talking to English traitors.

saies, "itt had beene as ffitt now for a *King*
to be in his chamber *with* his ladye,
then to be pleading *with* traitors out of England
kneeling low vppon their knee."

Spencer

But then bespake him proud Spencer,
for noe man else durst speake but hee:

calls her a liar.

"you haue not wiped yo*ur* mouth, Madam,
since I heard you tell a lye."

She dares him to fight her knight.

"O hold thy tounge, Spencer!" shee said,
"I doe not come to plead with thee;
darest thou ryde a course of warr
with a knight *that* I shall put to thee?"

Spencer says he has

"but eu*er* alacke!" then Spencer sayd,
"I thinke I haue deserued gods cursse;

neither armour nor steed.

ffor I haue not any armour heere,
nor yett I haue noe Iusting horsse."

The Queen tells him he's too spindle-shanked,

"thy shankes," q*uo*th shee, "beneath the knee
are verry small aboue the shinne
ffor to doe any such hon*oura*blle deeds
as the Englishmen say thou has done.

and too small-thighed for a jouster.

"thy shankes beene small aboue thy shoone,
& soe thé beene aboue thy knee;
thou art to slender euery way,
any good Iuster ffor to bee."

"but euer alacke," said Spencer then,
"for one steed of the English countrye!"
with *that* bespake & one ffrench knight, — A French knight offers him one of three steeds:
"this day thoust haue the Choyce of 3:"

the first steed he ffeiched out, — 1. a white
I-wis he was milke white.
the ffirst ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,[1]
his backe did from his belly type.[2] — (whose back breaks?),

the 2d. steed *that* he ffeitcht out, — 2. a brown
I-wis[3] *that* hee was verry Browne;
the 2d. ffoot Spencer in stirropp settt,
that horsse & man and all ffell downe. — (who tumbles down),

the 3d. steed *that* hee ffeitched out, — 3. a black
I-wis *that* he was verry blacke;
the 3d. ffoote Spencer into the stirropp sett,
he leaped on to the geldings backe. — which Spencer jumps on,

"but eu*er* alacke," said Spencer then, — but soon calls for his old English hack,
"for one good steed of the English countrye!
goe ffeitch me hither my old hacneye
that I brought with me hither beyond the sea."

but when his hackney there was brought,
Spencer a merry man there was hee;
saies, "with the grace of god & St. George of England, — and hopes to win the fight with him.
the ffeild this day shall goe with mee!

"I haue not fforgotten," Spencer sayd,
"since there was ffeild foughten att walsingam,
when the horsse did heare the trumpetts sound,
he did beare ore both horsse & man."

[1] There is a curl between the *e* and *t* in the MS.—F.

[2] ? MS. tylpe, with the *l* crossed at top: no doubt for *tyte*, quickly, or Sc. *tyte* to snatch, draw suddenly, Du. *tijden* to draw, goe.—F.

[3] As the *I wis* is followed by *that*, it may mean here 'I know,' and not be the adverb 'certainly.'—F.

The joust begins;

the day was sett, & togetther they mett
with great mirth & melodye,
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,
with drumes striking loud & hye.

Spencer breaks his French spear on his opponent;

the ffirst race that spencer run,
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;
he [hit] the knight vpon his brest,
but his speare itt burst, & wold touch noe more.

asks for an English one,

"but euer alacke," said Spencer then,
"for one staffe of the English countrye!
without youle bind me 3 together," [page 282]
quoth hee, "theyle be to weake ffor mee."

with *that* bespake him the ffrench Knight,
sayes, "bind him together the whole 30^{tye},
for I haue more strenght in my to hands
then is in all Spencers bodye."

and bets the Frenchman five to four he'll beat him.

"but proue att parting," spencer sayes,
"ffrench Knight, here I tell itt thee,
for I will lay thee 5 to 4
the bigger man I proue to bee."

So they joust again,

but the day was sett, & together they mett
with great mirth & melodye,
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,
with drummes strikeing loud & hye.

and Spencer

the 2^{d} race *that* Spencer run,
I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,

unhorses the French knight,

& he hitt the Knight vpon the brest,
& draue him ore his horsse beside.

but he run thorrow the ffrench campe;
such a race was neu*er* run beffore;

kills about 280 men,

he killed of *King* Charles his men
att hand of 13 or 14 score.

but he came backe againe to the K[ing]
& kneeled him downe vpon his knee, — and tells King Charles of it.
saies, "a knight I haue slaine, & a steed I haue woone,
the best *that* is in this countrye."

"but nay, by my faith," said the *King*, — Charles says he'll have his head.
"Spencer, soe itt shall not bee;
Ile haue *that* traitors head of thine
to enter plea att my Iollye."

but Spencer looket him once about; — Spencer and his men kill fifty of the King's Guard.
he had true bretheren left but 4:
he killed ther of[1] the *King*s gard
about 2 or 3 score.

"but hold thy hands," the *King* doth say, — Charles prays him to stop,
"Spencer! now I doe pray thee;
& I will goe into litle England, — and offers to go to England.
vnto *that* cruell Kinge with thee."

"Nay, by my ffaith," Spencer sayd, — Spencer refuses this.
"my leege, for soe itt shall not bee;
for on[2] you sett[3] ffoot on English ground,
you shall be hanged vpon a tree."

"why then, comend [me] to *that* English Kinge, — Then Charles promises peace.
& tell him thus now ffrom mee,
that there shall neuer be open warres kept in my Land
whilest peace kept *that* there may bee."
ffins.

[1] MS. therof.—F. [2] on = an, if.—F. [3] ? MS. seitt *or* settt.—F.

Kinge : Adler :[1]

This Adler may be the same with that one who appears in the ballad of *King Estmere*. As that ballad narrates the marriage of the elder brother Estmere, and how the younger Adler assisted to bring it about, so here the younger brother's wooing and winning are described, and how Estmere promoted them. Perhaps the lost second line made mention of Estmere. There seems to be an error in the eleventh verse: Estmere there should be Ardine. Both brothers are somewhat fastidious in their connubial tastes. "I know not," says Estmere in the ballad dedicated to him in the *Reliques*,

> "I know not that ladye in any lande
> That is able to marry with mee."

And here Adler insists on a wife silk-soft, milk-white, lithe and lissome.

In this ballad the comic element predominates. The narrative is humorous, and so is the narration. The piece reads like a nursery tale, as Mr. Furnivall suggests in the note.

King Adler

KINGE: Adler, as hee in his window Lay,
[unto a stranger knight he did say,]
"I wold my lands they were as broada
as the red rose is in my garden:
there were not that woman this day aliue,
describes the wife he wants.
I kept to bee my wedded wiffe,
without thé[2] were as white as any milke
or as soft as any silke,

[1] Poor stuff.—P. No doubt meant for a nursery tale.—F. [2] she.—F.

& they royall rich wine ran downe her brest bone,
& lord! shee were & a leath[1] maiden."
"but Estmere our *King* has a daughter soe younge; — A stranger says his king has the daughter to suit Adler.
god Lord! shees as soft as any silke,
& as white as any milke,
the royall rich wine runes downe her brest bone,
& lord! shee is a leath maiden."
"but will you goe vnto *King* Ardine, — "Will you go and ask for her, for me?"
& will *that* ffaire Lady *that* shee wilbe mine?"
Hee tooke the fflood, & the winde was good, [page 283] — The man goes and asks.
vntill hee came vnto *that* *King*s hall.
he grett them well both great & small:
"Kinge Adler hath sent me hither to thee,
& wills thy ffayre daughter, shee will his bee."
he sayes, "if *King* Adler will my daughter winne, — King Estmere or Ardine
of another manner he must begin:
ifaith he shall bring Lords to the Mold, — recounts what ship-loads of things Adler must first bring him,
100 Shippes of good red gold,
100 Shippes of Ladyes on the moure,
100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,
100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,
100 Shippes of new dubbd knights.
yett he shall doe *that* is more pine,
he shall take the salt sea & turne itt to red wine; — and then turn the sea to red wine.
when hee has done all these deeds,
then my faire daughter shalbe his;
but I haue sett her on such a pinn,[2]
King Adler shall her neuer winne."
he tooke the flood, & they wind was good, — Adler's messenger returns
& neu*er* stayd in noe stead
vntill he came to Kinge Adlers hall.
he greeted them well both great & small,

[1] *Leath*, soft, supple, limber, pliant, Denbighshire; in Halliwell's Gloss. Lithe.—F.

[2] ? high point, station, or 'fancy, humour,' as in 'Each sett on a mery pin,' *Fryar & Boye*, l. 484, Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 28.—F.

and gives him

saies " I haue beene att yonder *King*s place
to speake *with* his daughter fayre of face;
he sayes, if you will his daughter winne,
of another manner you must begin:

King Estmere's message: the ship-loads he's to bring him,

you must bring lords to the mold,
100 Shippes of good redd gold,
100 Shippes of Ladyes of the moure,
100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,
100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,
100 Shippes of new dubdd knights;

and then turn the sea into wine.

& yett you must doe *that* is more pine,
take the salt sea & turne it to red wine;
but he hath sett her on such a pinne
that you can her neuer winne."

Adler says

" some thing you must doe for mee,
I tell you all in veretye;

they must dress him as a woman, and take him to the Princess's court to board with her ladies.

in Ladyes [clothes [1]] will yee mee bowne,
& bring mee to *that* Ladyes towne,
& boaird me there one yeere or towe
amongst those Ladyes for to [2] goe,
& board [3] me there yeeres 2 or 3:
amongst those faire Ladyes for to bee."

His messenger takes him,

he tooke the fflood, & the wind was good,
& he neu*er* stayd nor stoode
vntill he came to *that* Ladyes hall:

and tells Estmere he has brought a lady to board among his ladies.

he greeted them well both great & small,
sayes, " heere I haue brought a fayre Ladye;
from her owne ffreinds shee is comen to bee;
I must board her a yeere or tow
amongst yo*ur* Ladyes for to goe."
these Ladyes sate all on a rowe;
some began to cut silke, some for to sowe;

[1] clothes, qu.—P.

[2] a *K*, seemingly marked out, stands between *to* and *goe*.—F.

[3] Mr. Gee, in his *Vocabulary of B. Words*, gives *board* v. n. lodge, as early as 1390 A.D.—F.

the *King*s daughter sayes, "*your* ffingars are too great,
or else *your* eyes beene out of seat,—
I tell you full soone anon,—
to sowe silke or Lay gold on."
but ere the 12 moneth was come & gone
he wan the farrest Ladye of euerye one.
thé cast the lot, & one by one,
& all the Ladyes euerye one
they cast it ouer 2 or 3:
King Adler ffell with the Kings daughter to lye.
but when they were in bedd Laid,
these words vnto her then hee said;
saies, "Lady, were *that* man this day aliue
that you wold be his wedded wiffe,
& were *that* man soe highlye borne
that you wold be his hend lemman?"
"there is noe man this day aliue
I kept to be his wedded wiffe,
without itt were King Adler, hee,
the noblest *Knight* in Christentye.
my father hath sett me on such a pinne,[1]
King Adler must me neuer winne."
"but, Ladye, how & [2] soe betyde
King Adler were in *your* bed hidd?
wold you not call them all att a stowre,
none of the Ladyes within *your* bower?
nor wold you not call them all at a call,
none of the Lords in *your* fathers hall?
nor wold you not call them all by-deene,
your ffather the *King*, nor *your* mother the queene?
but soe quickly you wold gett you bowne,
to goe with *King* Adler out of the towne?"
sais shee, "if itt wold soe betyde
King Adler were in my bed hidd,

The Princess tells Adler his fingers are too big.

One night they cast lots for bed-fellows,

[page 284]

and Adler wins the Princess.

He asks her whom she'd like to marry.

"King Adler."

"Suppose he were in your bed,

would you wake up your ladies

and the King and Queen, or elope with Adler?"

[1] MS. pime.—F. [2] an, if.—F.

"I wouldn't call up my ladies,

I wold not call them all in stowre,
none of the Ladyes in my bower;
nor I wold not call them all att a call,
none of the Lords in my fathers hall;
nor I wold not call them all by-deenee,
my ffather the King, nor my mother the Queene;
but soe quicklye I wold gett me bowne
to goe with King Adler out of the towne."

but would go off with Adler."

"but turne thee, Ladye, hither to mee!
for I am the K[ing] that speakes to thee!"

Adler discovers himself,

"alacke! *King* Adler! I shall catch cold,
for I can neu*er* tread on the mold,
but vpon rich cloth of gold
that is 5 thousand fold."
"peace, faire Lady! youst catch noe harme,[1]
for I will carry you vnder mine arme."

carries his love off under his arm, and sails away home.

he tooke the fflood, & the winde was good,
& he neuer stinted nor stood
vntill he came to his owne hall;
he greeted them well both great & small.
god send vs all to be well, & none to be woe,
vntill they wine their true loue soe!

May we all prosper till men wed so!

ffins.

[1] harne in MS.—F.

Down the left margin of this p. 284 of the MS. is written:

my sweet brother sweet Cous Edward Revell Booke Elizabeth Reuell.

And in the same hand are written on the right of verse 3 of "Boy and Mantle" *the sam* and *f henerey*.—F.

Boy and Mantle.[1]

This ballad was printed by Professor Child as the first in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, under the title of "The Boy and the Mantle," with the following Introduction:—

No incident is more common in romantic fiction, than the employment of some magical contrivance as a test of conjugal fidelity, or of constancy in love. In some romances of the Round Table, and tales founded upon them, this experiment is performed by means either of an enchanted horn, of such properties that no dishonoured husband or unfaithful wife can drink from it without spilling, or of a mantle which will fit none but chaste women. The earliest known instances of the use of these ordeals are afforded by the *Lai du Corn*, by Robert Bikez, a French minstrel of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Fabliau du Mantel Mautaillé*, which, in the opinion of a competent critic, dates from the second half of the thirteenth century, and is only the older lay worked up into a new shape. (Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 327, sq., 342, sq.) We are not to suppose, however, that either of these pieces presents us with the primitive form of this humorous invention. Robert Bikez tells us that he learned his story from an abbot, and that "noble ecclesiast" stood but one further back in a line of tradition which curiosity will never follow to its source. We shall content ourselves with noticing the most remarkable cases of the use of these and similar talismans in imaginative literature.

In the *Roman de Tristan*, a composition of unknown anti-

[1] This seems to have furnish'd the Hint of Florimel's Girdle to Spencer. Lib. 4. Cant. 2. St. 25 seq. Lib. 5. Cant. 5.—P.

quity, the frailty of nearly all the ladies at the court of King Marc is exposed by their essaying a draught from the marvellous horn, (see the English *Morte Arthur*, Southey's ed. i. 297). In the *Roman de Perceval*, the knights, as well as the ladies, undergo this probation. From some one of the chivalrous romances Ariosto adopted the wonderful vessel into his *Orlando*, (xlii. 102, sq., xliii. 31, sq.,) and upon his narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of *La Coupe Enchantée*. In German, we have two versions of the same story,—one, an episode in the *Krone* of Heinrich vom Türlein, thought to have been borrowed from the *Perceval* of Chrétien de Troyes, (*Die Sage vom Zauberbecher*, in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 378,) and another, which we have not seen, in Bruns, *Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften*, ii. 139; while in English, it is represented by the highly amusing "bowrd," which we are about to print, and which we have called *The Horn of King Arthur*.[1] The forms of the tale of the mantle are not so numerous. The *fabliau* already mentioned was reduced to prose in the sixteenth century, and published at Lyons, (in 1577,) as *Le Manteau mal taillé*, (Legrand's *Fabliaux*, 3rd ed. i. 126,) and under this title, or that of *Le Court Mantel*, is very well known. An old fragment (*Der Mantel*) is given in Haupt and Hoffmann's *Altdeutsche Blätter*, ii. 217, and the story is also in Bruns' *Beiträge*. Lastly, we find the legends of the horn and the mantle united, as in the German ballad *Die Ausgleichung*, (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 389,) and in the English ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*, where a magical knife is added to the other curiosities. All three of these, by the way, are claimed by the Welsh as a part of the *insignia* of Ancient Britain, and the special property of Tegau Eurvron, the wife of Caradog with the strong arm. (Jones, *Bardic Museum*, p. 49.)

In other departments of romance, many other objects are

[1] Child's Ballads, i. 17–27, from MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 59–62.

endowed with the same or an analogous virtue. In Indian and Persian story, the test of innocence is a red lotus-flower; in *Amadis*, a garland, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful;[1] in *Perceforest*, a rose. The *Lay of the Rose* in *Perceforest* is the original (according to Schmidt) of the much-praised tale of Senecé, *Camille, ou la Manière de filer le parfait Amour*, (1695),—in which a magician presents a jealous husband with a portrait in wax, that will indicate by change of colour the infidelity of his wife,—and suggested the same device in the twenty-first novel of Bandello, (Part First,) on the translation of which in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. ii. No. 28,) Massinger founded his play of *The Picture*. Again, in the tale of *Zeyn Alasman and the King of the Genii*, in the *Arabian Nights*, the means of proof is a mirror, that reflects only the image of a spotless maiden; in that of the carpenter and the king's daughter, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (c. 69,) a shirt, which remains clean and whole as long as both parties are true; in *Palmerin of England*, a cup of tears, which becomes dark in the hands of an inconstant lover; in the *Fairy Queen*, the famous girdle of Florimel; in *Horn and Rimnild* (Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, iii. 301,) as well as in one or two ballads in this collection [ed. Child], the stone of a ring; in a German ballad, *Die Krone der Königin von Afion*, (Erlach, *Volkslieder der Deutschen*, i. 132,) a golden crown, that will fit the head of no incontinent husband. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, we may add three instances of a different kind: the Valley in the romance of *Lancelot*, which being entered by a faithless lover

[1] So also in the well-told story of *The Wright's Chaste Wife* (E. E. T. Soc. 1865) a garland is the test:

Haue here thys garlond of roses ryche,
In alle thys lond ys none yt lyche;
For ytt wylle euer be newe
(Wete þou wele withowtyn fable,)
Alle the whyle thy wyfe ys stable
The chaplett wolle hold hewe;
And yf thy wyfe vse putry,
Or tolle eny man to lye her by,
Then wolle yt change hewe;
And by the garlond þou may see,
Fekylle or fals yf þat sche be,
Or ellys yf sche be trewe.
l. 53–66.—F.

would hold him imprisoned forever; the Cave in *Amadis of Gaul*, from which the disloyal were driven by torrents of flame; and the Well in *Horn and Rimnild*, (*ibid.*) which was to show the shadow of Horn, if he proved false.

In conclusion, we will barely allude to the singular anecdote related by Herodotus, (ii. 111,) of Phero, the son of Sesostris, in which the experience of King Marc and King Arthur is so curiously anticipated. In the early ages, as Dunlop has remarked, some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women, in defect of evidence, seems really to have been resorted to. "By the Levitical law," (*Numbers* v. 11–31,) continues that accurate writer, "there was prescribed a mode of trial, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars in which any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek novels and the romances of chivalry." See Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, London, 1814, i. 239, sq.; Legrand, *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., i. 149, sq., 161; Schmidt, *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, xxix. 121; Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 174–177; and, above all, Graesse's *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, 185, sq.

The Boy and the Mantle was [said to be] "printed verbatim" from the Percy MS., in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 38.

A boy comes to Carlisle

In the third day of May,
to Carleile did come
a kind curteous child
that cold much of wisdome.

a kirtle & a Mantle
this Child had vppon,
with brauches [1] and ringes,
full richelye bedone.

richly dressed and jewelled.

he had a sute of silke
about his middle drawne;
without he cold [2] of curtesye,
he thought itt much shame.

"god speed thee, *King* Arthur,
sitting att thy meate!
& the goodlye Queene Gueneuer!
I canott her fforgett.

He greets Arthur

and Guenevere,

"I tell you Lords in this hall,
I hett you all heate,[3]
except you be the more surer
is you for to dread."

[page 285]

he plucked out of his potewer,[4]
& longer wold not dwell,
he pulled forth a pretty mantle
betweene 2 nut-shells.

and pulls out of his bag

a mantle

"haue thou here *King* Arthure,
haue thou heere of mee;
giue itt to thy comely queene
shapen as itt is alreadye;

which he tells Arthur

to give to Guenevere.

"itt shall neu*er* become *that* wiffe
that hath once done amisse."
then euery K*night* in the K*ing*s court
began to care for his wiffe.[5]

[1] Brooches.—P. ? MS. branches.—F.
[2] knew.—F.
[3] heed, qu.—P. heede.—*Rel.* hete, a promise.—F.
[4] See pag. 382, ver. 98 [poteuere in *Sir Degree.*]—P. poterver.—*Rel.* The first syllable must be *porte*, carry.—F.
[5] began to care for his.—P. ? *care* in MS.—F

Guenevere takes it.

forth came dame Gueneuer;
to the mantle shee her biled[1]:
the Ladye shee was new fangle,[2]
but yett shee was affrayd.

when shee had taken the Mantle,
shee stoode as she had beene madd:
It tears in two, it was from the top to the toe
as sheeres had itt shread.[3]

and changes colour.

one while was itt gaule,[4]
another while was itt greene,
another while was itt wadded,—
ill itt did her beseeme,—

another while was it blacke
& bore the worst hue.
Arthur thinks she is not true. "by my troth," quoth *King* Arthur,
"I thinke thou be not true."

Guenevere

shee threw downe the mantle
that bright was of blee.[5]
rushes off blushing, fast with a rudd[6] redd
to her chamber can shee flee;

curses the mantle-maker

shee curst the weauer & the walker[7]
that clothe *that* had wrought,
& bade a vengeance on his crowne
and the child, *that* hither hath itt brought;

and says she'd rather be in a wood than shamed.

"I had rather be in a wood
vnder a greene tree,
then in *King* Arthurs court
shamed for to bee."

[1] Query the *le* in the MS.—F. hied.—*Rel.*

[2] *new fangle* is fond of a new thing, catching at novelties, ab. A.-S. *fangan*, apprehendere, capere, corripere, hinc *fang*, Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

[3] i. e. divided.—P.

[4] gule, qu.—P. red.—F.

[5] colour, complexion, *bleoh*—idem, Saxon.—P.

[6] Complexion.—P.

[7] Fuller, Jun.—P. A.-S. *wealcere*.—F.

Kay called forth his ladye,
& bade her come neere;
saies, "madam, & thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there."

Kay calls forth his wife.

forth came his Ladye
shortlye & anon;
boldlye to the Mantle
then is shee gone.

She tries the mantle,

when she had tane the Mantle
& cast it her about,
then was shee bare
all aboue the Buttocckes.[1]

but it leaves her buttocks bare.

then euery Knight
that was in the Kings court
talked, laug[h]ed, & showted,
full oft att *that* sport.

shee threw downe the mantle
that bright was of blee:
ffast with a red rudd
to her chamber can shee flee.

She runs off with a red face.

forth came an old Knight
pattering[2] ore a creede,
& he proferred to this litle boy
20 markes to his meede,

An old knight offers the boy a reward

& all the time of the Christmasse
willignglye to ffeede;
for why this Mantle might
doe his wiffe some need.

to try it on his wife.

[1] Before all the rout.—*Rel.*

[2] patter, obscuro murmure humilibus q*ue* susurris hypocritarum instar, coram populo preculas fundere—Junius. They say in Shropshire to *pather*, i. e. to make a noise, as when one rubs the feet ag*ain*st the ground, & scratches.—P.

She takes it,

When shee had tane the mantle [page 286]
of cloth *that* was made,
shee had no more left on her
and has only a tassel and thread on her.
but a tassell & a threed.
then euery K*nigh*t in the K*ing*s court
bade "euill might shee speed."

She rushes off shamed,

shee threw downe the Mantle
that bright was of blee,
& fast *with* a redd rudd
to her chamber can shee flee.

Craddock tells his wife to try

Craddocke called forth his Ladye,
& bade her come in;
saith, "winne this mantle, Ladye,
with a litle dinne:

and win the mantle.

"winne this mantle, Ladye,
& it shalbe thine
if thou neuer did amisse
since thou wast mine."

She comes,

forth came Craddockes Ladye
shortlye & anon,
but boldlye to the Mantle
then is shee gone.

puts it on;

when shee had tane the mantle
& cast itt her about,
it begins to crinkle up.
vpp att her great toe
itt began to crinkle [1] & crowt;
shee said "bowe downe, Mantle,
& shame me not for nought;

[1] to crinkle, to go in & out, to run in flexures; from krinckelen *Belg.* Johnson. —P. *Crout*, a variant of *crowd*, to draw close together.—F.

" once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
when I kist Craddockes mouth
Vnder a greene tree,
when I kist Craddockes mouth
before he marryed mee."

She confesses that she kissed Craddock before he married her.

when shee had her shreeuen,[1]
& her sines shee had tolde,
the mantle stoode about her
right as shee wold,

The mantle uncrinkles. clothes her,

seemelye of coulour,
glittering like gold.
then euery *Knight* in Arthurs court
did her behold.

and glitters like gold.

then spake dame Gueneuer
to Arthur our King,
" she hath tane yonder mantle,
not with wright[2] but with wronge!

Guenevere maligns Craddock's wife,

" see you not yonder woman
that maketh her selfe soe cleare[3]?
I haue seene tane out of her bedd
of men fiueteeene,

says she has seen fifteen men taken out of her bed.

" Preists, Clarkes, & wedded men
from her by-deene!
yett shee taketh the mantle
& maketh her-selfe cleane!"

then spake the litle boy
that kept the mantle in hold;
sayes " *King*! Chasten thy wiffe!
of her words shee is to bold.

The Boy tells Arthur to restrain his wife,

[1] i.e. confessed: shrive, fateri, confiteri. Hinc shrovetide. Jun.—P.

[2] right.—P.

[3] cleane.—P.

who is a whore,

"shee is a bitch & a witch,
& a whore bold!

and has cuckolded him.

King, in thine owne hall
thou art a Cuchold!"

The Boy sees a boar;

A litle boy[1] stoode
looking ou*er* a dore;
he was ware of a wyld bore[2]
wold haue werryed a man.

he pulld forth a wood kniffe;
fast thither *that* he ran;

runs out, cuts off its head.

he brought in the bores head,
& quitted him like a man.

brings it in,

he brought in the bores head,
and was wonderous bold:

and says no cuckold can cut it.

He said, "there was neu*er* a Cucholds kniffe [page 287]
carue itt that cold."

Some knights

some rubbed their k[n]iues
vppon a whetstone;

throw their knives away;

some threw them vnder the table,
& said they had none.

King Arthus & the Child
stood looking them vpon[3];

others try, but can't cut it.

all their k[n]iues edges
turned backe againe.

Craddock

Craddoccke had a litle kniue
of Iron & of steele;

cuts up the head.

he birtled[4] the bores head

[1] The little boy.—P.
[2] And there as he was looking
He was ware of a wyld Bore.
Qu.—P.
[3] upon them, Qu.—P.
[4] birtled, or britled.—P. A.-S. *bryttian*, to divide into fragments, distribute. —F.

wonderous weele,
that euery *Knight* in the *Kings* court
had a morssell.

the litle boy had a horne
of red gold *that* ronge ;
he said, "there was noe Cuckolde
shall drinke of my horne,
but he shold itt sheede
Either behind or beforne."

The Boy says no cuckold can drink out of his horn without spilling.

some shedd on their shoulder,
& some[1] on their knee ;
he *that* cold not hitt his mouth
put it in his eye;
& he *that* was a Cuckold,
euery man might him see.

Many try,

Craddoccke wan the horne
& the bores head;
his ladye wan the mantle
vnto her meede.
Euerye such a louely Ladye,
God send her well to speede!

but Craddock alone can do it.

God bless ladies like Craddock's wife!

ffins.

[1] sone in the MS.—F.

[" *When as I doe reccord*," *printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *p.* 68–9, *follows here in the MS.*]

White rose & red:[1]

[Page 288 of MS.]

This is but a pedestrian composition, being nothing more than a passage of a dull and not very accurate history of England turned into yet duller and as inaccurate verse. It was written, or perhaps was revised and added to, after 1619, as the Queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, is spoken of as dead and gone (v. 198), and she died in that year. The principal hero is Henry VII., who is pronounced a paragon of virtue, and *inter alia* a most faithful and affectionate husband. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has been the poetaster's motto; or rather *De Tudore mortuo nil nisi optimum.* The piece may have had its use in aiding and abetting the memories of the common people. Books were not yet so cheap and plentiful but that artificial memory-helps were welcome. The ballad form was in extreme requisition and popularity for all manners of subjects in the first half of the seventeenth century. Everything was be-balladed.

In the wars of the Roses

When yorke & Lancaster made warre
within this ffamous Land,
the liues of all our Noble men
did in great danger stand.

many kings were left heirless,

7 *King*s in bloodye ffeilde
ffor Englands crowne did ffight,
& yett their heyres were, all but twaine,
of liffe bereaued quite.

[1] In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2. p. 206, N. xv.—P. Written or recast in James I.'s time: see lines 78, 149.—F.

ther 30000 Englishmen
were in one battell slaine; and 30,000 lives
yett all *that* English blood cold not
one setled peace obtaine. secured no peace.

father[s] killed their owne deare sonne,
the sonnes the ffathers slew,
& kinsmen ffought against their K*ing*,
& none eche other knew.

att Lenght, by Heneryes Lawfull claime,[1] But Henry VII.
these wasting warres had end,
for Englands peace he did restore,
& did the same defend.

ffor tyrant Richard named the 3d., slew Richard III.
the breeder of this woe,
by him was slaine nere Leister towne,
as chronicles doe shoe.

all ffeare of warr was then Exiled, and brought peace
w*hi*ch Ioyed eche Englishman;
& dayes of long desired peace
w*i*thin this Land began. to the land.

he ruled this kingdome by true loue,
to gaine his subiects liues;
then men liued quietly att home
w*i*th their children & their wiues.

K*ing* Henery tooke such princely care Henry
our ffurther peace to frame,
tooke ffaire Elizabeth to wiffe,[2] married
that gallant yorkshire dame.

[1] One stroke of the *m* is wanting in the MS.—F. [2] See *Ladye Bessiye* in vol. iii.—F.

4 Edwardes daughter, blest of god,
to scape king Edwards [1] spight,
was thus made Englands peereles *Queene*,
& Heneryes hartes delight.

this Henery, ffirst of Tuders name
& last of Lancaster,
York's heiress; with Yorkes right heyre a true loues knott
did knitt & make ffast there.

the White Rose bedded with the Red; renowned yorke, the white rose gaue;
braue Lancaster the redd;
by wedlocke both inoyned were
to lye in one princely bed.

these roses grew, & buded fayre,
& with soe good a grace,
and they are a badge in the Royal Arms. *that Kings* of Engl[a]nd in their armes [2]
affords a worthy place.

May they flourish still! & fflourish may these roses still,
that all they world may tell!
the owners of these princely fflowers
in vertue to Exell!

To glorifye these roses more, [page 289]
king henerye & his Queene
did place their pictures in red gold,
most gorgeous to be seene.

The King's Guard wear the *Kings* owne guard doe weare them now
vpon their backe & brest,
where loue & loyaltye remaines,
& euermore may rest.

[1] That is, Richard's.—Adams.

[2] The Red and White Roses never were, strictly speaking, *in* the Royal Arms, but were and are a badge borne *with* them.—G. E. Adams, *Rouge Dragon*.

the red rose on the backe is placed, — the Red Rose on their backs,
theron a crowne of gold ;
the wh[i]te rose on the brest as rich, — the White on their breasts,
and castlye[1] to behold,

bedecket with siluer studdes,
& coates of scarlett & redd, — on their scarlet coats,
a blushing hew, which Englands fame
this many yeeres hath spredd.

this Tudor & Plantaginett
these honors ffirst devised
to welcome home a settled peace — in honour of peace so prized
by vs soe dearlye prized :

which peace now maintained is — (which James preserves).
by Iames our gracyous Kinge ;
ffor peace brings plentye to this Land,
with many a blessed thing.

to speake of Heneryes praise againe : — Henry gave liberally,
his princley liberall hand
gaue giufts & graces many wayes
vnto this ffamous Land.

wherfore the Lord him blessing sent — and the Lord blest him,
for to encrease his store,
for *that* he left more welthe to vs
then any King before.

the ffirst blessing was to his Queene,
a giuft aboue the rest,
which brought him sonnes & daughters faire — with sons and daughters
to make his Kingdome blest.

the royall blood, which was att Ebbe,
soe encreased by this Queene,
that Englands heyre vnto this day — (whose line continues now).
doth fflourish ffresh & greene.

[1] costlye.—F.

His heir, Arthur prince of Wales, sailed to Spain

the first blossome of this seed
was Arthur, Prince of wales,
whose vertue to the Spanish court
quite ore the Ocean sayles,

and married Ferdinand's daughter Katherine,

where fferdinando, K*ing* of Spayne,
his daughter Katherine gaue
ffor wiffe vnto this English Prince
a thing w*hi*ch god wold haue.

but died young, (April 1502,)

yett Arthur, in his loftye youth
& blooming time of age,
resigned vp his sweetest liffe
to deathes imperyall rage.

who dying thus, noe Isue left,—
the sweet of natures Ioy,—
to England's grief.
did compasse England round w*i*th greeffe,
& Spaine w*i*th sadd annoye.

But Henry VII. had another boy,

Henry VIII.,

yett Henery, to increase his Ioy,
a Henery of his name,
in ffollowing time 8 Henery called,[1]
a king of worthy ffame;

who conquered French towns,

he Conquered Bullein w*i*th his sword,
& many townes of ffrance;
his kinglye manhood & his fortitude
did Englands ffame advance.

put down Papistry,

then Popish Abbyes he supprest,
& Pappistrye put downe,
& bound their Land by Parlaiment
vnto his royall crowne.

[1] The *d* is made over an *l* in the MS.—F.

he had 3 Children by 3 Queenes,
all Princes raigning here,
Edward, Marry, & Elizabeth,
A Queene beloued most deere. [page 290]

and had three children, who all reigned,

yett these 3 branches bare noe fruite;
noe such blessing god did send;
wherby the King by Tudors name
in England here hath end.

but left no issue.

Plantaginett ffirst Tudor was
named Elizabeth;
Ellizabeth Last Tudor was,
the greatest Queene on Earth.

The first and last Tudors were Elizabeths.

This Tudor & Plantaginett,
by yeelding vnto death,
haue made steward now the greates[t] *King*
that is now vpon the earth.

A Stewart now reigns.

to speake of the 7 Henery I must,
whose grace gaue ffree consent
to haue his daughters marryed both
to kings of his descent.

Henry VII.

married his eldest daughter to

his Eldest daughter Margarett
was made great Scottlands Queene,
as wise, as ffaire, as vertuous,
as euer[1] was Ladye seene.

the King of Scotland,

of this faire *Queene* our royall King
by Lineall course descended,
w*hi*ch weareth now the Imperyall crowne,
w*hi*ch god now still defendeth.

and James is her descendant.

[1] Only one stroke for the *u* in the MS.—F.

Henry's second daughter first married the King of France,

his second daughter, Marye called,
as Princelye by degree,
was by her ffather worthy thought
the Queene of ffrance to bee;

and then the Duke of Suffolk.

& after to the Duke of Suffollke
was made a Noble wiffe;
& in this ffamous English court
shee led a virtuous liffe.

Henry VII. and his Queen rejoiced;

thus Henery & his louely Queene
reioced to see that day,
to haue their Children thus advancet
to honors euery way,

which purchased pleasure & content
with many a yeeres delight,
till sad mischance by cruell death
procured them both a spighte.

but the Queen proved with child,

this worthy Queene, this gracyous dame,
this mother meeke and mild,
to add more number to their Ioyes,
againe proued bigg with child;

went to the Tower of London,

wheratt the *King* reioced much,
& against *that* carefull hower
he lodged his deere & louelye Queene
in Londons stately Tower.

and died there

which Tower proued ffatall once
to Princes of degree;
itt proued ffatall to this Queene,
for therin died shee,

in childbed.

in Child bed [she] lost he[r] sweet liffe,
her liffe estemed soe deere,
which had beene Englands Louely *Queene*
many a happy yeere.

therfore the *King* was greeued sore, Henry mourned,
& many monthes did mourne,
& wept & sighet, & said "like her
he cold not ffind out one;

"nor none he wold in ffancy chuse and vowed
to make his wedded wiffe,
but a widdower he wold remaine to remain a widower.
the remnant of his liffe."

his latter dayes he spent in peace
& quiettnesse of mind.
like *King* & *Queene* as these 2 were, Two like these can scarce be found.
the world can hardlye ffind!

yett such a *King* as now wee haue,
& such a *Queene* wee had,
who hath heauenly powers from aboue,
& giusts[1] as thé 2 hadd.

God saue our Prince, & *King* & Land, God bless our King and land!
& send them long to raigine!
in health, in welth, in quietnesse,
amongst vs to remaine! ffins.

[1] ? ghosts, spirits; *or miswritten for* giufts.—F.

Bell my Wiffe.[1]

The Folio version of this song is here printed in its integrity for the first time; for in the copy given in the *Reliques*, "the corruptions" "are removed by the assistance of the Scottish edition"—that in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Our readers will not be sorry to see these "corruptions." They give, indeed, a somewhat different turn to the piece. Whereas in the ordinary version, the temptation against which the good man is warned is vaguely "pride," it takes in the Folio MS. a more definite shape. He is tempted to abandon his agricultural life and turn courtier. He vows:

I'll go find the court within,
I'll no longer lend nor borrow,
I'll go find the court within,
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

Bell, his wife, rejoins:

—good husband, follow my counsel now:
Forsake the court and follow the plough.
Man, take thy old coat about thee.

This definiteness inclines us to believe that this version is older than the current one. The poem naturally grew vaguer as it grew generally popular.

That it enjoyed an extensive popularity is shown by the appearance of one of its verses in *Othello*, and the delight with

[1] This Song is in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, p. 105, [1753]. The printed copy is much better than this, if it has not had some modern Improvements. This seems to have been strip'd of its Scottisms by some English hand: w*h*ich is observable of some other in this Collection.—P.

which Cassio hears Iago troll it out. "'Fore God, an excellent song," says the lieutenant of "And let the canakin clink, clink;" and of "King Stephen was a worthy peer," "Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other."

The dialect in which it is written, and the general character of the piece—its scenery, its economy, its canniness —clearly imply a northern origin. As to the time at which it was written, all that can be said is, that it clearly reflects an age of social disturbance and alteration—an age growing "so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe." The piece is something more than a mere humorous domestic altercation as to the replenishing of a husband's wardrobe. It is, in fact, a controversy between the spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism. The man is anxious to better himself, no longer content to tend cows and drive the plough; his neighbours are rising and advancing around him; the clown is not now distinguishable from the gentleman. The old arrangements have had their day. Metaphorically, the old scarlet cloak, which some four-and-forty years ago was so satisfactory, and kept out so well the wind and rain, is now but a "sorry clout," looks right mean and shabby among the spruce black, green, yellow, blue garments that flaunt around it, and must certainly be cast off for something new and fashionable. In answer to all these grumblings, the other reminds him how well their old life has suited them, how their employments (though humble) have been sufficient for their needs, how they have lived and loved together for many a long year and been blessed with many children and the happiness of seeing them grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, how Royalty had contented itself with the smallest of tailor's bills and yet thought that excessive, and, generally, how pride undermines a country. Her advice is, that he should not disquiet himself with efforts to rise

in the world, but should rest content with the state wherein he is. The goodman, weary of controversy, lets his wife's counsel prevail. He sees, in the version now given (the ordinary form of the last verse is much less striking), what his wife cannot see—that is, how times have altered; but he consents to acquiesce in his present position—*θῆσσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι*—

O Bell my wife! why dost thou flyte?
Now is now, and then was then;
We will live now obedient life,
Thou the woman and I the man.
It's not for a man with a woman to threap
Unless he first gives over the plea.
We will live now as we began,
And I'll have mine old cloak about me.

As to the author, nothing is known. Undoubtedly he was one who had noted the signs of his times. He would seem to have sympathised with those who regarded the social changes transpiring as dangerous and to be deprecated. To us he is a mere voice crying.

[page 291]

"THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,
& ffrost itt ffreeseth on euery hill,
& Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold
that all our cattell are like to spill.
Bell[1] my wiffe, shee[2] loues noe strife,
she sayd vnto my quietlye,[3]
'rise vp, & saue Cow crumbockes liffe!
man! put thine old cloake about thee!'

It freezes hard,

and the cattle are likely to die.

My wife Bell says "Get up and save the cow's life. Put your old cloak on."

[4] "O Bell my wiffe! why dost thou fflyte[5]?
thou kens my cloake is verry thin;

"Steady, wife. My cloak's very old,

[1] Then [Bell].—P.
[2] who.—P.
[3] to me right hastily.—P.
[4] This stanza not in print:—and yet seems necessary to support the dialogue.—P.
[5] A.-S. *flitan*, to strive, quarrel.—F.

itt is soe sore ouer worne,
a cricke[1] theron cannott runn:
Ile goe ffind the court within,
Ile noe longer lend nor borrow;
Ile goe ffind tho court[2] within,
for Ile haue a new cloake about me."

"Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
shee has alwayes beene good to the pale,
shee has helpt vs to butter & cheese, I trow,
& other things shee will not fayle;
for I wold be loth to see her pine;
therfore, good husband, ffollow my councell now,
forsake the court & follow the ploughe;
man! take thine old coate about thee!"

[3] "My cloake itt was a verry good cloake,
it hath beene alwayes good to the weare,
itt hath cost mee many a groat,
I have had itt this 44 yeere;
sometime itt was of the cloth in graine,[4]
itt is now but a sigh [5] clout, as you may see;
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
& Ile haue a new kloake [6] about mee."

"It is 44 yeeres agoe
since the one of vs the other did ken,
& wee haue had betwixt vs both,
children either nine or ten;

I shall get a new one."

"The cow's a good cow,

don't let he die;

put your old coat on."

"I've had my cloak forty-four years,

and mean to get a new one."

"Yes, we've been together forty-four years,

[1] *Cricke*, most probably an old word for a louse. Jamieson. Compare the description of Avarice in Langlande's Vision of Piers Ploughman, Passus V. l. 107–113, p. 58, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat:

Þenne com Couetyse . . .
In A toren Tabert of twelue Wynter Age.
But ȝif a lous coupe lepe, I con hit not I-leue
Heo scholde wandre on þat walk, hit was so þred-bare.—F.

[2] Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

[3] This Stanza is very different from that in print.—P.

[4] Fr. *Cramoisi*: m. crimson colour. *Sot en cramoisi.* An Asse in graine. Cotgrave.—F.

[5] ? sorry, miserable.—F.

[6] ? a *c* made over the first *k* in the MS.—F.

and brought ten children up.

wee haue brought them vp to women & men
in the feare of god I trow they bee;
& why wilt thou thy selfe misken?
man! take thine old cloake about thee!"

Don't be proud; put your old cloak on."

"O Bell my wiffe! why doest thou flyte?
now is nowe, & then was then;
seeke all the world now throughout,
thou kens not Clownes from gentlemen;
they are cladd in blacke, greene, yellow, & blew,[1]
soe ffarr aboue their owne degree;
once in my liffe Ile take a vew,[2]
ffor Ile haue a new cloake about mee."

"Old times are old; all people dress fine now, and I'll have a new cloak too."

"King Harry was a verry good K[*ing*;]
I trow his hose cost but a Crowne;
he thought them 12^{d} ouer to deere,
therfore he called the taylor Clowne.
he was King & wore the Crowne,
& thouse but of a low degree;
itts pride *that* putts this cumtrye downe;
man! put thye old Cloake about thee!

"King Harry thought his breeches too dear at *5s.*

Don't be proud; put your old cloak on."

[3]"O Bell my wiffe! why dost thou fflyte?
now is now, & then was then;
wee will liue now obedyent liffe,
thou the woman, & I the man.
itts not ffor a man with a woman to threape[4]
vnlesse he ffirst giue ouer the play;
wee will liue noue[5] as wee began,
and Ile haue mine old Cloake abaut me."

"Well, it's no good for a man to dispute with his wife. I will put my old cloak on."

ffins.

[1] Some letter marked out following the *b* in the MS.—F.

[2] ? MS. *tew*, a rope (or line): Nares. I'll give myself some rope, license.—F.

[3] Different from the print: as indeed is almost every Line of the whole.—P.

[4] A.-S. *þreapian*, to threap, reprove, afflict. Bosworth.—F.

[5] ? MS. 'none' for 'on'.—F. Better 'now'; compare l. 58, 59.—H.

I liue where : I loue :

The affected, strained style of this piece tells pretty clearly to what period it belongs. "True conceit be still my feeding," says the lover; so evidently says this author too. His is the *ars ostentandi artem.*

[page 292]

WITH my hart my loue was nesled [1]
 into the sonne of happynesse ; [2]
ffrom my loue my liffe was rested [3]
 into a world of heauinesse ;
O lett my loue my liffe remaine,[4]
since I loue not where I wold.[5]

I was happy with my love, and then was torn from her.

Darksome distance doth devyde vs,
 ffarr ffrom thee I must remaine ;
dismall planetts still doth [6] guide vs,
 ffearing wee shold meete againe ;
but ffroward ffortune once remoued,[7]
then will I liue where I wold.[8]

We are apart now, but Fortune may change, and join us.

Iff I send them, doe not suspect mee ;
 but if I come, then am I seene ;
O let thy wisdome [9] soe direct mee
 that I may blind Argus eyen !
for my true hart shall neu*er* remou[e,]
tho I liue not where I loue.

Do not suspect me, though I am away from you.

[1] Read *nested*, to rhyme with *rested*. —Skeat.
[2] In a summe of happinesse.—P.
[3] wrested.—F.
[4] O let me soon from life remove.—P.
[5] Since I live not where I love.—P. Since I live not where I would faine.—H.
[6] do.—P.
[7] remove.—P.
[8] love.—P.
[9] MS. wisdone.—F.

What grief have I suffered!

Sweete! what greeffe haue I sustained
in the accomplishing my desires![1]
my affections are not ffained,
tho my wish be nere the nere.[2]
if wishes wold substantiall proue,
then wold I liue where I loue.

With bleeding heart, I pray to be with thee again.

True conceit be still my feeding,
& the ffood being soe[3] conceipted,
whilest my hart for thee lyes bleeding,
sunne & heauens to be intreated;
perhaps my orisons then may moue,
that I may liue where I loue.

When heaven grants this, we'll smile at past troubles.

Loue & ffaction still agreeing,
by the consent of heauens electyon,
where wee both may haue our being,
vnderneath the heauens protectyon,
& smiling att our sorrowes past,
wee shall enioye[4] our wishe att Last.

ffins.

[1] To accomplish my desire.—P.
[2] nigher.—P.
[3] After this is written *contented*, with the *tente* only marked out, then follows *ceipted*.—F.
[4] may enjoy.—P.

Younge : Andrew :[1]

This touching ballad is unhappily somewhat imperfect in parts; and we have not met with any copy elsewhere, with which it might be collated.

The story would be too painful and disgusting to read, but for the extreme gentleness of the poor sadly abused lady. This, while it aggravates our loathing of the monster whose prey she became, and makes her wrongs the more hideous, yet renders the tale tolerable. That gleam of light reconciles our eyes to the Stygian darkness. Otherwise it would be too horrible. We could not endure even to read of such a fiend as he who appears in it.

This atrocious ruffian is apparently a Scotchman (so his name seems to imply, and vv. 69, 92), who concludes a moonlight meeting with a fond, weak, credulous woman by deliberately robbing her, not only of her father's gold which she had fetched at his request, but of every article of dress she had on, in spite of her piteous pleadings, and this with brutal declarations that the spoil is intended for his own lady who dwells in a far country, till at last remains to her only such covering as nature gave—her long flowing hair. Then he gives the poor wretched creature the choice of dying there and then on his sword's point, or going home as she was. She goes home, to be greeted by her father's curse, and die of a broken heart at his door. The story is too frightful to be told as a reality; it is told as a dream.

[1] Shewing his disloyalty to an Earl's daughter. This Song in some Places is imperfect.—P.

AS: I was cast in my ffirst sleepe,
a dreadffull draught[1] in my mind I drew;
I dreamt of young Andrew. ffor I was dreamed of one[2] yong man,
some men called him younge Andrew.

the moone shone bright, & itt cast a ffayre light;
A lady tells him she's loved him long. sayes shee, "welcome, my honey, my hart, & my sweete!
for I haue loued thee this 7 long yeere,
& our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete."

then he tooke her in his armes 2,
He kisses her. & k[i]ssed her both cheeke & chin;
& 2se or 3se he pleased this may[3]
before they tow did part in twinn;

She reminds him of his promise to marry her. saies, "now, good Sir, you haue had your will,
you can demand no more of mee;
Good Sir, Remember what you said before,[4]
& goe to the church & marry mee."

He says he'll do it if she brings him her father's gold. "ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;
[Till I am got to my own country[5]]
goe home & fett[6] thy fathers redd gold,
& Ile goe to the church & marry thee."

She gets her father's 500*l.* and jewels, this Ladye is gone to her ffathers hall,
& well she knew where his red gold Lay,
[7] and counted fforth 5 hundred pound
besides all other Iuells & chaines,

and takes them to young Andrew. & brought itt all to younge Andrew;
itt was well counted vpon his knee.
then he tooke her by the Lillye white hand,
& led her vp to one[8] hill soe hye;

[1] sketch, picture.—F.
[2] a.—P.
[3] maid.—P.
[4] *you* swore.—P.
[5] Percy's line.—F.
[6] fet. Vid. fol. 514. Note.—P.
[7] she.—P.
[8] a.—P.

shee had vpon [1] a gowne of blacke veluett ;—
a pittyffull sight after yee shall see ;—
" put of thy clothes, bonny wenche," he sayes, — He makes her take off
" for noe ffoote further thoust gang with mee."

but then shee put of her gowne of veluett [2] — her velvet gown,
[3] with many a salt teare from her eye,
And in a kirtle of ffine [4] kreaden silke [page 293]
shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.

sais, " o put off [5] thy kirtle of silke ;
ffor some & all shall goe with mee :
& to my owne Lady I must itt beare,
who [6] I must needs loue better then thee."

then shee put of her kirtle of silke — her silken kirtle,
with [7] many a salt teare still ffrom her eye ;
in a peticoate of scarlett redd — her scarlet
shee stood before young Andrewes eye.

saies, " o put of [5] thy peticoate ;
for some & all of itt shall goe with mee ;
& to my owne Lady I will itt beare,
which dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrye."

but then shee put of her peticoate — petticoat,
with many a salt teare still from her eye ; — her white silk smock
& in a smocke of braue white silke
shee stood before young Andrews eye.

saies, " o put of [5] thy smocke of silke ;
for some & all shall goe with mee ;
vnto my owne Ladye I will it beare,
that dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrye."

[1] *vp* bracketted for omission by P.
[2] velvet gown.—P.
[3] while many . . . ran.—P.
[4] a fine kirtle.—P. ? breaden, braided.—F.
[5] Put off, put off.—P.
[6] whom.—P.
[7] while ran from.—P.

(though she prays to keep it),

says,[1] "o remember, young Andrew!
once of a woman you were borne;
& ffor *that* birth *that* Marye bore,
I pray you let my smocke be vpon!"

"yes, ffayre Ladye, I know itt well;
once of a woman I was borne;
yett ffor noe birth *that* Mary bore,
thy smocke shall not be left here vpon."

and her head dress.

but then shee put of her head geere ffine;
shee hadd billaments[2] worth a 100li;
the hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench head,[3]
couered her bodye downe to the ground.

Then he asks her whether

then he pulled forth a scottish brand,
& held itt there in his owne right hand;[4]

she'll die on his sword or go naked home.

saies, "whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords point, Ladye,
or thow wilt[5] goe naked home againe?"

She chooses

"my liffe is sweet, then Sir," said shee,
"therfore I pray you leaue mee with mine;
before I wold dye on your swords point,

walking naked home,

I had rather goe naked home againe.

but warns young Andrew that her father will hang him if he catches him,

"my ffather," shee sayes, "is a right good Erle
as any remaines in his countrye;
if euer he doe your body take,
your sure to fflower a gallow tree;

and her brothers will take his life.

"& I haue 7 brethren," shee sayes,[6]
"& they are all hardy men & bold;
giff euer thé doe your body take,
you must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold."

[1] she sayes.—P.
[2] habilliments, dress, cloaths.—P.
[3] but . . . upon her head.—P.
[4] And there he held it forth amaine.—P.
[5] wilt thou.—P.
[6] And seven brethren I have she says.—P.

"if your ffather be a right good Erle
as any remaines in his owne countrye,
tush! he shall neuer my body take,
Ile gang soe ffast ouer [1] the sea!

Young Andrew says he'll sail from her father,

"if you haue 7 brethren," he sayes,
"if they be neuer soe hardy or bold;
tush! they shall neuer my body take;
Ile gang soe ffast into the scottish mold!"

and take refuge in Scotland from her brothers.

Now this Ladye is gone to her fathers hall
when euery body their rest did take;
but the Erle which was her ffather [dear] [2]
lay waken for his deere daughters sake.

The lady goes home,

"but who is *that*," her ffather can say,[3]
"*that* soe priuilye knowes *that* pinn [4]?"
"its Hellen, your owne deere daughter, ffather [5]!
I pray you rise and lett me in."

her father hears her,

[6] "noe, by my hood [7]!" quoth her ffather then,
"my [house] thoust [8] neuer come within,
without I had my red gold againe."

but won't let her in till she brings back his gold.

"nay, your gold is gone, ffather!" said shee.[9]
"then naked thou came into this world,
and naked thou shalt returne againe."

She says it's gone.

"nay! god fforgaue his death, father!" shee sayes,
"& soe I hope you will doe mee."
"away, away, thou cursed woman!
"I pray god an ill death thou may dye!" [page 294]

He curses her.

[1] hence o're.—P.
[2] dear.—P.
[3] to say.—P.
[4] pinn. Compare vol. i. p. 249, l. 38, 'he thirled vpon a *pinn*.'—F.
[5] here.—P.
[6] O no, O no, I will not rise.—P.
[7] Rood.—P.
[8] my House thou.—P.
[9] O pardon, pardon me, she says,
For all your red gold it is taen.—P.

shee stood soe long quacking on the ground
till[1] her hart itt burst[2] in three,
& then shee ffell dead downe in a swoond;
& this was the end of this bonny Ladye.

Her heart bursts, and she falls dead.

ithe morning when her ffather gott[3] vpp,
a pittyffull sight there he might see[4];
his owne deere daughter was dead[5] without[6] Clothes
they teares they trickeled fast ffrom his eye;

In the morning her father sees her corpse.

sais, "fye of gold, and ffye of ffee![7]
for I sett soe much by my red gold
that now itt hath lost both my daughter and mee!"

He curses his love of gold,

but after[8] this time he neere dought[9] good day,
but as[10] flowers doth fade in the ffrost,
soe he did wast & weare away.

and fades as a flower in frost.

but let vs leaue talking of this Ladye,
& talke some more of young Andrew,[11]
ffor ffalse he was to this bonny Ladye;
more pitty *that* itt had[12] not beene true.

As to young Andrew,

he was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,[13]
or halfe a mile into the hart of wales,
but there they cought him by such a braue wyle
that hee must come to tell noe more tales.

he hadn't gone half a mile into Wales

[1] until.—P.
[2] truly.—P.
[3] rose.—P.
[4] might he see.—P.
[5] there lay dead.—P.
[6] *any* follows in the MS., and is crossed out.—F.
[7] O fye O fye now on my gold
O fye on gold & fye on fee.—P.
[8] Thus having lost his daughter fair,
He after &c.—P.
[9] dought—A.-S. *dugan*, valere, hinc *dohtig* Sax. i. e. doughty, fortis, strenus, Gloss. ad G. Doug[s].—P.
[10] [insert] the.—P.
[11] And once more tell of *you*ng Andrew.—P.
[12] he had.—P.
[13] He scarse was from this Lady gone,
or
As he did from this Lady go
And thro' the forest past his way
A furious wolf did him beset
And there this perjured *knight*
did slay.—P.
And tow'rd the woods had gang'd
away.—P.

ffull soone a wolfe did of him smell, before a wolf attacked him,
& shee came roaring like a beare,
& gaping like a ffeend of hell;

soe they ffought together like 2 Lyons [there],[1]
& fire betweene them 2 glashet out;
thé raught eche other such a great rappe,
that there young Andrew was slaine, well I wott. killed him,

but[2] now young Andrew he is dead;
but he was neuer buryed vnder mold;
for ther as the wolfe devoured him,
there[3] lyes all this great erles gold. and eat him up.

ffins.

[1] Percy has added *there*, and marked the line as part of the verse above.—F.

[2] And.—P.

[3] And there &c.—P.

Percy has marked in red ink brackets, for omission, the following words or parts of them:

as, l. 142.
u, *of* neuer, l. 141.
father, l. 107.
but, l. 97.
deere, l. 96.
in *of* into, l. 92.
with, l. 74.
point, Ladye, l. 71.
this bony wench, l. 67.
vp *of* vpon, l. 64, 60, 29.

In line 8 he marks *cold neuer* to be transposed to *neuer cold*. In other poems I have not noticed these red ink marks. They would have swelled the notes too much, and there are plenty of Percy's alterations already.

A : Figge :[1]

"A JIG," says Nares, "meant anciently not only a merry dance, but merriment and humour in writing, and particularly a ballad. Thus when Polonius objects to the Player's speech, Hamlet sarcastically observes,

> He's for a *jigg* or a tale of bawdry or he sleeps.—(Haml. ii. 2.)

He does not mean a dance (which then players did not undertake), but ludicrous dialogue or a ballad. . . . In the Harleian collection of old ballads are many under the title of *jigs*; as 'A Northern Jige, called Daintie, come thou to me,' 'A merry new Jigge or the pleasant Wooing between Kit and Pegge,' &c. So in the *Fatal Contract* by Hemmings,

> We'll hear your *jigg*:
> How is your ballad titled?—(Act iv. sc. 4.)

Thus:

> A small matter! you'll find it worth Meg of Westminster, although it be but a bare jig.—(Hog hath lost, &c. O. Pl. vi. 385.)

It appears that this jig was a ballad."

The following specimen of the Jig Dialogical is a sort of vulgar reproduction of the *Nut-Brown Maid*. The mode and circumstances of life depicted in the original ballad had passed out of date; the old order had given place to a new. A new audience—new chronologically, new socially—demanded a new version—a "people's edition," so to speak. The lover who here tests his mistress is no knight, but a common soldier; the mistress is no highborn lady, but a common woman. And these personal changes are characteristic of the others which the old ballad has undergone, to take its present shape. No such transmutations

[1] Pepys, iv. 42. A Poetical Dialogue between a Soldier & his Mistress, not unlike the Nut-brown Maid.—P.

are likely to be, from a literary point of view, successful. This one is not. But the beauty of the original is too great to be altogether destroyed, however rude the hands that handle it. Something of the charm of the *Nut-Brown Maid* lingers around this *Jig*.

Other handlers of the old ballad turned it to a religious sense. See the *New Notbrowne Mayd upon the Passion of Christ* in Mr. Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry of England.

"MARGRETT, my sweetest margett! I must goe! most dere to mee *that* neuer[1] may be soe; as ffortune willes, I cannott itt deny." — Margaret, I must leave you.

"then know thy loue, thy Margarett, shee must dye." — "Then I'll die."

"Not ffor the gold *that* euer Crœssus hadd, wold I once[2] see thy sweetest lookes soe fade; nor[3] ffor all *that* my eyes did euer[4] see, wold I once p*a*rt thy sweetest loue from mee; — Not for the world would I make you sad,

"The King comands, & I must to the warres." — but I must to the wars.

"thers[5] others more enow to end those cares."
"but I am one appointed ffor to goe,
& I dare not ffor my liffe once say noe,"

"O marry mee, & you may stay att home! — "Marry me and stay at home!"
ffull 30 weekes you know *that* I am gone.[6]"

"theres time enough; another ffather take; — Get another father for your child.
heele loue thee well, & not thy child forsake."

"And haue I doted ou*e*r thy sweetest fface? — "No, I love you
& dost infring the things I haue in chase,
thy ffaith, I meane? but I will wend w*i*th thee." — and will go with you.
"itt is to ffar ffor Pegg to goe w*i*th mee."

[1] i.e. never hereafter.—H.
[2] There is a mark like an *i* undotted before the *o*.—F.
[3] nor yet.—P.
[4] Only half the *u* or *e* in the MS.—F.
[5] There's.—P.
[6] i. e. with Child.—P.

I'll carry your sword,

"I will goe with thee, my loue, both night and day,
& I will beare thy sword like lakyney; Lead the way!"[1]
"but wee must ryde, & will you ffollow then
amongst a troope of vs *thats*[2] armed men?"

clean your horse,

"Ile beare thy Lance, & grinde thy stirropp too,
Ile rub thy horsse, & more then *that* Ile doo."
"but Margretts ffingars, they be all to ffine
to stand & waite when shee shall see mee dine,"

wait on you,

"Ile see you dine, & wayte still att yo*ur* backe,
Ile giue you wine or any thing you Lacke."
"but youle repine when you shall see mee haue
a dainty wench *that* is both ffine & braue."

love your wench,

"Ile love thy wench, my sweetest loue, I vow, [page 295]
Ile watch the time when shee may pleasure you!"
"but you will greeue to see vs lye in bedd;
& you must watch still in anothers steede."

see you sleep with her,

"Ile watch my loue to see you take yo*ur* rest;
& when you sleepe, then shall I thinke me blest."
"the time will come, deliuered you must bee;
then in the campe you will discredditt mee."

and leave you before my own baby comes." You mustn't go with me.

"Ile goe ffrom thee beffor *that* time shalbee;
when all his well, my loue againe Ile see."
"all will not serue, ffor Margarett may not goe;
then doe resolue, my loue, what else to doe."

"Then I'll die, loving you still." No, I'll stop with you,

"Must I not goe? why then, sweete loue, adew!
needs must I dye, but yet in dying trew!"
"a! stay[3] my loue! I loue my Margarett well,
& heere I wow[4] with Margarett still to dwell!"

[1] along the way.—P.
[2] all.—P.
[3] Ah! stay.—P.
[4] vow.—P.

" Giue me thy hand! thy Margarett liues againe!"
" heeres [1] my hand! Ile neu*er* breed thee paine! and never pain you.
I kisse my loue in token *that* is soe;
52 wee will be wedd: come, Margarett, let vs goe." We'll be wed.

ffins.

[1] here is.—P.

Eglamore :[1]

[In Six Parts.—P.]

This romance has been printed among the Thornton Romances for the Camden Society from a MS. in the Public Library of Cambridge (Ff. ii. 38), the copies of it and *Degrevant* made by Thornton "unfortunately being imperfect." There is another copy among the MSS. Cotton (Calig. A. 11). The Percy Folio copy is here printed for the first time: "A single leaf of another early copy," as Mr. Halliwell, the editor of the Thornton Romances, informs us, "is preserved in a MS. belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. It was printed at Edinburgh in 1508 by Walter Chapman, and subsequently at London by Copland and Walley. Shakespeare may possibly have had this hero in his mind when he calls one of his characters by his name in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: 'What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamore?' The name, however, appears to have passed into a kind of proverb. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix*: 'Adieu, Sir Eglamore! adieu, lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill!' The name of Torrent of Portugal is partly founded upon the story related in *Sir Eglamore*. The names are changed, but the resemblance is too striking to have been the result of chance. The treachery of the sovereign, the prowess of the knight, the indiscretions and misfortunes of the lady, and the happy conclusions

[1] The readings marked T. are from the Thornton MS., 'Sir Eglamour of Artois' (MS. Syr Egyllamowre of Artas) as edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Camden Society in 1844. Very few of the very many differences between the two texts are given.—F.

of her misfortunes—these form the leading incidents of each romance. Torrent of Portugal is preserved in an unique manuscript of the fifteenth century, in the Chetham Library at Manchester:

> Here bygynneth a good tale
> Of Torrente of Portingale:

and although somewhat disfigured by the errors of the scribe, contains much that is curious and valuable. As this poetical tale has recently been published, there is no necessity for proving in this place a similarity that will be at once detected by the reader; but there is perhaps a secret history attached to the source of these romances that remains to be unravelled."

Ellis makes the abstract he gives of *Eglamore* from the copy printed by Walley. All at all important differences between the Thornton copy and ours are recorded by Mr. Furnivall in the notes.

The romance is certainly of more than usual merit—less prolix and garrulous, or rather of more interesting garrulity. Many of its "positions" are indeed of the kind commonest in romantic literature, as the passage of the squire's love for his lord's daughter, the combat with the giant, the unconsummated marriage of a son and his mother. No one of them perhaps can be pronounced novel. The stories of a woman's exposure to the mercy of the winds and seas, and of the carrying off of her son by a great bird, are well known elsewhere—in Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*, and among the legends of the house of Stanley—and are undoubtedly of extreme antiquity. But there are other charms besides novelty of incident. These can make old things new, can endow with spirit and vigour the form that is worn and wasted. The minstrel who wrote, or rather translated, this piece, if a minstrel he was, as verses 1227–9 might suggest, told an old tale freshly,—a tale of love much crossed and thwarted, but prosperous in the end—of treachery, potent

and prevailing for a while, but at last shown futile and fatal—of strange partings and yet stranger meetings.

> Full true it is, by god in heaven,
> That men meet at unset steven.

Thrice old themes these; but in the hands of this romance-writer made juvenescent.

Such an union between mother and son as that which occurs in *Eglamore* is a very favourite arrangement with the old romance-writers. It immediately precedes and generally brings about the *ἀναγνώρισις*. Thus the extremest alarm and horror immediately introduce the extremest delight. Fear and joy are brought into the closest juxtaposition. The romance-writer could conceive of no more terrible disturbance and overthrow of the order of nature than that fearful conversion of a mother into a wife, a son into a husband—that ruin of the most beautiful of the domestic relations. Though bold enough to describe it as possible, and, indeed, imminent, he never dares to let it actually come to pass. He never lets the ghastly shade become a living thing. The Greek poets too regarded this same connection as the culminating horror. In their eyes, too, conflicts between father and son, love other than pious between son and mother, appeared the most frightful of all possible frightfulnesses. But they went further than the old romance-writers. They were not content with the apprehension; they did not shrink from the act. What in the romances is only threatened, is in the Greek legend perpetrated. Hideous possibilities become there yet more hideous realities. Eve in the one case only fingers the apple; in the other she plucks and eats it. Medieval feeling was the more delicate and sensitive in this respect. Its poet ever averts the horrible catastrophe. As the storm is on the point of bursting, and the nymphs with wild frantic faces stand ready to "shriek on the mountain," suddenly the sky clears, there are pious embracings, the domestic sanctities are preserved and ratified.

[Part I.]

[How Eglamore loved Christabell, and undertook three Deeds of Arms to win her.]

1

IESUS: christ, heauen king! Christ, bless us,
grant vs all his deere blessinge,
& builde vs [in] [1] his bower [2]!
& giue them [ioye] [3] *that* will heare and give joy to those that love old heroes!
of Elders *that* before vs were,
that liued in great honor.[4]
I will tell you of a Knight I'll tell you of a hardy knight
that was both [5] hardye & wight,
& stiffe in euerye stower;
& wher any deeds of armes were, who always won the prize.
hee wan the prize with sheeld & speare,
& euer he was the fflower.

2

In Artoys the K*night* was borne, He was born in Artoys,
& his ffather him beforne;
listen; I will you say.[6]
Sir Prinsamoure the Erle hight; his name was
& Eglamore thé hight [the] Knight [7] Eglamore;
that curteous was alway;
& he was for a man [8] verament, he was a man,
with the Erle was he bent,[9] and never refused a fight.
to none he wold say nay.[10]

[1] in.—T. in.—P. builde, shelter, as in vol. i. p. 27, l. 11.—F.
[2] boure.—P.
[3] yoye.—T. joye.—P.
[4] honoure.—P.
[5] bolde.—P. hardy.—T.
[6] Percy marks to come after this:

For that he was a man full bolde
With the Erle was he holde
In housholde nyght & day.

The Thornton MS. has:

To dedes of armes he ys wente,
Wyth the Erle of Artas he ys lente,
He faylyth hym not nyght nor daye.

[7] Sir Eglam[re] than hyght the knyght.—P. Syr Egyllamowre men calle the kny3t.—T.
[8] And for he was a man.—P.
[9] lente.—P. he ys lente.—T.
[10] To no man he wolde.—P. T. has:

Whylle the erle had him in holde,
Of dedes of armes he was bolde,
For no man seyde he nay.—F.

The Earl of Artoys has a lovely daughter,

the Erle had noe Child but one,
a maiden as white as whalles bone,[1]
24 *that* his right heyre shold bee;

Christabell,

Christabell was the Ladyes name;
a ffairer maid then shee was ane
was none[2] in christentye.
28 Christabell soe well her bore;
the Erle loued nothing more
then his daughter ffree;

Eglamore loves her,

soe did *that* gentle knight
32 *that* was soe full of might;
it was the more pittye.

3

the knight was both hardy & snell,

and she loves him.

& knew the ladye loued him well.
36 listen a while & dwell:
Lords came ffrom many a Land

Strange lords come to woo her.

her to haue, I vnderstand,
with fforce ffold[3] and ffell.
40 Sir Prinsamoure then did crye

A tourney is held,

strong Iusting & turnamentrye[4]
for the loue of Christabell.
what man *that* did her craue,

and Eglamore unhorses all her suitors.

44 such stroakes Eglamore him gaue,
that downe right he ffell.

4

to his chamberlaine[5] then gan he saw,[6]

He opens his heart to his chamberlain,

"ffrom thee I cann hyde nought away,"
48 (where they did together rest[7];)
"ffaire ffrand, nought to laine,
my councell thou wold not saine;
On thee is all my trust." [page 296]

[1] ivory.—F. as faire.—T.
[2] not.—P. Ther was none soche.—T.
[3] ferse folke.—T.
[4] Syr Egyllamowre he dud to crye
Of dedes of armys utterly.—T.
[5] squyer, (with altered lines).—T. See squier, st. 9. l. 111 below.—F.
[6] say.—P.
[7] rest.—P. *Rell* altered into *rest* in the MS.—F.

"*Master*," hee said, "*per* ma fay,
what-soeuer you to me say,
I shall itt neuer out cast."
"the Erles daughter, soe god me saue,
the loue of her but *that* I haue,
my liffe itt may not Last."

and says he shall die unless he can win Christabell's love.

5

"*Master*," said the young man ffree,
"you haue told me *your* priuitye;
I will giue you answere
to this tale: I vnderstand
you are a knight of litle Land,
& much wold haue more;
If I shold to *that* Ladye goe
& show *your* hart & loue,
shee lightlye wold let me fare;
the man *that* heweth *ouer* hye,
some chipp ffalleth on his eye;
thus doth it euer fare.

The chamberlain answers that Eglamore is too poor, the lady wouldn't listen to him; those hewing too high get chips in their eye.

6

"remember *Master*, of one thing,[1]
that shee wold haue both Erle & *King*,
& many a bold Barron alsoe;
the Ladye will haue none of those,
but in her maidenhead hold;[2]
ffor wist her ffather, by heauen *King*,
that you were sett on such a thinge,
right deere itt shold be bought.
trow yee shee wold King fforsake,
& such a simple knight take,
but if you haue loued her of old?"

But yet she refuses her rich suitors, and that must be for Eglamore's love.

[1] Syr, than unbe-thanke on thys thyng.—T.

[2] ȝyt wylle sche not have of thoo,
But in godenes hur holdyth so,
The which y trowe ys for thy love
and no mo.—T.

T. also transposes the next two triplets.—F.

7

the knight answerd ffull mild:
" euer since I was a Child
thou hast beene loued of[1] mee.
in any iusting or any stower,
saw you me haue any dishonor
in battell where I haue bee ? "
Moreover, " Nay, *Master*, att all rights
you are one of the best knights
in all Christentye;
in deeds of arms Eglamore is worth any five other knights. in deeds of armes, by god aliue,
thy body is worth other 5."
" gramercy, *Sir*," sayd hee:

8

Eglamore sighed, & said noe more,
Eglamore goes to his room, but to his Chamber gan hee ffare,
that richelye was wrought.
and prays God to god his hands he held vp soone,
" Lo*rd* ! " he said, " grant me a boone
as thou on roode me bought !
to give him Christabell as his wife. the Erles daughter, ffaire & ffree,
that shee may my wiffe bee,
ffor shee is most in my thought;
that I may wed her to my wiffe,
& in Ioy to lead our liffe;[2]
from care then were I brought."'

9

Next day he doesn't go to dine in Hall. on the morrow *that* maiden small
eate with her ffather in the hall,
that was soe faire & bright.
Christabell asks where he is. all the knights were at meate saue hee;
the Ladye said, " for gods pittye!
where is *Sir* Eglamore my K*night*?

[1] lente wyth.—T.

[2] and sethen reches in my life.—T.

his squier answerd with heauye cheere,
"he is sicke, & dead ffull neere,
he prayeth you of a sight;
he is now cast in such a care,
but if he mends not of his fare
he liueth not to night."

"He is nearly dead, and prays to see you."

10

the Erle vnto his daughter spake,
"damsell," he said, "for god sake
listen vnto mee!
after me, doe as I thee hend;[1]
to his chamber see thou wend,
ffor hee was curteous & ffree;
ffull trulye with his intent,
with Iusting & in Turnament,
he said vs neuer nay;
if any deeds of armes were,
he wan the prize with turnay[2] cleere;
our worshippe for euer and aye."

The Earl charges Christabell

to go and see Eglamore,

[page 297]

who never refused a tourney,

and always won the prize.

11

then after meate *that* Ladye gent
did affter her fathers comandement,[3]
shee busked her to wend.
forth shee went withouten more,
for nothing wold shee spare,
but went there as hee Lay.[4]
"*Master*," said the squier, "be of good cheere,
heere cometh the Erles daughter deere,
some words to you to say."

After Hall,

Christabell

goes to Eglamore,

[1] After mete do ye as hynde.—T. See 'After meate,' st. 11, l. 129. But 'after me' may mean, by my direction, see l. 130, though I do not know *hend* in the sense of tell, bid.—F.

[2] jurney.—T.

[3] Only half the first *n* in the MS.—F.

[4] T. puts in three lines in which Christabell asks the squire how Eglamore is.—F.

12

& then said *that* Ladye bright,
and asks how he is. "how fareth Sir Eglamore my K*nigh*t,
that is a man right ffaire?"
"forsoothe, Ladye, as you may see,
"Dying for love of you." with woe I am bound for the loue of yee,
in longing & in care."
"Sir," shee said, "by gods pittye,
"I'm very sorry to grieve you." if you be agrreeued[1] ffor mee,
itt wold greeue me full sore!"
"damsell, if I might turne to liffe,
"Then be my wife." I wold haue you to my wiffe,
if itt yo*ur* will were."

13

"Sir," shee said, "soe mote I thee,
"You're a noble knight, you are a Noble K*nigh*t and ffree,
& come of gentle blood;
and manful in fight. a manfull man you are in ffeild
to win the gree with speare & sheeld
nobly by the roode;
Ask my father, Sir, att my ffather read you witt,[2]
& see what hee will say to itt;
or if his will bee good,
and if he agrees, & if *that* hee be att assent,
as I am true Ladie & gent,
I will." my will it shalbe good."

14

Eglamore is in bliss, the K*nigh*t desired noe other[3] blisse
when he had gotten his grantesse,[4]
but made royall[5] cheere;
he comanded a Sqiuer to goe

[1] The *rr* is much like *u* in the MS.—F.
[2] T. makes the lady take the 'Ask Papa' on herself, and when they are agreed, she'll not fail Eglamore.—F.
[3] kepte no more.—T.
[4] geton graunt of thys.—T.
[5] hur fulle gode.—T.

to ffeitch gold, a 100 [1] or towe, — and gives Christabell's maidens 100*l.*
& giue the [2] Maidens cleere.
Sir Eglamore said, "soe haue I blisse!
to your marriage I giue you this,
ffor yee neuer come heere yore."
the Lady then thanked & kissed the *Knight*; — Christabell kisses him,
shee tooke her leaue anon-right,
"farwell, my true sonne deere." [3]

15

then homeward shee tooke the way.[4] — goes back to her father,
"welcome!" sayd the Erle, "in ffay,
tell mee how haue yee doone.
say, my daughter as white as any flower,
how ffareth my knight Sir Eglamore?"
& shee answered him soone: — and tells him Sir Eglamore is quite well,
"fforsooth, to mee he hartilye sware
he was amended of his care,
good comfort hath hee tane;
he told me & my maidens hende,
that hee vnto the riuer wold wend — and is going out hawking.
with hounds & hawkes right."

16

the Erle said, "soe Mote I thee,
with him will I ryde *that* sight to see,
to make my hart more light." [5]
on the morrow, when itt was day, — Next day
Sir Eglamore tooke the way — Eglamore
to the riuer ffull right.
the Erle made him redye there, — and the Earl
& both rode to they riuer — hawk

[1] and take an hundurd pownd.—T.
[2] hur.—T.
[3] And seyde 'Farewelle my fere.'—T.
[4] Crystyabelle hath takyn hur way.—T.
[5] For comforte of that knyght.—T.

to see some ffaire fflight.
and are pleasant together. all they day they made good cheere:
a wrath began, as you may heare,
long ere itt was night.[1]

17

But coming home, Eglamore asks if the Earl will hear him. as they rode homeward in the way,
Sir Eglamore to the Erle gan say,
" My lord, will you now[2] heare? " [page 298]
" Certainly, " all ready, Eglamore; in ffay,
I like to hear you: whatsoeuer you to me say,
to me itt is ffull deere;
you're the best knight in the land." ffor why, the doughtyest art thou
that dwelleth in this Land now,
for to beare sheeld & speare.[3] "
" When will your daughter be betrothed?" " my Lord," he said, " of charitye,
Christabell your daughter ffree,
when shall shee haue a ffeere? "

18

" I know no one whom she would have." the Erle said, " soe god me saue,
I know noe man *that* shee wold haue,
my daughter faire and cleere."
" Give her to me." " now, good Lord, I you pray,
for I haue serued you many a day,
to giue me her withouten nay."
" I will, and all Artois too, if you'll do 3 deeds of arms for her." the Erle said, " by gods paine,
if thou her winne as I shall saine,
by deeds of armes three,
then shalt thou haue my daughter deere,
& all Artois ffarr & neere."
" Thank you! " gramercy, Sir! " said hee.

[1] long ere night it were.—P.
[2] ye me.—T.
[3] Awnturs ferre or nere.—T.

19

Sir Eglamore [sware [1]], "soe mote I thee,
att my iourney [2] ffaine wold I be!"
224 right soone he made him yare.
the Erle said, "here by west
dwelleth a Gyant in a fforrest,—
ffowler neuer saw I ere;—
228 therin be trees ffaire & [3] long,
3 harts [4] run them [5] amonge,
the fairest *that* on ffoot gone.
Sir, might yee bring one away,
232 then durst I boldly say
that yee had beene there."

let me go to work at once."

The Earl sets Eglamore his first feat: to go to a giant's forest, and fetch him one of three harts running about there.

20

[6] "fforsooth," said Eglamore then,
"if *that* hee be a Christyan man,
236 I shall him neuer fforsake."
the Erle said in good cheere,
"with him shalt thou ffight in feere;
his name is Sir Marroccke."
240 the Knight thought on Christabell;
he swore by him *that* harrowed hell,
him wold he neuer fforsake.
"Sir, keepe well my Lady & my Land!"
244 therto the Erle held vp his hand,
& trothes they did strike.

Eglamore undertakes to fetch the hart,

and fight the giant Marrocke.

He commits Christabell to her father's care,

21

then afterwards, as I you say,
Sir Eglamore tooke the way

[1] The knyght sweryd.—T.
[2] The *o* looks like *a* in the MS.—F.
[3] Cypur trees there growe owte.—T.
[4] The *h* is like an *l* in the MS.—F.
[5] Grete hertys there walke.—T.
[6] T. has for this stanza:

Be Jhesu swere the knyght than,
"Yf he be ony Crystyn-man,
Y schalle hym nevyr forsake.
Holde well my lady and my londe."
"ȝys," seyde the erle, "here myn honde!"
Hys trowthe to hym he strake.

to *that* Ladye soe ffree :

tells her he has undertaken three deeds of arms for her.

" damsell," hee said to her anon,
" ffor yo*ur* Loue I haue vndertane
deeds of Armes three."

Christabell

" good S*i*r," shee said, " be merry & glad ; [1]
ffor a worsse Iourney you neuer had
in noe christyan countrye.

hopes God will help him.

if god grant ffrom his grace
that wee [2] may ffrom *that* Iourney apace,
god grant it may be soe [3] !

22

" S*i*r, if you be on hunting ffound,

She gives him a greyhound

I shall you giue a good greyhound
that is dun as a doe ;

that'll pull down any stag,

ffor as I am a true gentle woman,
there was neu*er* deere *that* he att [4] ran
that might scape him ffroe :

and a sword

alsoe a sword I giue thee,
that was ffound in the sea [5] ;
of such I know noe moe.

if you haue happ to keepe itt weele,

that'll cut any helm in two.

there is no helme of Iron nor steele
but itt wold carue in 2.

[Part II.[6]]

[How Eglamõre kills the giant Marrocke and a big Boar.]

23

Eglamore bids Christabell goodbye,

Eglamore kissed *that* Lady gent ;
he tooke his leaue, & fforth hee went.

[1] T. has for the next five lines :
For an hardere fytt never ye had,
Be God, in no cuntre !
Or that yurney be over passyd,
For my love ye schalle sey fulle ofte allas !
And so schalle y for thee.

[2] ye.—P.

[3] so bee.—P.

[4] beste that on fote.—T.

[5] Seynt Poule fonde hyt in the Grekes see.—T.

[6] Part I. would end better with stanza 28, l. 341, where the Thornton version ends its "furste fytt."—F.

his way now hath hee tane ;
The hye streetes held he west [page 299] rides to the forest,
till he came to the fforrest ;
ffarrer saw he neuer none,
with trees of Cypresse lying out.
2d Parte. the wood was walled round abowt
with strong walles of stone ;
fforthe he rade, as I vnderstand,
till he came to a gate *that* he ffand, enters it by a gate,
& therin is he gone.

24

his horne he blew in that tyde ; blows his horn,
harts start vpp on euery side,
& a noble deere [1] ffull prest ;
the hounds att the deere gan bay. and his hounds bay at the deer.
with *that* heard the Gyant where he lay ; The giant Marrocke
itt lett him of his rest ;
"methinketh, by hounds *that* I heare,
that there is one hunting [2] my deare ;
it were better *that* he cease [3] !
by him *that* wore the crowne of thorne,
in a worse time he neuer blew a horne, swears it' be the worst blowing the man ever made,
ne dearer bought a messe [4] ! "

25

Marrocke the Gyant tooke the way
thorrow the fforrest were itt Lay ;
to the gate he sett his backe. and goes to his gate.
Sir Eglamore hath done to dead,

[1] Twety does not use the word *deer* in speaking "of the Hert. Now wyl we speke of the hert ; and speke we of his degres : that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the iij. yeare a spayer, the iiij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the vj. yeare a hert at the fyrst hed ; but that ne fallith not in jugement of huntersse, for the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alleway we calle of the fyrst hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse. *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 151.—F.

[2] Yondur is a thefe to stele.—T.

[3] He were welle bettur to be at the see.—T.

[4] Neythur hys bowe bende in no manys fee.—T.

Eglamore kills a stag, cuts his head off,

slaine a hart, & smitten off his head;
the prize [1] he blew ffull shrill;
& when he came where the gyant was,
" good Sir," he sayd, " lett me passe,
if *that* itt be *your* will."

and asks Marrocke to let him pass.

Marrocke

" nay, traitor! thou art tane!
my principall [2] hart thou hast slaine!
thou shalt itt like ffull ill."

26

strikes at him

the Gyant att the chase[3],
a great clubb vp hee takes,
that villanous was and great [4];
such a stroke hee him gaue
that into the earth went his staffe,
a ffoote on euery side.

and says he'll keep him there.

" traitor! " he said, " what doest thou here
in my fforrest to slay my deere?
here shalt thou now abyde."

Eglamore hits the giant in the eye, and blinds him,

Eglamore his sword out drew,
& in his sight made such a shew,[5]
& made him blind *that* tyde.

27

but he fights on for two days and more;

how-be-itt he lost his sight,
he ffought with Sir Eglamore *that* Knight
2 dayes & some deale more;
till the 3d. [6] day att prime

then Eglamore kills him,

Sir Eglamore waited his time,
& to the hart him bare.

[1] And whan the hert is take, ye shal blowe iiij. motys . . . and the hed shal be brout hom to the lord, and the skyn . . . Than blow at the dore of halle the *pryse*. . . . And whan the buk is i-take, ye shal blowe *pryse*, and reward your houndes of the paunch and the bowellis. Twety, in *Reliq. Ant.* i. 153. Fr. *Prise* a taking . . . also, the death or fall of a hunted beast. Cotgrave.—F.

[2] chefe.—T.

[3] to the knyȝt ys gon.—T.

[4] mekylle and fulle unweelde.—T.

[5] And to the geant he gafe a sowe. —T. *Sough*, a stroke or blow. Jamieson.—F.

[6] Tylle on the todur.—T.

through gods might, & his kniffe,
there the Gyant lost his liffe;
ffast he began to rore. — and he roars.
ffor certaine sooth, as I you say,
when he was meaten[1] there he Lay
he was 15 ffoote[2] & more. — He measures fifteen feet.

28[3]

through the might of god, & his kniffe,
thus hath the Gyant Lost his liffe;
he may thanke god of his boone!
the Gyants head with him hee bare — Eglamore takes the giant's head
the right way as hee ffound there,
till hee came to the castle of stone.
all the whole court came him againe;
"such a head," they gan saine,
"saw they neuer none."
before the Erle he itt bare, — to the Earl of Artoys,
"my Lord," he said, "I haue beene there, — and says he has been to the giant.
in witnesse of you all[4]!"

29

the Erle said, "sith itt is done, — The Earl sets him his second deed of arms:
Another Iourney there shall come soone,— [page 300]
buske thee & make thee yare,—
to Sattin, *that*[5] countrye, — to go to Sattin
ffor therin may noe man bee
for doubt[6] of a bore; — and kill a big boar there,
his tuskes are a yard[7] long;
what fflesh *that* they doe come among,
itt couereth[8] neuer more;

[1] meted, measured.—F.
[2] xl. fote.—T.
[3] Mr. Halliwell makes two stanzas of 28, the rhyme-lines varying.—F.
[4] For *there*, l. 339, compare l. 233. T. adds (in italics):

Make we mery, so have we blys,
Thys ys the furste fytt of thys
That we have undertane.—F.

[5] In Sydon, in that ryche.—T.
[6] fear.—F. drede.—T.
[7] fote.—T.
[8] recovers.—F.

which kills everything it gets hold of.

both man & beast itt slayeth,
all *that* euer hee ouer-taketh,
& giueth them wounds sore."

30

Eglamore starts again,

Sir Eglamore wold not gaine-say,
he tooke his leaue & went his way,

journeys

to his Iourney went hee.
towards Sattin, I vnderstand,

fourteen days over land and sea,

a ffortnight he went on Land,
& alsoe soe long on sea.

and then comes on traces of the boar,

itt ffell againe in the euen tyde,
in the fforrest he did ryde
wheras the bore shold bee;
& tydings of the bore soone hee ffound;

dead men all about.

by him men Lay dead on many a Land,[1]
that pittye itt was to see.

31

Sir Eglamore *that* K*night* awoke,[2]
& priuilye lay vnder an oke;

Next morning

till morrow the sun shone bright,
in the fforrest ffast did hee lye;

he hears the boar's cry,

of the bore he hard a crye,[3]
& neerer he gan gone right.
ffaire helmes he ffound in fere
that men of armes had lefft there,
that the bore had slaine.
Eglamore to the cliffe went hee,

and sees it come from the sea.

he saw the bore come from the sea,
his morne draught[4] had he tane.

[1] The Lawnd in woodes. *Saltus nemorum.* Baret. *Saltus,* woodland pasture.—F.

[2] The last words of these lines are interchanged. T. has:

Syr Egyllamowre restyd hym undur an oke;
Tylle on the morowe that he can wake.

[3] on the see he harde a sowe.—T.

[4] morne drynke.—T.

32

the bore saw where the K*night* stood, — The boar
his tuskes he whetted as he were [1] wood,
to him he drew *that* tyde. — comes towards him;
S*ir* Eglamore weened well what to doe, — Eglamore rides at it,
w*ith* a speare he rode him to
as ffast as he might ryde.
all if hee [2] rode neuer soe ffast,
the good speare assunder brast, — but breaks his spear,
it wold not in the hyde.
that bore did him woe enoughe, — and the boar kills his horse.
his good horsse vnder him he slough;
on ffoote then must hee byde.

33

Eglamore saw no boote *that* tyde, — He puts his side to an oak,
but to an oake he sett his side
amongst the trees great;
his good sword he drew out then,
& smote vpon [3] the wild swine — cuts at the boar two days,
2 dayes & some deale more; [4]
till the 3[d] day att noone
Eglamore thought his liffe was doone — till he's nearly dead,
for ffightting w*ith* that bore;
then Eglamore w*ith* Egar mood
smote of the bores head; — but then kills it.
his tuskes he smote of thore.

34

[5] the K*ing* of Sattin on hunting fare — The King of Sattin
w*ith* 15 armed men & more;

[1] The first *e* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.
[2] Gyf he.—T.
[3] fyghtyth with.—T.
[4] Thre dayes and more.—T.
[5] The Thornton version makes Egyllamowre only break off the boar's tusks in the preceding stanza, omits lines 2, 5, 7, of this, and has here:
He thankyd God that ylke stownde,
And gaf the bore hys dethys wound,
The boke of Rome thus can telle.—F.

hears the boar yell,

and sends a squire to see who's in danger.

The squire

sees Eglamore fighting the boar.

the bore loud hard he yell;
he camanded a squier to ffare,
"some man is in his *per*ill there!
I trow to long wee dwell."
no longer wold the sqiuer tarry,
but rode fast thither, by S^{t} Marye,
he was therto ffull snell[1];
vp to the cliffe rode hee thore;
S*i*r Eglamore ffought ffast w*i*th the bore [page 301]
w*i*th stroakes ffeirce & ffell.

35

the squier stood & beheld them 2,
hee went againe and told soe,
"ffor sooth the bore is slaine."

He tells the King the boar is slain by a knight

"Lord! S^{t} Mary! how may this bee?"
"a K*nigh*t is yonder certainlye
that was the bores bane;

with a blue shield

"of gold he beareth a seemly sight,
in a ffeeld of azure an armed K*nigh*t,
to battell as hee shold gone;
& on the crest vpon the head is
a Ladye made in her likenesse;

and black spurs.

his spures are sable eche one."

36

The King

the King said, "soe mote I thee,
those rich armers I will see:"
& thither hee tooke the way.

finds Eglamore lying down,

by *that* time S*i*r Eglamore
had ou*er*come the sharp stoure,
& ou*er*thawrt the bore Lay.[2]
the K*ing* said, "god rest w*i*th thee!"
"my Lo*rd*," said Eglamore, "welcome be yee,

[1] query MS. siell.—F.

[2] And to reste hym down he lay.—T.

of peace now I thee pray!
I haue soe ffoughten with the bore — exhausted;
436 *that* certainlye I may noe more;
this is the 3d day."

37

they all said anon-right,
"great sinn itt were with thee to ffight,
440 or to doe thee any teene;
manffully thou hast slaine this bore — praises him for killing the boar
that hath done hurt sore,
& many a mans death hath beene;
444 thou hast manfully vnder sheeld
slaine this bore in the ffeild,
that all wee haue seene!
this haue I wist, the sooth to say, — that had slain so many knights;
448 he hath slaine 40 [1] on a day
of my armed knights keene! [2]

38

meat & drinke they him brought, — provides him meat and wine;
rich wine they spared nought,
452 & white clothes they spread.
the *King* said, "soe mote I thee, — dines with him,
I will dine for loue of thee;
thou hast been hard bestead."
456 "forsoooth," then Sir Eglamore saies,
"I haue ffought these 4 dayes,[3]
and not a ffoote him ffledd."
then said the King, "I pray thee
460 all night to dwell with mee, — and asks him home to sleep.
& rest thee on a bedd."

[1] syxty.—T.
[2] Welle armyd men and clene.—T.
[3] The three days have grown to four. T. has:

"Ye," he seyde, "permafay,
Now hyt ys the fyrste day
That evyr oon fote y fledd."—F.

39

& after meate, the soothe to say,
Eglamore tells the King what his name is, the *King* Sir Eglamore did pray
464 "of what country hee was."
"my name," he said, "is Sir Eglamore [1]:
I dwell alsoe with Sir Prinsamoure,
that Erle is of artoys."
468 then Lords to the *King* drew,
"this is hee *that* Sir Marroccke slew,
the gyants brother Mamasse.[2]
and the King tells him of a "Sir," said the *King*, "I pray thee
472 these 3 dayes to dwell with mee,
from mee thou shalt not passe;

40

Giant near who wants to seize his daughter, "there dwelleth a Gyant here beside;
my daughter *that* is of micklell pride,
476 he wold haue me ffroe;
I dare to no place goe out
but men of armes be me about,
for dread of my foe.[3]
480 the bore thou hast slaine here,
that hath liued here this 15 yeere [4]
christen men for to slóe,
Now is he gone with sorrow enough [page 301] [5]
and is Marrocke's brother. 484 to [berye [6]] his brother *that* thou slough."
[that evyrmore be hym woo! [7]]

41

No one can cut up the boar to break [8] the bore they went ffull tyte;
there was noe kniffe *that* wold him bitte,[9]

[1] He said "My name is Syr Awntour." —T.
[2] Yondur ys he that Arrok slowee,
The yeauntys brodur Maras.—T.
[3] Fulle seldome have y thus sene soo. —T.
[4] He hath fedd hym xv yere.—T.
[5] There are two pages 301 in the MS., and no page 302.—F.
[6] berye.—T.
[7] From the Thornton MS.—F.
[8] splatt.—T.
[9] Query MS.; it may be *kitte*.—F. byte.—T.

soe hard of hyde was hee.
" Sir Eglamore,[1] thou him sloughe;
I trow thy sword[2] be good enough;
haue done, I pray thee."[3]
Eglamore to the bore gan gone, but Eglamore,
& claue him by the ridge[4] bone,
that ioy itt was to see;
" Lordings," he said, " great & small,[5] who claims only his head.
giue me the head, & take you all;
for why, *that* is my ffee."

42

the King said, " soe god me saue!
the head thou shalt haue;
thou hast itt bought full deere!"[6]
all the countrye was ffaine, The people rejoice at the boar's death.
for the wild[7] bore was slaine,
they made ffull royall cheere.
the Queene said, " god send[8] vs from shame!
ffor when the Gyant cometh home,
new tydings shall be here.[9]"

43

against euen the *King* did dight
a bath ffor *that* gentle *Knight*,

[1] Syr Awntour, seyde the kyng.—T.
[2] knyfe.—T.
[3] Gyf that thy wylle bee.—T.
[4] A.-Sax. *hricg*, *ricg*, the back.—F.
[5] Lorde, seyde the knyght, y dud hym falle.—T.
[6] Aftur cartys can they sende;
Ageyn none home with that they wende,
The cyte was them nere.—T.
[7] wekyd.—T.
[8] schylde.—T.
[9] gete we sone.—T., and it adds, p. 142:
For he ys stronge and stowte,
And therof y have mekylle dowte
That he wylle do us grete dere or we have done.

XLV.

Syr Egyllamowre, that nobylle knyȝt,
Was sett with the kynges doghtyr bryght,
For that he scholde be blythe.
The maydenys name was Organata so fre;
Sche preyeth hym of gode chere to bee,
And besechyd hym so many a sythe.
Aftur mete sche can hym telle
How that geant wolde them quelle:
The knyght began to lagh anone;
" Damyselle," he seyde, "so mote y thee,
And he come whylle y here bee,
Y schalle hym assay sone!"

that was of Erbes[1] good.
Eglamore lies in a bath all night. Sir Eglamore therin Lay
till itt was light of the day,
that men to Mattins[2] yode.

[Part III.[3]]

[How Eglamore kills another Giant, and a Dragon near Rome, and begets a Boy on Christabell.]

Next morning the Giant comes,
By the time he had heard masse,
the Gyant to this place come was,
& cryed as hee were wood;
and demands the King's daughter Arnada.
"Sir King," he said, "send vnto mee
Arnada[4] thy daughter ffree,
3d Part.
or I shall[5] spill thy blood."

44

Eglamore
Sir Eglamore anon-right[6]
in good armour he him dight,
& vpon the walles he yode[7];
tells a squire
he camanded a squier to beare
to show the Giant the boar's head.
the bores head vpon a speare,
that the Gyant might itt[8] see.
& when he looked on the head,
The Giant
"alas!" he said,[9] "art thou dead?
my trust was all in thee!
swears he'll avenge its death,
now by the Law *that* I liue in,[10]
my litle speckeled hoglin,[11]
deare bought shall thy death bee!"

[1] Sibes.—P. The MS. is indistinct, and the Bishop explains it. See the way to prepare a bath in Russel's Boke of Nurture, *Babees Boke &c.* E. E. Text Soc. 1868, p. 182–5.
[2] mete.—T.
[3] T. ends its *seconde fytt* with stanza 52, l. 611 below.—F.
[4] Organata.—T.
[5] thou schalt.—T.
[6] that nobylle knyght.—T.
[7] for 'yode he.'—F. wendyth hee.—T.
[8] Maras myght hym.—T.
[9] my bore.—T.
[10] leve ynne.—T.
[11] spote hoglyn.—T. Fr. *cochonnet*, a shote or shete pigge, a prettie big pig. —Cotgrave.

45

the Gyant on the walls donge;
att euery stroke fyer out spronge;
for nothing wold he spare.
towards the castle gan he crye,
"false traitor! thou shalt dye[1]
for slaying of my bore!
your strong walles I doe[2] downe ding,
& with my hands I shall the hange[3]
ere *that* I ffurther passe.[4]"
but through the grace of god almight,
the Gyant had his ffill of fight,
& therto some deale more.[5]

and threatens to kill Eglamore.

46[6]

Sir Eglamore was not agast;
on might-ffull god was all his trust,
& on his sword soe good.
to Eglamore said the *King* then,
"best is to arme vs euerye man;
this theefe, I hold him woode."

Eglamore trusts in God and his good sword,

47[6]

Sir Eglamore sware by the roode,
"I shall him assay if hee were wood;
mickle is gods might!"
he rode a course to say his steed,
he tooke his helme & forth hee yeede;
All men prayed for *that* Knight. [page 303]

gives his steed a gallop,

48

Sir Eglamore into the ffeild taketh;
the Gyant see him,[7] & to him goeth;

takes the field,

[1] Thevys, traytures, ye schalle abye.—T.
[2] schalle.—T.
[3] hynge.—T.
[4] fare, qu.—P. Or that y hens fare.—T.
[5] mair.—P.
[6] T. makes one stanza, XLIX, of these, p. 144–5, and alters the arrangement of the lines, &c.—F.
[7] *him* has a line through it.—F.

"welcome," he said, "my ffeere!
thou art hee *that* slew[1] my bore!
that shalt thou repent ffull sore,
& buy itt wonderous deere!"

and charges the Giant,

Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe;
with a speare he rode him to,
as a man of armes cleere.

who upsets him and his horse.

against him the Gyant was redy bowne,
but horsse & man he bare all downe,
that dead he was ffull nere.

49

Eglamore

Sir Eglamore cold noe better read,
but what time his horsse was dead,

attacks him on foot,

to his ffoote he hath him tane;
& then Eglamore to him gan goe;

and cuts off the Giant's right arm,

the right arme he smote him froe,
euen by the sholder bone;

but he fights on till sun-down,

& tho he[2] had lost his hand,
all day hee stood a ffightand
till the ssun to rest gan goe;
[3] the sooth to say, without lye,
he sobbed & was soe drye

and then drops dead.

that liffe him lasteth none.

50

all *that* on the walles were,
when they heard the Gyant rore,

They ring the bells; King Edward promises to crown Eglamore

ffor ioy the bells thé ring.
Edmond was the *Kings*[4] name,
swore to Sir Eglamore, "by St. Iame,
here shalt thou be *King*!

[1] Y trowe thou halpe to sle.—T.
[2] Thowe the lorelle.—T.
[3] Then was he so wery he myȝt not stonde,
The blode ran so faste fro hym on every honde,
That lyfe dayes hadd he nevyr oon.—T.
[4] kynges.—T.

"to-morrow thow shalt crowned bee, and marry him to his daughter.
& thou shalt wed my daughter ffree
with a curyous rich ringe!"
Eglamore answered with words mild: Eglamore declines the young lady,
"god[1] giue you ioy of your child!
ffor here I may not abyde longe.[2]"

51

"Sir Eglamore, for thy doughtye deede
thou shalt not be called lewd
in noe place where thou goe!"[3]
then said Arnada,[4] *that* sweete thing,
"haue here of me a gold ring though she gives him a charmed ring
with a precyous stone;
where-soe you bee on water or Land,
& this ring vpon your hand,
nothing may you slone."

52

"gramercy!" sayd Eglamore ffree.
"this 15 yeeres will I abyde thee, and offers to wait fifteen years for him.
soe *that* you will me wed;
this will I sweare, soe god me saue,
King ne Prince nor none will haue,
if they be comlye cladd!"
"damsell," he said, "by my ffay,
by *that* time I will you say He puts her off,
how *that* I haue spedd."
he tooke the Gyants head & the bore,
& towards Artoys did he ffare, and starts towards Artoys.
god helpe me att neede![5]

[1] Syr.—T. [2] may ye not lende.—T.
[3] Y schalle geve the a nobylle stede,
Al so redd as ony roone;
Yn yustyng ne in turnement,
Thou schalt never soffur dethys wound
Whylle thou syttyst hym upon.
—T.
[4] Seyde Organata.—T.
[5] The knyght takyth hys leve and farys,
Wyth the geauntys hedd and the borys,
The weyes owre Lord wylle hym lede.
Thys ys the seconde fytt of thys:
Make we mery, so have we blys,
For ferre have we to rede.—T.

53

In seven weeks Eglamore reaches Artoys,

by *that* 7 weekes were comen to end,
euen att Artoys he did lend,
wheras Prinsamoure was.
the Erle therof was greatly faine
that Eglamore was come againe;
soe was both more[1] and lesse.

is greeted by Christabell,

when Christabell as white as swan,
heard tell how Eglamore was come,
to him shee went full yare;[2]

54

whom he kisses,

the K*night* kissed *that* Lady gent,
then into the hall hee went
the Erle for to teene.

but her father says, "Devil take you, will nothing kill you?

The Erle answered, & was ffull woe [page 304]
"what devill! may nothing thee sloe?
forsooth, right as I weene,
thou art about, as I vnderstand,

You want my land and my daughter I suppose."

for to winn Artoys & all my Land,
& alsoe my daughter cleane."

55

"I do," says Eglamore.

Sir Eglamore said, "soe mote I thee,
not but if I worthy bee;
soe god giue me good read!"[3]

"Oh! perhaps you'll get killed yet."

the Erle said, "such chance may ffall,
that one may come & quitt all,
be thou neuer so prest."

Eglamore asks for twelve weeks rest;

"but good Lord, I you pray,
of 12 weekes to giue me day,

[1] One stroke too many in the MS. *m*. —F.

[2] T. adds:
"Syr," sche seyde, "how haue ye faryn?"
"Damycelle, wele, and in travelle byn
To brynge us bothe owt of care."

[3] Helpe God that ys beste.—T.

my weary body to rest."
12 weekes were granted then
by prayer of many [1] a gentleman,
& comforted him with the best.

56

Sir Eglamore after supper — after supper goes to Christabell's chamber,
went to Christabells chamber
with torches burning bright.
the Ladye was of soe great pride,[2]
shee sett him on her bedside,
& said, "welcome, Sir Knight!"
then Eglamore did her tell
of adventures that him befell,
but there he dwelled all night. — stays there all night,
"damsell," he said, "soe god me speed, — and begets a son on her.
I hope in god you for to wedd!"
& then their trothes they plight.[3]

57

by that 12 weekes were come & gone, — In twelve weeks
Christabbell that was as faire as sunn,[4] — Christabell
all wan waxed her hewe. — grows wan,
shee said vnto her maidens ffree, — and begs her maids to keep her secret.
"in that yee know my priuitye,[5]
looke that yee bee trew!"
the Erle angerlye gan ffare, — The Earl orders Eglamore off,
he said to Eglamore, "make thee yare
for thy Iourney a-new!"
When Christabell therof heard tell,[6] — and Christabell mourns.
shee mourned night & day,
that all men might her rue.

[1] Only half the *n* is in the MS.—F.
[2] was not for to hyde.—T.
[3] T. adds:
So gracyously he come hur tylle,
Of poyntes of armys he schewyd hur hys fylle,
That there they dwellyd alle nyȝt.
[4] as whyte as fome.—T.
[5] Sche prayed hur gentylle women so fre,
That they would layne hur privyte.—T.
[6] say.—P.

58

Eglamore's Third Deed of Arms is to kill a strong Dragon near Rome.

the Erle said, "there is mee told long,
beside Roome there is a dragon strong;
forsooth as I you say,
the dragon is of such renowne
there dare noe man come neere the towne
by 5 miles and more;[1]
arme thee well & thither wend;
looke *that* thou slay him with thy hand,
or else[2] say mee nay."

59

Eglamore takes leave of Chrita-bell,

Sir Eglamore to the chamber went,
& tooke his leaue of the Ladye gent,
white as fflower on ffeelde[3];
"damsell," he said, "I haue to doone;
I am to goe, & come againe right soone
through the might of Marry mild.

gives her a gold ring,

a gold ring I will giue thee;
keepe itt well for the loue of mee
if christ send me a child."
& then, in Romans as wee say,

and goes to Rome.

to great roome he tooke his way,
to seeke the dragon wild.[4]

60

if he were neuer soe hardye a *Knight*,
when of the dragon he had a sight,
his hart began to be cold.[5]

The Dragon throws down him and his horse.

anon the dragon waxed wrothe,
he smote *Sir* Eglamore & his steed bothe,
that both to ground they ffell.[6]

[1] Be xv. myle of way.—T.
[2] ellys thou.—T. After *nay* T. adds six lines not in our text.—F.
[3] in may.—P.
[4] The Thornton text adds:
Tokenynges sone of hym he fonde,
Slayne men on every honde;
Be hunderdes he them tolde.—F.
[5] to folde.—T.
[6] To the grounde so colde.—T.

Eglamore rose, & to him sett,
& on *that* ffowle worme hee bett
with stroakes many and bold [1]; [page 305]

Eglamore attacks the Dragon,

61

the dragon shott fire with his mouth
like the devill of hell;
Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,
& smote his taile halfe him ffroe [2];
then he began to yell,
& with the stumpe *that* yett was leaued
he smote Sir Eglamore on the head;
that stroake was ffeirce and ffell.

cuts half its tail off,

is wounded himself in the head,

62

" Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,
the dragons head he smote of thoe,
ffor sooth as I you say,
his wings he smote of alsoe,[3]
he smote the ridge bone in 2,
& wan the ffeild *that* day.
the Emperour of Roome Lay [4] in his tower
& ffast beheld Sir Eglamore,
& to his Knights gan say,
" doe cry in Roome, the dragons slaine!
a knigh[t] him slew with might & maine,
manfully, by my ffay!"
through Roome they made a crye,
euery officer in his baylye,
" the dragon is slaine this day!"

but kills the Dragon.

The Emperor Constantine of Rome

orders the Dragon's death to be proclaimed,

63

& then the Emperour tooke the way
to the place where Eglamore Lay,

then goes to Eglamore,

[1] Wyth byttur dynte and felle.—T.
[2] Halfe the tonge he stroke away.—T.
[3] The knyght seyde, " Now am y schente!"
Nere that wyckyd worme he went;
Hys hedd he stroke away.—T.
[4] stode.—T.

beside *that* ffoule thing,
with all *that* might ride or gone.
Sir Eglamore they haue vp tane,
brings him to Rome, and the people meet him in procession.
& to the towne they can him bring;
ffor ioy *that* they dragon was slaine,
they came with procession him againe,
and bells they did ringe.
the Emperour of Roome brought him soone,
Constantine, *that* was his name,
a Lord of great Longinge.

64

[1] all *that* euer saw his head,
thé said *that* Eglamore was but dead,
that Knight Sir Eglamore.
Constantine's daughter Vyardus
the Emperour had a daughter bright,
shee vndertooke to heale the Knight,
her name was vyardus.[2]
heals Eglamore's head, and saves his life.
[3] with good salues shee healed his head
& saued him ffrom the dead,
that Lady of great valours:
& there within a little stond
shee made Sir Eglamore whole & sound;
god giue her honor! [3]

[1] T. omits the next three lines.—F.
[2] ys Dawntowre.—T.
[3–3] The Thornton text has for these:
Scho savys hym fro the dedd,
And with hur handys sche helyth hys hedd
A twelmonth in hur bowre.
It then adds two stanzas of twelves, (LXVII, LXVIII, p. 153–4) telling how the Emperor had the Dragon's body fetched into Rome, and put in "seynt Laurens kyrke." As to this church, see *Stacions of Rome*, p. 13; *Pol. Rel. & Love Poems*, p. 132. p. xxxv.—F.

[Part IV.]

[How Christabell's child is born, and a Griffin flies away with it.]

65

Anon word came to Artois
744 how *that* the dragon slaine was: — While Eglamore is under the doctor's hands, Christabell has a son.
a *Knight that* deede had done.
soe long at the Leeche-craft he did dwell,
4ª parte *that* a ffaire sonne[1] had Christabell
748 as white as whales bone.[2] — Her father vows he'll send her and her brat out to sea alone.
then the Erle made his vow,
"daughter! into the sea shalt thou
in a shipp thy selfe alone!
752 Thy younge sonne shall be thy fere,[3]
christendome[4] getteth itt none here!"
her maidens wept eche one.

66

[5] her mother in swoone did ffall,
756 right soe did her ffreinds all
that wold her any good.
"good Lord," she said, "I you pray, — Christabell prays that a priest may say a gospel for them,
let some prest a gospell say,
760 ffor doubt of ffeendes in the fflood.
ffarwell," shee said, "my maidens ffree! — and takes leave of her maidens.
greet well my Lord when you him see."
they wept as they were woode.
764 Leaue wee now Sir Eglamore,
And speake wee more of *that* Ladye fflower [page 306]
that vnknown wayes yeelde.[6]

[1] A man-chylde.—T.

[2] Some ancient writers imagined ivory, formerly made from the teeth of the walrus, to be formed from the bones of the whale. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

[3] And that bastard that to the ys dere.—T.

[4] christening.—F.

[5] T. inserts a stanza and a quarter here, p. 154–5, but leaves out the mother's swooning.—F.

[6] yeede.—P.

67

Her ship comes to a rock,
the shipp droue fforth night & day
vp to a rocke, the sooth to say,
where wild beasts did run.[1]
she was ffull ffaine, I vnderstand,
she lands,
shee wend shee had beene in some [known[2]] Land,
& vp then gan shee wend.
noe manner of men ffound shee there,
finds only birds and beasts there,
that ffoules & beasts *that* were there,
ffast they ffled ffrom Land.
and a griffin carries her boy off to a strange country,
there came a Griffon[3] *that* rought her care;
her younge child away hee bare
Into a countrye vnknowne.[4]

68

the Ladye wept, & said "alas
that euer shee borne was!
my child is taken me ffroe!"
the King of Isarell's land.
the K*ing* of Isarell on huntinge went;
he saw where the ffoule lent;
towards him gan he goe.
a griffon, the booke saith *that* he hight,
that in Isarell did light,
that wrought *that* Ladye woe.
the ffoule smote him with his bill,
the child cryed and liked ill;
the griffon then lefft him there.

69

A Gentlewoman picks up the boy.
a gentlewoman to *that* [child[5]] gan passe,
& lapp[t] itt in a mantle of Scarlett was,
& with a rich pane.[6]

[1] feede.—P.
[2] there had be a kende londe.—T.
[3] a grype.—T. Fr. *griffon*, a grype or griffon.—Cotgrave. Grype, byrde, *vultur*; Promptorium: see Mr. Way's note to it, p. 212–13.—F.
[4] unknowe.—P.
[5] a squyer to the chylde.—T.
[6] Pane of furre, *panne* (Palsgrave); *Panne* a skinne, fell or hide (Cotgrave); from L. *pannus*, Way. Cp. counterpane.—F.

the child was large of lim & lythe,
a girdle of gold itt was bound with,
with worsse cloth itt was cladd.
the King swore by the rood, The King
" the child is come of gentle blood,
whersoeuer *that* hee was tane;
& for he ffroe the Griffon ffell,
they named the child degrabell, christens him Degra-bell,
that lost was in wilsome way.

70

the King wold hunt noe more *that* tyde,
but with the child homeward gan ryde, and takes him home to his wife,
that ffrom the Griffon was hent.
" Madam," he said to his Queene,
" ffull oft I haue a hunting beene;
this day god hath me lent."
of *that* Child he was blythe;
after nurses shee went beliue; who gets nurses for him.
the child was louelye gent.
leaue wee now of this chylde,
& talke wee of his mother mild, Meantime, Christabell
to what Land god her sent.

71

all *that* night on the rocke shee Lay; leaves her rock,
a wind rose vpon the [1] day,
& ffrom the Land her driueth.
in *that* shipp was neither mast nor ore,
but euery streame vpon other is driven about the sea;
that ffast vpon her driueth.
& as the great booke of Roome saies,
shee was without meate 5 dayes fasts five days,
among the great cliffes.[2]

[1] ageynys.—T. [2] MS. cliiffes.—F.

by *that* 5 dayes were gone,
god sent her succour soone;
in œgipt[1] shee arriued.

and then reaches Egypt.

72

The King

the K*ing* of Ægipt[1] lay in his tower,
& saw the Ladye as white as fflower
that came right neere the Land;
he comanded a Squire ffree
to 'Looke what in *that* shipp might bee
that is vpon the sand.'
the Squier went thither ffull tite,
on the shipbord he did smite,
a Ladye vp then gan stand;

Christabell cannot speak to the squire,

Shee might not speake to him a word, [page 307]
but lay & looked ouer the bord,
& made signes with her hand.[2]

73

the squier wist not what shee ment;

who goes back to the King,

againe to the K*ing* he went,
& kneeled on his knee:
"Lord, in the shipp nothing is,
sauing one in a womans Likenesse
that ffast looked on mee.

and tells him what a lovely foreign woman he has seen.

but on[3] shee be of fflesh & bone,
a ffairer saw I neuer none,
saue my Ladye soe ffree![4]
shee maketh signes with her hand;
shee seemeth of some ffarr Land;
vnknowen shee is to mee.[5]

[1] The MS. may be either Œ or Æ in this and other cases.—F.

[2] The Thornton text adds:
Make we mery for Goddys est;
Thys ys the thrydd fytte of owre geste,
That dar y take an hande.—F.

[3] an, if.—F.

[4] But hyt were Mary free.—T.

[5] Beyonde the Grekys see.—T.

74

Sir Marmaduke [1] highet the *King*,[2] — King Marmaduke
he went to see *that* sweet thing,
he went a good pace.
to the Ladye he said in same, — goes to Christabell,
"speake, woman, on gods name!" — speaks to her,
against him shee rose.
the Lady *that* was soe meeke & milde,
shee had bewept sore her child,
that almost gone shee was.[3]
home to the court they her Ledd, — takes her home to Court,
with good meates they her ffedd;[4] — feeds her well,
with good will shee itt taketh.[5]

75

"Now, good damsell," said the *King*, — and asks her who she is.
"where were you borne, my sweet thing?
yee are soe bright of blee."
"Lord, in Artois borne I was; — Christabell tells him,
Sir Prinsamoure my ffather was,
that Lord is of *that* Countrye; — and says she
I and my maidens went to play
by an arme of the sea;
Iocund wee were and Iollye:
they wind was lithe, a bote there stood, — got into a boat with her boy,
I and my squier in yode,
but vnchristened was hee.

76

"on land I lefft my maidens all,
my younge squier on sleepe gan ffall,
my mantle al on him I threw; — wrapped him in her mantle,

[1] Marmaduke seems to have been from Marmaluke.—Pencil note.
[2] Be Ihesu swere that gentylle kynge.—T. T. doesn't give "The kyng of Egypt" a name.—F.
[3] Sche was wexyn alle horse.—T.
[4] Dylycyus metys they hur badd.—T.
[5] sche them tase.—T.

and a griffin flew away with him.

a griffon there came *that* rought me care,
my younge squier away hee bare,
southeast with him hee drew."

"All right, you shall be my niece then:"

" damsell," he said, " be of good cheere,
thou art my brothers daughter deere."
ffor Ioy of him shee louge ;

and Christabell stays in Egypt.

[1] & there shee did still dwell
till time *that* better beffell,
with ioy and mirth enoughe.[1]

[Part V.]

[How Eglamore comes back to Artois, and goes to the Holy Land for fifteen years; and how Christabell marries her own son.]

77

As soon as Eglamore recovers,

Now is Eglamore whole & sound,
& well healed of his wound ;

he leaves Rome,

homeward then wold hee ffare.
of the Emperour he tooke leaue I-wis,
5.d parte of the daughter, & of the Empresse,
& of all the meany *that* were there.
Christabell was most in his thought :

to go home to Christabell.

the dragons head hee home brought,
on his speare he itt bare.
by *that* 7 weekes were come to end,

He reaches Artois,

in the land of Artoys can he Lend,
wheras the Erle gan ffare.

78

in the court was told, as I vnderstand,
how *that* Eglamore was come to Land
with the dragons head.
his Squier rode againe him soone,

and his squire tells him that Christabell is dead.

" Sir, thus hath our Lord doone ; [2]
ffaire Christabell is dead !

[1—1] Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre,
And speke we of syr Egyllamowre ;
Now comyth to hym care y-nogh.—T.

[2] Lo ! lorde, what the erle hath done !—T.

a ffaire sonne shee had borne ; — Her father sent her and her boy
[1]bothe they are now fforlorne
through his ffalse read ; [1]
In [2] a shipp hee put them 2, [page 308] — out to sea in a ship.
& with the wind let them goe."
then swooned [3] he where hee stood. — Eglamore swoons,

79

"alas !" then said the *Knight* soe ffree, — asks after Christabell's maidens,
"Lord ! where may my maidens bee
that in her chamber was ?"
the Squier answered him ffull soone,
"as soone as shee was doone,
ech one their way did passe."
Eglamore went into the hall — goes to the Earl of Artois, gives him the Dragon's head, claims all his goods, and asks him what he's doing there.
before the Squiers & knights all :
"& thou, Erle of Artoys !
take," he said, "the dragons head !
all his mine *that* here his lead !
what dost thou in this place ?" [4]

80

great dole itt was to heere — Eglamore laments over Christabell and her boy,
when he called Christabell his fere :
"what ! art thou drowned in the sea ?
god *that* dyed on the rood bitterlye,[5]
on thy soule haue mercye,
and on *that* younge child soe ffree !"
the Erle was soe feard of Eglamore
that he was ffaine to take his tower ; [6]

[1–1] The erle hath hys lyfe forlorne,
He was bothe whyte and rede.—T.
[2] *Im* in MS.—P.
[3] Swooning was the correct thing for a knight, and on very much less provocation than this. See many instances in *Seynt Graal*, &c. &c. It betokened the possession of delicate feelings.—F.
[4] Alle ys myn that here ys levydd.
Thou syttyst in my place.—T.
[5] on crosse verye.—T.
[6] The erle rose up and toke a towre.—T.

that euermore woe him bee!

and calls on all who want knighthood to go with him.

Eglamore said, "soe god me saue,
all *that* the order of K*night*-hoode will haue,
rise vp & goe with mee!"

81

they were ffull faine to do his will;
vp they rose, & came him till;
he gaue them order soone.
the while *that* he in hall abode,

He dubs thirty-two knights,

32 [1] knights he made,
ffrom morne till itt was noone.
[2] those *that* liuing had none,
he gaue them liuing to liue vpon,
ffor Christabell to pray soone.
then anon, I vnderstand,

starts for the Holy Land,

he tooke the way to the holy Land,
where god on the rood was done.

82

Sir Eglamore, as you heare,

and lives there fifteen years,

he dwelled there 15 yeere
the heathen men amonge;

fighting all wrong-livers.

ffull manffullye he there him bare,
where any deeds of armes were,
against him *that* liued wronge.
in battell or in turnament
there might no man withstand his dent,
but downe right he him thronge.
by *that* 15 yeeres were gone,

His son Degrabell is now grown big,

his sonne *that* the griffon had tane,
was waxen both stiffe and stronge.

[1] V. and thretty.—T.

[2] And he that was the porest of them alle,
He gaf for Crystyabellys soule
Londys to leve upon.
A thousand, as y undurstonde,
He toke with hym, and went into the Holy Londe,
There God on cros was done.—T.

83

now was degrabell waxen wight ;
the *King* of Isarell dubbd him a *Knight* — is dubbed knight,
and Prince with his hand.
Listen, Lords great and small,
of what manner of armes he bare, — and these are his arms :
& yee will vnderstand :
he bare in azure, a griffon of gold — on a shield of azure a golden griffin
richlye portrayed in the mold,
on his clawes hanginge
a man child in a mantle round — carrying a boy with a girdle of gold.
& with a girdle of gold bound,
without any Leasinge.

84

the *King* of Isarell, hee waxed old ; — The King of Isarell asks Degrabell to marry.
to degrabell his sonne he told,
" I wold thou had a wiffe
while *that* I liue, my sonne deere ;
when I am dead, thou hast noe ffere,
riches is soe riffe." [1]
a messenger stoode by the *King* :
" in Ægipt is a sweet thing, — They are told of Christabell in Egypt ;
I know noe such on liue ;
the *King*, fforsooth, this oath hath sworne,
there shall none her haue *that* is borne — but he who wins her must fight for her.
But he winne her by striffe." [page 309]
the King said, " by the rood,
wee will not Lett if shee bee good ;
haue done, & buske vs swythe."
anon-right they made them yare, — They make ready,
& their armour to the shipp thé bare,
to passe the watter beliue. — sail off,

[1] When y am dedd, thou getyst no pere,
Of ryches thou art so ryfe.—T.

85

by tthat 7 dayes[1] were comen to end,
land in Egypt, in ægipt Land they gan Lend,
the vncouthe costes to see.[2]
and announce 992 messengers went before to tell,
their coming to the King of Egypt. "here cometh the *King* of Isarell
with a ffaire Meany,
& the Prince *with* many a *Knight*,
996 ffor to haue *your* daughter bright,
if itt *your* wil be."
the *King* said, "I trow I shall
ffind Lodging[3] ffor you all;
He welcomes them, 1000 right welcome yee are to mee!"

86

then trumpetts in the shipp[4] rose,
& euery man to Land goes;
the *Knight*s were clothed in pall.
1004 the younge *Knight* of 15 yeere,
he rydeth, as yee may heere,
a ffoote aboue them all.
leads the King of Isarell into the hall, the *King* of Isarell on the Land,
1008 the *King* of Ægipt takes him by the hand
& Ledd him into the hall:
[5]"*Sir*," said the *King*, "ffor charitye,
will you lett mee *your* daughter see,[5]
1012 white as bone of whall?"

87

and lets him see Christabell. the Lady ffrom the chamber was brought;
with mans hands shee seemed wrought
& carued out of tree.
Her son Degrabell desires her, 1016 her owne sonne stood & beheld:

[1] Be th[r]e wekys.—T.
[2] Ther forsus for to knowe swythe.—T.
[3] redy yustyng.—T.
[4] Trumpus in the topp-castelle.—T.
[5] Y prey the thou gyf me a syght
Of Crystyabelle, yowre doghtyr bryght.—T.

" well worthye him *that* might weld ! "
thus to himselfe thought hee.
the *King* of Isarell asked then
if that she [1] might passe the streame,
his sonnes wiffe ffor to bee.
" *Sir*," said the *King*, " if *that* you may
meete me a stroake to-morrowe,
thine asking grant I thee."

and may have her if he wins her

88

Lords in hall were sett,
& waites blew to the meate.
they made all royall cheere ;
the 2 *King*s the desse began,[2]
Sir Degrabell & his mother then,
the 2 were sibb ffull neere.
then *Knight*s went to sitt I-wis,
& euery man to his office,
to serue the *Knight*s deere ;
& affter meate washed they,[3]
& Clarkes grace gan say
in hall, as you may heere.

They dine,

and Degrabell and his mother have the high seat.

89

then on the morrow when day sprong
gentlemen in their armour [4] throng,
Degrabell was dight ;
the *King* of Ægipt gan him say
in a ffaire ffeeld *that* day
with many a noble Knight.
what time the great Lord might him see,
they asked, " what Lord *that* might bee
with the griffon soe bright ? "

Next day

Degrabell arms, and the King of Egypt tries him.

[1] MS. the. Yf she.—T. (with other changes).—F.
[2] had the chief seats on the dais.—F.
[3] See the operation described in *The Boke of Curtasye &c.* (E. E. Text Soc. 1867).—F. T. has:
Aftur mete, than seyde they
Deus pacis, clerkys canne seye.
[4] to haruds.—T.

the ruler of *that* game gan tell,
"this is the Prince of Isarell!
beware! ffor he is wight."

90

the *King* of Ægipt tooke a shafft;
Degrabell sits firm, the Prince saw *that*, & sadlye sate,
if he were neuer soe keene.[1]
unhorses the King, And on the ground he cast him downe, [page 310]
the ground *that* was soe greene.
wins Christabell, they *King* said, "soe god me saue,
thou art worthy her to haue!"
soe said they all by-deene.

91

euerye Lord gan other assay,
& squiers on the other day,
that doughtye were of deede.
Sir Degrabell his troth hee plight;
& Christabell, *that* Ladye bright,
to church they her ledd.
and by God's might marries his mother. through the might of god he[2] spedd,
his owne mother there he wedd,
in Romans as wee reade.[3]
She sees his arms, shee saw his armes him beforne[4];
shee thought of him *that* was forlorne,
shee wept like to be dead.

92

"what cheere," he said, "my Lady cleere[5]?"
what weepe you, & make such heauye cheere?
methinkes you are in thought."

[1] ? MS. keere.—F.
[2] Thus gracyously he hath.—T.
[3] Thus harde y a clerke rede.—T.
[4] MS. beforme.—F.
[5] The word may be *cleerre*. T. omits this and the next two lines.—F.

" Sir, in your armes now I see
a ffoule *that* [rafte] on a time ffrom mee
a child *that* I deere bought,[1]
that in a scarlett mantle was wound,
& in a girdle of gold bound
that richely was wrought."
the *King* of Isarell said ffull right,
" in my fforrest the ffoule gan Light ;
a griffon to Land him brought."

and tells him how a bird took her boy away,

in a mantle, and with a gold girdle on.

The King of Isarell says the Griffin alighted in his land,

93

he sent a squier ffull hend,
& bade him ffor the mantle wende
that hee was in Layd.
beffore him itt was brought ffull yare,
the girdle & the mantle there,
that richlye were graued.
" alas ! " then said *that* Lady ffree,
" this same the Griffon tooke ffrom mee."
in swoning downe shee braid.
" how long agoe ? " the *King* gan say.
" Sir, 15 yeere par ma ffay."
they assented to *that* shee said.

and the boy was brought to him.

Christabell says the boy was hers,

and it's fifteen years ago.

94

" fforsooth, my sonne, I am afraid
that tó[2] sibb maryage wee haue made
in the beginninge of this moone,"
" damsell, looke,—soe god me saue !—
which of my *Knights* thou wilt haue."
then degrabell answered soone,
" Sir, I hold you[r] Erles good,
& soe I doe my mother, by the roode,
that I wedded before they noone ;

She tells her son-husband that their marriage is void.

The King offers her any husband she'll choose.

No, says Degrabell,

[1] That sometyme rafte a chylde fro me,
A knyght fulle dere hym boght.—T.

[2] When *to* stands for *too*, the *o* will be accented hereafter.—F.

the knights must fight for her.

there shall none haue her certainlye
but if he winne her with maisterye
as I my-selfe haue doone."

95

All the lords agree to do so.

then euery Lord to other gan say,
"ffor her I will make delay [1]
with a speare & sheeld in hand;
who-soe may winne *that* Lady clere,
ffor to be his wedded ffere,
must wed her in that Land."

[Part VI.]

[How Eglamore won back his lost love Christabell, and married her.]

96

Eglamore, many lords, and the King of Sattin, come to the tourney.

6ª Parte

Sir Eglamore was homward bowne,
he hard tell of *that* great renowne,
& thither wold hee wend.[2]
great Lords *that* hard of *that* crye,
they rode thither hastilye,
as ffast as they might ffare.
the *King* of Sattin [3] was there alsoe,
& other great Lords many more
that royall armes [4] bare.

Lists are prepared, and all the lords make ready.

Then ringes were made in the ffeeld
that Lords might therin weld;
thé busked & made them yare.
Sir Eglamore, thoe he came Last,
he was not worthy out to be cast;
that Knight was clothed in care.

[1] For hur love we wylle turnay.—T.

[2] By rhyme this triplet belongs to the last stanza. It is put there in the Thornton text, which adds after it the stanza about Eglamore's arms, given, in an altered state, as st. 97 in our print below.—F.

[3] "Sydon (Cotton M.)" marked in pencil on the margin of the MS.—F. Sydone.—T.

[4] yoly colourys.—T.

97

ffor *that* Christabell was put to the sea,
new armes beareth hee,
I will them descrye:
he beareth in azure a shipp of gold,
ffull richlye portrayed on the mold, [page 311]
ffull well & worthylye;
the sea was made both grim & bold;
a younge child of a night old,
& a woman Lying there by;
of siluer was the mast, of gold the ffane [1];
sayle, ropes, & cables, eche one
painted were worthylye.

Eglamore bears as arms, on a blue shield a gold ship,

with a child, and a woman lying by it.

98

heralds of armes soone on hye,
euery Lords armes gan descrye
in *that* ffeeld soe broade.[2]
then Chr[i]stabell as white as fflower,
she sate vpon a hye tower; [3]
ffor her *that* crye was made.
the younge k*night* of 15 yeere old
that was both doughtye & bold,
into the ffeeld he rode.
who-soe *that* Sir Degrabell did smite,
with his dint they ffell tyte,
neuer a one his stroake abode.

Christabell sits in a high tower:

her son Degrabell

rides into the field,

and fells all who attacks him.

99

Sir Eglamore houed [4] & beheild
how the folke in the feild downe feld
they K*night*s all by-dcene.

Eglamore looks on.

[1] Fane, a Weather-cock, which turns about as the Wind changes, and shews from what Quarter it blows. Phillips. —F.

[2] The three lines above are not in T.

[3] Was broght to a corner of the walle.—T.

[4] halted, stood still. The first three lines of this stanza are not in T.—F.

Degrabell asks him why he stands still.

when Degrabell him see, he rode him till,[1]
& said, "Sir, why are you soe still
amonge all these Knights keene ?"

"Because I am come out of heathen lands.

Eglamore said to him Iwis,[2]
"I am come out of heathenesse,
itt were sinne mee to meete.[3]"
Degrabell said, "soe mote I thee !
more worshipp itt had beene to thee,
vnarmed to haue beene."

100

the ffather on the sonne Lough ;

Haven't you jousting enough ?

"haue yee not Iusting enoughe[4]
where euer *that* you bee ?
that day ffall haue I seene,
with as bigg men haue I beene,
& yett well gone my way.

I'll have a turn with you."

& yett, fforsooth," said he then,
"I will doe as well as I can,
with you once to play."

They charge.

heard together they knights donge
with great speares sharpe and longe ;
them beheld eche one.

Eglamore gives his son a rap, grounds him,

Sir Eglamore, as itt was his happ,[5]
giue his sonne such a rappe[6]
that to the ground went hee.

101

"alas !" then said *that* Ladye ffree,
"my sonne is dead, by gods pittye !
the keene knight hath him slaine !"
then men said wholy on mold,

and wins Christabell.

"the Knight *that* beares the shipp of gold
hath wonne her on the plaine."

[1] He sende a knyght anon fulle stylle. —T.
[2] He seyde, Syr recreawntes.—T.
[3] tene, T., which is better.—F.
[4] T. alters this and the next nineteen lines.—F.
[5] turnyd hys swerde flatt.—T.
[6] patte.—T.

102

Heralds

Heralds of armes cryed then,
" is there now any manner of man
will make his body good,
that will iust any more ?
say now while wee be here ! "
then a while they still stoode.
Degrabell said, " by god almight !
methinkes *that* I durst *with* him ffight,
if he were neuer soe wood."
Lords together made a vow,
" ffforssooth," they said, " best worthy art thou
to haue thy ffreelye ffood ! "

ask if any one else will fight Eglamore.

None answer

so Christabell is adjudged to him.

103

Eglamore is clad in cloth of gold,

ffor to vnarme him Lords gan goe ;
[1] clothes of gold on him they doe,
& then to meate thé wende.
Sir Eglamore then wan the gree,
beside the Lady sett was hee :
shee frened him as her ffreind,[1]
" ffor what cause *that* he bore
a shipp of gold *with* mast & ore."
he said *with* words hende,
" damsell, into the sea was done
my Lady & my younge [2] sonne ;
& there they made an ende."

and sits in the chief place with Christabell. She asks him why his arms are a ship.

" Because my lady and son were put to sea, and died."

104

Where were they buried ?

[3] knowledge to him tooke shee thoe ;
" now, good *Sir*, tell me soe,
where they were brought to ground ? " [page 312]

[1–1] In cortyls, sorcatys, and schorte clothys,
That doghty weryn of dede.
Two kyngys the deyse began,
Syr Egyllamowre and Crystyabelle than ;
Ihesu us alle spede !—T.

[2] lemman and my yongest.—T.

[3] T. omits the next six lines.—F

"I was away. Her father sent her to sea to drown."

"while I was in ffarr countrye
her ffather put her into the sea,
with the waues to confounde."

What is your name?

with honest mirth & game
of him shee asked the name;
& he answered that stond,

"Sir Eglamore of Artois."

"men call mee, where I was bore,
of Artoys Sir Eglamore,
that with a worme was wound."

105

Christabell swoons, then welcomes Eglamore,

in swooning ffell that Lady ffree;
"welcome, Sir Eglamore, to mee!
thy Loue I haue bought full deere!"

and tells what she has suffered.

then shee sate, & told full soone
how into the sea shee was doone;
then wept both lesse and more.
[1] minstrills had their giffts ffree,
wherby thé might the better bee;
to spend they wold not spare.[2]

(People meet when they least expect it.)

ffull true itt is, by god in heauen,
that men meete att vnsett steven,[3]
& soe itt beffell there.

106

The King of Isarell tells how he found Degrabell,

the King of Isarell gan tell
how that hee found Sir Degrabell;
Lordings, Listen then:[4]

[1] This gentle reminder to the hearers of their duty to the singers of the Romance is repeated with some variation at the end.—F.

[2] For the former part of this st. 105, T. has, st. cxi. p. 174:
There was many a robe of palle;
The chylde servyd in the halle
At the fyrste mete that day.
Prevely scho to hym spake,
"ȝondur ys thy fadur that the gate!"
A grete yoye hyt was to see ay
When he knelyd downe on hys kne,
Ther was mony an herte soré,
Be God that dyed on a tree!—F.

[3] unfixed time, time not appointed. Compare Chaucer, in The Knightes Tale, l. 666, v. ii. p. 47, ed. Morris:
It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,
For al day meteth men atte unset stevene.
Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe,
That was so neih to herken of his sawe.
—F.

[4] Knyghtys lystenyd ther-to than. —T.

Sir Eglamore kneeled on his knee,
"my Lord!" he said, "god yeeld itt thee!
yee haue made him a May.[1]"
the King of Isarell said, "I will the[e] giue
halfe my kindome while I doe liue, — and gives him half his kingdom.
my deere sonne as white as swan."
"thou shalt haue my daughter Arnada,"
the King of Sattin sayd alsoe, — The King of Sattin also gives his daughter Arnada to Degrabell.
"I remember, since thou her wan."

107

[2] Eglamore prayed the Kings 3 — Eglamore invites every one to his wedding.
att his wedding ffor to bee,
if *that* they wold vouch[s]afe.
all granted him *that* there were, — All accept,
litle, lesse, & more;
Lord Iesus christ them haue!
Kings, Erles, I vnde[r]stand,
with many dukes of other Lands,
with Ioy & mirth enoughe.
the trumpetts in the shipp blowes,
that euery man to shipp goes, — sail off,
the winde them ouer blew.

108

through gods might, all his meany
in good liking passed the sea;
in Artois they did arriue. — and reach Artois safely.
the Erle then in the tower stoode, — The old Earl
he saw men passe the fflood,
& ffast[3] to his horsse gan driue.

[1] man.—T. *May* generally means maiden; but *mawe, maze,* is a kinsman; A.-Sax. *mæg,* a son, kinsman.—F.

[2] T. shortens and alters this stanza and part of the next.—F.

[3] So in printed copy, but very different in *the* Cotton MS.—Pencil note in MS.

when he heard of Eglamore,
falls out of his tower and breaks his neck, he ffell out of his tower
& broke his necke beliue.
the messenger went againe to tell
of *that* case, how itt beffell:
by a merciful providence. with god may no man striue.

109

The Emperor is sent for, [1] thus in Artois the Lords thé Lent;
after the Emperour [2] soone thé sent,
to come to *that* Marryage;
every one in the land is bidden to the Feast, in all they land they mad crye,
who-soe wold come to *that* ffeast worthye,
right welcome shold they bee;
and Eglamore weds Christabell, Degrabell weds Arnada. Sir Eglamore to the church is gone,
degrabell & Arnada they haue tane,
and his Lady bright of blee.
the King of Isarell said, "Ile giue
halfe my land while I liue;
brooke well [all [3]] after my day."

110

The Feast lasts forty days, with mickle mirth the feast was made,
40 dayes itt abode
amonge all the Lords hend;
and then forsooth, as I you say,
and then all the guests go home. euery man tooke his way [page 313]
wherin him liked to dwell.

[1] T. alters these concluding stanzas a good deal.—F.

[2] An Emperor was thought necessary to give the proper eclat to a wedding:

Ther com tyl hir weddyng
An *emperoure* and a kyng,
Erchebyschopbz with ryng
Mo then fyftene!
The mayster of hospitalle
Come over with a cardinalle,
The gret kyng of Portyngalle,
With kny3thus ful kene.

Sir Degrevant, p. 252–3, Thornton Romances.—F.

[3] all. p.c.—Pencil note. T. has not the line. *Brooke* is A.-S. *brucan*, to enjoy.—F.

minstrells had good great plentye,
that euer they better may thé bee,
and bolder ffor to spend.
in Romans this Chronickle is.
dere Iesus! bring vs to thy blisse
that lasteth without end! [1]

Minstrels get plenty of money.

Christ bless us all!

ffins.

[1] T. winds up with "Amen. Here endyth syr Egyllamowre of Artas, and begynneth syr Tryamowre."—F.

["*When Scortching Phœbus*," *printed in* Lo. and Hum. Songs, *pp.* 70–3, *follows here in the MS.*]

The Emperour & the Childe.[1]

The following piece is here printed for the first time. Percy describes it as an old poem "in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press." Selecting from it "such particulars as could be adopted," he composed himself a poem on the subject of it,—a poem in Two Parts, altogether some 400 lines long, beginning in this wise:

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
The holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine! &c.

Is this style so very much worthier of the press than that of

Within the Grecian land some time did dwell
An Emperor, whose name did far excell, &c.?

We doubt whether either piece is particularly worthy of the press. But that which suited best the taste of the eighteenth century is certainly the less worthy of the two. That century could see the mote in the eye of a preceding age, but not the beam in its own eye.

This piece is evidently of very late origin, written at a time when the period of professional ballad-makers had well set in.

The story was, in prose, extremely popular. This prose version was a translation from the French. Of the old French romance an analysis is given in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which ranks it among *Romans Historiques*:[1]—

[1] The Old song of Valentine & Ursin or Orsin.

This song or Poem seems to be quite modern by the Language & versification.

N.B. This Poem only suggested the subject of that I printed on Valentine and Ursin.—P.

[2] Histoire des deux nobles et vaillans Chevaliers Valentin et Orson, fils de l'Empereur de Grèce et neveux du très-chrétien Roi de France Pépin, contenant 74 chapitres, lesquels parlent de plusieurs et diverses matières très-plaisantes et récréatives. Lyon, 1495, in-folio, et 1590 in-octavo, et depuis à Troyes, chez Oudot, in-quarto.

Nous avons annoncé dans notre avant-dernier volume que nous avions encore à parler d'un roman singulier et intéressant concernant Pépin, Roi de France, premier de la seconde race et père de Charlemagne; c'est celui dont on vient de lire le titre. Il est bien constamment historique, quoique l'histoire y soit défigurée; que Pépin y voyage dans des pays dont il n'a jamais approché, tels que Constantinople et Jérusalem, qu'on l'y fasse prisonnier d'un Roi des Indes, ainsi que les douze pairs de France; qu'on ajoute à cette prétendue captivité les circonstances les plus ridicules; qu'on suppose à Pépin deux fils, une sœur et deux neveux, qui n'ont jamais existé; enfin, quoique les commencements de l'histoire de Charlemagne que l'on trouve dans ce roman-ci soient aussi éloignés de la vérité que ce qui est dit du règne de Pépin, tout cela, cependant, se fait lire avec plaisir; et nous croyons que nos lecteurs ne trouveront point trop long l'extrait très-détaillé que nous allons en faire, chapitre par chapitre, sans rien changer à sa marche, et respectant presque également le style, qui n'est pas si gaulois que celui des autres romans de chevalerie que nous avons extraits jusqu'à présent, car celui-ci peut être rangé dans la même classe: on peut aussi, si l'on veut, le compter parmi les romans d'amour, car malgré les ridicules dont il est rempli, la marche en est très-régulière. L'histoire des deux frères qui en font les héros y est conduite depuis l'instant de leur naissance jusqu'à leur mort; tous deux sont amoureux et épousent enfin leurs maîtresses. Rien ne nous prouve que ce roman soit fort ancien. Nous n'en connaissons aucuns manuscrits; et ne pouvant parler d'après nous-mêmes de la première édition (in-folio), qui est très-rare, nous ne trouvons rien dans la seconde (qui est celle de 1590) qui porte une certaine marque d'ancienneté, non-seulement dans le style, mais même dans les détails, et nous ne croyons pas qu'on puisse en faire remonter l'époque plus haut que le règne de Charles VIII, temps où beaucoup de romans de ce genre virent le jour, les uns étant tirés de quelques manuscrits plus anciens, les autres étant tout à fait nouveaux. Ne poussons pas plus loin nos recherches et nos observations préliminaires sur Valentin et Orson, et commençons notre extrait en suppliant nos lecteurs d'avoir de l'indulgence pour la simplicité et la bonhomie avec lesquelles cet ouvrage a été composé. On y trouvera bien des traits curieux et des situations très-intéressantes, mêlés avec mille circonstances ridicules. La singularité de tout cela pourra, du moins, amuser.

L'auteur raconte, d'abord, en peu de mots, la touchante histoire de Berthe au grand pied, qui a fait la matière d'un roman entier,

dont nous avons donné l'extrait dans notre premier volume du mois dernier. Il suppose seulement que les deux fils de Pépin et de la fausse Berthe vécurent, et se trouvèrent en état, à la mort de Pépin, de combattre le roi Charlemagne et de lui disputer la couronne ; que celui-ci, après avoir été chassé de son royaume par eux, y rentra, pourtant, et les vainquit à son tour. Il suppose encore que Pépin avait une sœur nommée Béligrane ou Belissante, qu'elle épousa un Empereur de Constantinople nommé Alexandre, et c'est ici que commence le roman.

As the matter of a chap-book, the story was very common both in France and in England. How it was generally treated will be shown by the following headings of chapters from the *Histoire de Valentin et Orson, très-nobles et très-vaillants chevaliers, fils de l'Empereur de Grèce et neveux du très-vaillant et très-chrétien Pépin, Roi de France.*

Cap. I.—Comme le très-noble roi Pépin épousa Berthe, dame de très-grande renommée et prudence.

Cap. II.—Comme l'Empereur fut trahi par l'Archevêque de Constantinople.

Cap. III.—Comme l'Archevêque étant éconduit de Bellisant pour son honneur sauver, machina grande trahison.

Cap. IV.—Comme l'Archevêque se mit en habit de chevalier, et monta à cheval pour poursuivre la dame Bellisant, laquelle était bannie.

Cap. V.—Comme Bellisant enfanta deux enfants dans la forêt d'Orléans, dont l'un fut appelé Valentin et l'autre Orson, et comme elle les perdit.

Cap. VI.—De l'ourse qui emporta de Bellisant parmi le bois.

Cap. VII.—Comme par le conseil de l'Archevêque furent élevées de nouvelles coutumes en la cité de Constantinople, et comme la trahison fut connue.

Cap. VIII.—Comme l'Empereur Alexandre, par le conseil des sages, envoya quérir le roi Pépin pour savoir la vérité de la querelle du marchand et de l'Archevêque.

Cap. IX.—Comment le marchand et l'Archevêque se combattirent au champ de bataille.

Cap. X.—Comme le roi Pépin prit congé de l'Empereur et partit de Constantinople pour retourner en France, et comme après il alla à Rome contre les Sarrasins qui la cité avaient prise.

Cap. XI.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri eurent envie sur Valentin pour le grand amour que lui portait le roi.

Cap. XII.—Comme Valentin conquit Orson son frère dans la forêt d'Orléans.

Cap. XIII.—Comme après que Valentin eut conquis Orson, il partit de la forêt pour retourner à Orléans vers le roi Pépin.

Cap. XIV.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri, par envie, résolurent de tuer Valentin en la chambre de la belle Esglantine.

Cap. XV.—Comme le duc de Savary envoya vers le roi Pépin pour avoir aide contre le vert chevalier qui voulait avoir sa fille Fezonne pour épouse.

Cap. XVI.—Comme plusieurs chevaliers vinrent en Aquitaine pour avoir la belle Fezonne.

Cap. XVII.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri firent guetter Valentin et Orson sur le chemin pour le faire mourir.

Cap. XVIII.—Comme le roi Pépin commanda que devant son palais fût appareillé le champ pour voir Orson et Grigard combattre ensemble.

* * * * * *

Cap. LVI.—Comme Valentin fit la pénitence qui lui avait été imposée pour expier le meurtre de son père.

Cap. LVII.—Comme le roi Hugon fit demander Escharmonde pour femme, et comme il trahit Orson et le vert chevalier.

Cap. LVIII.—Comme Bellisant et Escharmonde surent la trahison et fausse entreprise du roi Hugon.

Cap. LIX.—Comme Orson et le vert chevalier furent délivrés des prisons du roi de Syrie, et comme le roi Hugon, pour éviter la guerre, se soumit à eux.

Cap. LX.—Comme, au bout de sept ans, Valentin, finit ses jours dans son palais de Constantinople, et écrivit une lettre par laquelle il fut connu.

WHITHIN the Grecyan land some time did dwell
an Emperour, whose name did ffar excell;
he tooke to wiffe the Lady B[e]llefaunt,
the only sister to the Kinge of ffrance,
with whome he liued in pleasure & delight
vntill *that* ffortune came to worke them spight.

A Greek Emperor once married a French Princess, Lady Bellefauut.

They lived happily till

a lustful Bishop

ffor within the court a bishoppe[1] there did rest,
the which the Emperour held in great request;
his enuious hart itt was soe sore enfflamed
vpon the Empresse, *that* gallant dame,

tried to seduce the Empress,

[2] *that* he wold perswade her many [3] a wile
her husbands marriage bed for to defile.

and on her refusal

but shee denyed *that* vnchast request,
as to her honor did beseeme her best;
which when the Bishopp saw, away he went
vntou the Emperour with a fell intent,

accused her falsely to the Emperor.

& then most ffalselye her he did accuse,
how *that* shee wold his marryage bed abuse;
& thervpon he swore the same to proue,
which made her husbands loue in wrath to proue.
then the Emperour went to her with speed,
ffor to accuse her of this shamefull deede.
and when shee saw how shee was betrayd,
her inocency shee began to pleade;

The Emperor wouldn't hear her, but banished her at once;

but then her husband wold not heare her speake,
which made her hart with sorrow like to breake;
but straight the Emperour he gaue command
that shee shold be banished [4] out of his land.
but when *that* shee ffrom them did goe,
before them all shee did reccount [5] her woe,
& said *that* shee was banished wrongffullye;

and she started with one squire

& soe shee went with sorrow like to dye.
now is shee gone, but with one Squier alone,

for France.

vnto her brother in ffrance to make her Mone.
And being come within the realme of ffrance, [page 315

On her way

O there beffell a very heauy chance!
ffor [6] as shee trauelled through a wild fforrest,
the labor of Childhood did her sore oppresse,

[1] An Archpriest, says the Story Book. —P.
[2] That her he *would* persuade with. —P.
[3] with many, qu.—P.
[4] banish'd be.—P.
[5] recount.—P.
[6] *all* follows in the MS., marked out. —F.

& more & more her paines increased still — she was taken in labour,
that shee was fforced to rest against her will.
now att the lenght her trauell came to end,
ffor the Lo*rd* 2 children did her send, — and bore two boys.
the w*hi*ch were ffaire & *proper* boyes indeed,
w*hi*ch made her hart w*i*th Ioy for to exceede.
but now behold how ffortune gan to Lower,[1]
& turned her Ioy to greefe w*i*thin an hower!
ffor why, shee saw an vgly beare as then, — A bear
the w*hi*ch was come fforthe of some lothesome den;
& when the beare did see her in *that* place,
he made towards her w*i*th an Egar pace,
& ffrom her tooke one of her children small, — carried off one of them.
a sight to greeue the mothers hart w*i*th-all.
but when shee saw her child soe borne away,
shee Laid the other downe, & did not stay, — She laid the other down, and ran after the lost one, but couldn't find it.
& ffollowed itt as ffast as euer shee might;
but all in vaine! of itt shee lost the sight.
but soe itt chanced, att *that* verry tyde
the K*ing* of ffrance did there a hunting ryde; — The King of France finds the boy laid down,
& in the fforrest as he rode vp and downe,
the other child he ffound vpon the ground.
& when he saw the child to be soe faire,
to take itt vp he bade his men take care, — and has him carried off.
& keepe itt well as tho itt were his owne,
vntill the ffather of the child where [2] knowne.
the Empresse returned there backe againe, — The Empress comes back for him,
when as shee saw the beare w*i*thin his den;
but when shee saw her other sonne was lost, — but finds him gone.
her hart w*i*th sorrow then was like to burst. — Her heart nearly breaks.
then downe shee sate her with a heauy hart,
& wishes [3] death to ease her of her smart;
shee wrong her hands w*i*th many a sigh full deepe
that wold haue made a fflyntye hart to weepe.

[1] lour.—P. [2] were.—P. [3] wish'd for.—P.

She leaves the place,

then shee depa*r*ted from *that* woefull place,
& fforth of ffrance shee went away apace;
ffor why, as yett shee wold not there be knowen
vntill some newes of her young sonnes were shone.[1]

and goes to a castle for help.

but shee beheld a Castle ffaire & stronge,—[2]
shee had not trauelled ffrom *that* place not Long,—
wheratt shee knocket, some succour for to find.
but itt ffell out contrary to her mind;
ffor why, w*i*th-in *that* castle dwelt as then

But a giant lives there

a monstrous gyant, ffeared of all men,
who tooke this Ladye into his prison strong,

and puts her in prison,

& there he kept her ffast in prison long.
but when he saw her lookes to be soe sadd,
& hauing knowen what sorrowes she had had,

but doesn't hurt her.

he kept her close, but he hurt her not;
& soe shee liued in prison long, god wotte.

The boy the bear took grows up

the child the w*hi*ch the beare had borne away,
amongst her younge ones was brought vp alway,
& soe brought vp vntill att length as then

a huge wild man,

he there became a monstrous huge wild man,
& [d]aylye ranged about the fforrest wilde,

who kills all that pass by his den.

& did destroy man, woman, beast and child,
& all things else w*hi*ch by his den did passe,
w*hi*ch to the country great annoyance was.

The other boy is christened Valentine,

the other child w*hi*ch they *King* [3] had ffound,[4]
he christened was, & valentine was his name;
& when he grew to be of ripe yeeres,
he was beloued both of *King* and peeres;
in ffeates off armes he did himselfe advance,
that none like him there cold be ffond in ffrance;

is knighted, and is valiant.

& ffor *that* same, the *King* did dub him Knight;
he allwaies was soe vallyant in his fight.

Poor men complain of the Wild Man.

then to the court did many pore men come
to show what hurt the wild man there had done;

[1] shown.—P.
[2] The *o* and *n* are squeezed together in the MS.—F.
[3] the w*hi*ch the *King*.—P.
[4] tane; qu.—P.

but when the *King* did heare the moane they made,[1] — The King sends men to kill him,
he sent fforth men the monster to inuade ;
but all in vaine ; ffor why, hee crusht them soe — but he kills them.
that none of them with-in his reach durst goe.
Then valentine vnto the *King* did sue [page 316] — Valentine goes to subdue him ;
that he might goe the Monster to subdue.
then fforthe he went the Monster ffor to see,
whom he saw come bearing a younge oke tree ;
& when the wild man of him had a sight, — the Wild Man knocks him down with an oak,
he went vnto him & cast him downe right.
& when he saw his strenght cold not prevaile,
he praid to god his purpose might not ffayle ;
then a poinard presently he drew out, — but gets stabbed in return.
& peirct his side, wherwith the blood gusht out.
but when the wild man did behold his blood,
he [2] quicklye brought him ffrom his ffuryous mood ;
then ffrom the fforrest both together went — Then they make it up,
towards the Emperour,[3] & with ffull intent — and ask the Emperor leave to go to an island in Portingall,
of [him] desired leaue by sea to sayle
into an Ile *that* Lyeth in Portingall,
wheras thé hard [4] with-in a Castle was
a Ladye ffaire *that* kept a head of brasse, — to consult a brass head.
the w*hi*ch cold tell of any questyon asket.
& thither came braue valentine att Last ; — They go there,
& when *that* they to [5] the castle came,
they thought ffor to haue entered the same ;
but itt ffell out not vnto their mind,
because the porters there were much vnkind ;
ffor why, thé ffound 2 gyants att the gate, — fight two giants to get in,
with [w]home [6] they ffought or they cold in theratt.
then went they vpp wheras they head did stand ; — see the head and fair Claramande,
& by itt sate the bewtyous Claramande,

[1] The *m* has one stroke too many in the MS.—F.
[2] It.—P.
[3] *King* of Fraunce, qu.—P.
[4] heard.—P.
[5] unto.—P.
[6] whom.—P.

whom, when the noble valentine did see,
he swore his hart ffor euer there shold bee.
then did shee speake vnto the head of brasse,
& bade itt tell whose sonne valentine was,
& whom the wild man there shold bee.
to whom the head gaue answer *pr*esentlye:
"ffirst be it knowen, he is thy brother deere,
& you are both sonnes to the Grecyan peere;
& yo*u*r mother wrongffullye banished was,
& you were both borne in a wild fforrest;
& *that*[1] by a beare vrsin was nurst vpp,
& valentine by[2] his vnckles court;
& yo*u*r mother lyeth in prison stronge
w*i*th K*ing* fferagus,[3] where shee hath beene long.
alsoe I say, looke vnder vrsines tounge;
there shall you ffind a string both bigg & stronge;
cut *that* in tow, & then his speech shall breake;
& this is all; & I noe more can speake."
then vrsin to his specche restored was hee,
& valentine had CLAREMONDE soe ffree.
soe al together[4] on their Iourney went
towards their mother being in prison pent;
& soe they came vnto the place att Last
wheras their mother was in prison ffast;
& him they slew *that* did their mother keepe,
& soe they brought her out of prison deepe.
& when *that* they were al together come,
vnto their mother they then made them knowne;
w*hi*ch when shee saw her owne sonnes sett her ffree,
no ioye to her there might compared bee.
then *pr*esentlye they purpose to take read,[5]
into the Land of greece to hye w*i*th speed.
& when *that* they had many a storme ore past,
they did arriue w*i*th-in *that* Land att last;

who asks the head whose son Valentine is, and who the Wild Man is. The head says, "You are brothers, sons of the Greek Emperor,

and your mother is in King Ferragus's prison. Cut the string under Ursin's tongue, and he'll speak."

This is done:

Valentine marries Clara-mande;

and the two sons

kill Ferragus, and free their mother.

Then they all go to Greece,

[1] there.—P.
[2] in.—P.
[3] This is the name of one of the Charlemagne heroes.—F.
[4] MS. *altogether*, and in l. 165.—F.
[5] counsel.—P.

then on their Iourney towards they court they went, to the Court.
& to the Emperour a messenger they sent,
to tell him ffreinds of his were comen vpon land,
& did intreat some ffavor att his hand.
when the Emperour was come vnto them there, When the Emperor finds his wife and sons,
& knew the woman to be his wiffe most deere,
& *that* the other 2 were his owne deare sonnes,
he then bewailed their happ with bitter moanes, he bewails their past sufferings;
ffirst *that* because his wiffe was wronge exilde,
& ffor the greeffe when as shee traueled with child.
& soe att lenght, in spight of ffortunes happ, and they live happily thereafter.
they liued in ioy, & ffeared noe after clappe.

ffins.

Sittinge : Late : [1]

This piece declares that women will have their own way, and further, that that way will frequently be wanton. It attempts to reconcile husbands to the loss of their supremacy, and their other consequent troubles. The argument is not always thoroughly satisfactory; as, when we are taught that because Paris of Troy got into such trouble for running away with another man's wife, therefore we cannot expect to enjoy any immunity from trouble in respect of our own wives. We cannot, if we would, says the poem, exercise a sufficiently sharp surveillance over them. In all ranks of life they "have their own will;" beggars' wives, and the wives of better men, all elude and mock their husbands. The only place where this is not the rule is Rome, and it is not so there simply because a woman-pope would not let it be so. Thus woman's will reigns supreme everywhere.

But perhaps the only interest this sorry composition possesses is its illustrating *Hudibras* (Part I. canto ii. vv. 545–552):—

> Some cried the Covenant, instead
> Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
> *And some or brooms, old boots, and shoes,*
> *Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House*;
> Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
> A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
> And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
> No surplices, nor Service-book:—

and Falstaff's remark on the worthy Justice Shallow, that "a came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and *sung those tunes* to the overscutched huswives *that he heard the carmen whistle*, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights." Many

[1] A Satire on the Women.—P.

other references to the sibilant powers of the sixteenth and seventeenth century carmen are given by Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of Olden Time*, à propos of the air called "The Carmen's Whistle."

SITTINGE: late, my selfe alone, [page 317]
to heare the birds sweete harmonye,
one sighed sore with many a grone,
"my wiffe will still my *master* bee!"
his sig[h]es ecclipsed bright Phebus beames,
his hart did burne like ætna hill,
his teares like Nilus fflowing streames,[1]
his cryes did peirce the Eccho shrill.
with *that* I drew my eare aside
to heare him thus complaine of ill;
his greefe & mind were both a-like,
that ginnye[2] his ffilly wold haue her owne will.

I heard a man bewailing that his wife would be his master;
he wept, and cried shrilly,
and said his filly would have her will.

The *King* of Sirya mad a law,
that euery[3] man with-in his land,
that he shold lordlye keepe in awe
his wiffe, & those *that* did with-stand.
which acte is cleane gone out of mind
of all degrees, & will be still;
pore silly husbands are soe kind,
they let their wiues haue their owne will.

Men won't keep the King of Syria's law, that men shall keep their wives in order.

When Princely Paris, pride of Troye,
had stolen away *King* Menelaus wiffe,
10 yeeres of warr was all his Ioy,
& afterwards bereaued of liffe.
by this wee see *that* *King*s are tyed,
as well as subiects, to much ill;
why shold wee poore men thinke itt scorne
to let our wiues haue their owne will?

Paris got
ten years war and his death for stealing his wife.
If then kings get into trouble,

[1] *streans* in the MS.—F. [2] MS. may be *grimye*.—F. [3] for every.—P.

All *that* lookes blacke, diggs not ffor coles;
how shold our chymneys then be swept?
& he *that* thinkes to Iumpe ore Powles,[1]
may once a yeare be well out leapte;
ffor vulcan wore a head of horne [2]
when least misprision was of ill.
lett no man liuing thinke itt scorne
to let his wiffe haue her owne will!

and Gods do so too,

don't let us mind about letting our wives have their own way.

But shee *that* liues by nille[3] & tape,
& with her bagge & lucett[4] beggs,
oft makes her husband many a scape[5]
although shee goes in simple raggs;
ffor hungry doggs will alwayes range,
& vnsauory meate will staunch their ffill;
& they *that* take delight in change
will, Nolens Volens, haue their owne will.

Even beggar-women get their husbands into scrapes;

and if a man goes out,

But he *that* goes ffrom dore to dore,
& cryes "old buskins ffor new broome;"
althoe his liuing be but poore,
another must supply his roome.
"old bootes & buskins ffor new broome!
come buy, ffaire maids, & take your ffill!
there are no Cucholds made att Roome;
Pope Ione hath sett itt downe by will."

his place must be supplied.

(But there are no cuckolds in Rome.)

[1] Powles, *i.e.* St. Paul's.—P.

[2] Note [2] in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1841, vol. ii. p. 126, col. 1, says, "In 'Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems, by R. H. 8vo. Lond. 1664, p. 5, 'Why Cuckolds are said to wear Horns?' we read: 'Is not this monster said to wear the Horns because other Men with their two forefingers point and *make Horns* at him?'" "*Cuckold.* Cuckolled, treated in the way that the cuckow (Lat. *cuculus*) serves other birds, viz. by laying an egg in their nest." Wedgwood.—F.

[3] MS. *iulle*, but as the dot over the *i* is very often misplaced in the MS. and *nill* means *needle*, I print *nille*.—F.

[4] perhaps budget.—P. Fr. *lucet* or *luchet* is a spade.—F.

[5] 1. A misdemeanour . . . 3. A trick, shift, or evasion. Halliwell.—F.

The Carman whistles vp & downe ;
another cryes "will you buy any blacke[1] ? "
the cuntryman is held a clowne,
when better men haue greater lacke.
thus whiles they cards are shuffled about,
the knaue will in the decke[2] lye still ;
& if all secretts were found out,
I doubt a number wold want their will.

It's well that all wives' secrets are not known.

ffins.

[1] ? Fr. *noir*, blacking, or *pierre noire*, Black Oaker, or the blacke marking-stone.—Cotgrave. It can't mean soot or mourning.—F.

[2] A pack of cards. Halliwell.—F.

Libius : Disconius :[1]

[In nine Parts.—P.]

Percy thought so well of the plot of this Romance that he chose it for analysis in his *Reliques* (v. iii. p. xii.–xvi. ed. 1765). Speaking of "these old poetical Legends," he says, "it will be proper to give at least one specimen of their skill [that is, the skill of the writers of them], in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied in these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry. I shall select the Romance of Libius Disconius, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.[2] If an Epic Poem may be defined, '[3] A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one heroe, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, spite of all the obstacles that oppose him :' I know not why we should withhold the name of Epic Poem from the piece which I am about to analyse."

[1] This Piece may be considered perhaps as one of the first rude Attempts tow*a*rds the Epic or Narrative Poem in Europe since the Roman Times. [See v. i. p. 417, l. 4.] Nor is it deffective [*so*] in the most essential Parts of Epic Poetry. The Hero is one. The great action to w*h*ich every thing tends is one: there is little interruption of episode; & it [b]egins nearer the [E]vent than most of that age.—P.

This appears to be more ancient than the Time of Chauc*e*r. See The Rhyme of S*i*r Thopas quoted below, St. 22^{d}.—P.

N.B. The Rhyme of Sir Thopas seems to be intended in Imitation of this old Piece. N.B. This is a translation from *th*e French. Vid. p. 327, st. 15 [of MS. p. 441, l. 706 here].—P

[2] Men speken of Romaunces of Price,
Of Horne-Child and Ipotis,
Of Bevis and Sir Guy,
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,
But Sir Thopas bereth the floure
Of riall chevallrie.—*Rel.* iii. p. viii.

[3] Vide "Discours sur la Poésie Epique," prefixed to Télémaque.—P.

The Bishop then gives a sketch of each of the nine Parts of the Romance, and winds up with, "Such is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language." Poor times! Why hadn't you a bishop with a blacking-brush to make you shine?

The subject of the story is one that, told in the language and clothed with the feelings of each successive age, can never fail to interest that age at least,—the adventures of a young unknown man on his dangerous road from poverty to success in life, from nameless obscurity to rank and fame, from the consciousness of power existing only in the youth's own brain, to the full manifestation of that power, in the sight and with the applause of all beholders, who rejoice to see it receive its fitting reward.

In the present instance, Lybius comes from his mother's apron-strings, not knowing his father (he is Gawain's bastard [1]) to Arthur's court. He asks for knighthood, and the first adventure that comes in. He gets both; and his task is to free the Lady of Sinadowne from prison. Though scorned for his youth by her messengers, he conquers, one after another, thirteen formidable opponents, of whom the first nine are Sir William de la Braunch, his three cousins, two giants, Sir Gefferon, Sir Otes de Lisle, and the Giant Mangys. A more insidious foe is behind, the sorceress of the Golden Isle, whom our hero has rescued from Mangys. For a year she keeps him from fulfilling his task; but at last he breaks

[1] That story of rising from an obscure beginning is a very common one in mediæval literature, and belongs to a principle of mediæval sentiment, that noble blood was never lost, (bastardy was considered no real stain;) and that if a knight, for instance, met with a woman in a wood, and got her with child, however ignoble the woman, or however low the circumstances under which the child received its first nurture, the blood it had received from the father would inevitably urge it onward till it reached its natural station. There are stories illustrating this feeling in all its forms. —T. Wright.

away from her, and goes to Sinadowne. There he conquers one knight, Sir Lambers, and then two necromancers who have turned the Lady of Sinadowne into a serpent. The serpent kisses him, and at the kiss turns into a lovely princess, who offers him herself and her lands. He accepts both, marries the Lady, and carries her off to King Arthur's court.

The English Romance was first printed by Ritson from the Cotton MS. Caligula A. ii. This text refers several times to its original, "the Frenssch tale" (l. 2122, *Ritson*, ii. 90; l. 222, *ib.* 10, &c.). On this, Ritson remarked, "The French original is unknown," ii. 253. The same statement continued true for many a year. Like the original of *Sir Generides* (which I edited from Mr. Tollemache's MS. for Mr. Gibbs as his gift-book to the Roxburghe Club in 1865, and the French of which is still to seek), the original of *Lybeaus Disconus* could not be found. But a lucky purchase by one of our subscribers, the Duc d'Aumale, of a MS. volume of French poems, and a luckier placing by him of it in the hands of Professor Hippeau of Caen in 1855, led to the discovery of the long-hidden French Romance, *Li Biaus Desconneus*, and also the name of its writer, RENALS DE BIAUJU, or,—as M. Hippeau modernises it,—RENAULD DE BEAUJEU. In 1860 M. Hippeau published the poem as *Le Bel Inconnu*, dating its writer as of the thirteenth century. It is not certain that De Biauju's text is the one that the English translators or adapters worked from; for in the two passages above referred to, where the English text refers to the French tale as the authority for its statements, De Biauju's text contains no such statements. But that is not conclusive, for we know that our English versifiers were seldom translators only: like our modern playwrights, they treated their French (or French-writing) originals with great freedom, cut out what they didn't want, altered what they didn't like, and put in incidents at discretion. As one instance, take Robert of Brunne's treatment of William of

Wadington's *Manuel des Pechiez*, detailed in my preface to the *Handlyng Synne*. De Biauju's text *may* have given rise to some lost later version which the English adapters handled; but I see no reason why the early French text which M. Hippeau has printed may not have been before our early men. The motive is the same in both stories, and the chief incidents are the same, though in one—the way in which the Fairy of the Golden Isle, or *La Damoiselle as Blances Mains*, is represented, and the latter part of the story told—they differ markedly. And as in this part of the French poem M. Hippeau finds the original of part of the story of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, it may be as well to give M. Hippeau's abstract, remembering that the English version makes the lady a mere sorceress who detains Lybius twelve months from pursuing the task that he had vowed to accomplish, and then appears no more in the story. The French text makes her keep him only a day before he has freed the Lady of Sinadowne; but after he has done this, and she has offered herself and her lands to him, De Biauju introduces the Fairy again—the English text saying nothing of her—and makes Lybius halt at the Lady of Sinadowne's offer thus:

The offer is tempting; but the laws of chivalry are opposed to his pledging his troth without having received the authorisation of King Arthur. All the barons of the *pays de Galles* arrive at the *Cité Gastée*; bishops and abbots also come to purify by their pious ceremonies and their processions the places over which the infernal spirits have cast a spell; and, before all her baronage, *Blonde Esmerée* declares that she has decided on taking Giglain as her spouse. A deputation of lords goes to him, and the knight still answers to the long request addressed to him, that he can do nothing without the consent of King Arthur. It is the king who, in granting the princess the help of one of his knights, has the right to all his gratitude. She ought then to go to his court, with all her barons, to thank him.

The queen prepares to set out, in the sweet anticipation that the valorous knight will accompany her in her journey. But widely different feelings now move *le Bel Inconnu*. He cannot drive from his heart the recollection of the beautiful fairy of the *Ile d'Or*.

The description of this unconquerable passion occupies a large space in the story of our trouvère. He finds happy expressions to describe those torments of love which he appears, from the frequent reference he makes to himself, to know only too well. Readers will be astonished to see with what pliancy the language of the thirteenth century lent itself to the developement of the most delicate shades of feeling. Giglain knows not at what point to stop. He dares not return to the *Ile d'Or*, which he left so abruptly; he cannot, on the other hand, drive away the too seductive image which besieges him night and day. The advice of Robert, his faithful squire, decides him on letting the daughter of the king of *Galles* set out alone. She parts from him with the sadness of resignation, and he sets out for the *Ile d'Or*. But there his perplexities begin again. Shall he go and present himself to the woman whose love he has seemed to disdain? He weeps, he laments, he is grievously distressed. But happily Robert is always at his side: he has much more confidence than his master in the kindly feelings of the fairy. She wanted to keep him, she was angry at his going, she will then see him again with joy.

At length the dreaded interview takes place. Having reached the magnificent fruit-garden (*verger*), which leads to the palace of the *Ile d'Or*, a delightful garden which contains all of most perfect that God has created upon earth, Giglain and his companion perceive the Fairy of the White Hands (*fée aux blanches mains*), and the former at once directs his steps towards her. The fairy receives him with an appearance of anger, which soon vanishes under the tender protestations of love with which Giglain accompanies the explanations that he gives her. She asks nothing better than to forgive him, and she conducts the happy knight into her castle.

If the passion of Giglain was violent when he was far from the Fairy of the Golden Isle, how can he resist it when he finds himself in the middle of her palace, where all the attendants, keeping discreetly at a distance, soon leave him alone with her?

We are, you will perceive, in the midst of the palace of Armida. The situation of our knight in this charming abode, recalls, in fact, quite naturally, that which made Rinaldo forget, in the bosom of the delights in which an enchantress held him, his most sacred duties and the glory of combat. How, and by means of what changes, have the adventures of Giglain in the castle of the Golden Isle become one of the most interesting episodes of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*?[1] It is

[1] On *La Dame d'Amore* of the Cotton text (and ours, p. 470, l. 1508), Ritson observes, v. ii. p. 263, "This lady bears a strong resemblance to the no less

a study which would require long unfoldings (*dévelopements*), and which we may try elsewhere when we have to occupy ourselves with the translations or imitations of which the poems of our trouvères have been the object among the different nations of Europe.

However that may be, we shall only follow with reserve the French poet in this part of his story, where he indulges a little too much, like his brethren of the same epoch, in the descriptive style. The fairy would not have been a woman if, notwithstanding her tenderness for *le Bel Inconnu*, she had completely forgotten the insult done to her charms, however honourable might have been the cause which took him the first time from the Golden Isle. She forgives him, but only after having revenged herself slightly. It is not in vain that he inhabits an enchanted palace. During the night he is twice a prey to a frightful illusion. He wakes and starts up; he seems to be bearing on his head the whole roof of the hall; he calls to his help all the attendants of the fairy. They run to him and find him struggling with his pillow, which is over his head. The second time, he gets out of bed and arrives at a torrent, which he crosses on a narrow plank; terror seizes him; he thinks that the quivering waves draw him in; he clings to the plank with all his might, and then calls the whole house to his help. They find him grasping with his two hands a sparrow-hawk's perch.

The Lady of the Golden Isle thinks him sufficiently punished. We will here leave our author a second time to add, to his glory, that we find again in his poem the means employed by the Italian poet to snatch his hero from the seductions of Armida.

We left the daughter of the king of *Galles* journeying but joylessly towards King Arthur's court. She there experiences a reception worthy of her; all the knights share her grief when she informs them that the warrior to whom she owes her deliverance, has not accompanied her, and that she knows not whither he has directed his steps.

Arthur knows well how to bring back to him the most illustrious of the knights of the Round Table. He has a grand tournament proclaimed all over the country. One day two players (*jongleurs*) present themselves at the castle of the Golden Isle, and penetrate even to *le Bel Inconnu*. They announce to him the feast of arms prepared by King Arthur. At this news, Giglain hesitates not an instant; he forgets his love, to think only of glory. In vain does

magical than beauteous fairys, the Calypso of Homer, and the Alcina of Ariosto; both of whom detain'd Ulysses and Rogero in the manner *la dame d'amore* here treats Lybeaus."

the beautiful fairy try to hold him back. She knows beforehand, in her double quality of woman and fairy, that the love of the handsome knight cannot be eternal. She has had to prepare herself long since to lose him. I like better, I declare, the jealous fury of Armida than the easy resignation of the Fairy of the White Hands.

At break of day, Giglain, who had gone to bed the night before in the palace of the Golden Isle, wakes and finds at his side his horse and his squire Robert, in the middle of a dark forest, whither the all-power of the fairy had transported him. Though he is a little surprised at what has happened, he takes his fate bravely, and sets forward without delay towards the place assigned as the rendezvous of the paladins (adventure-seeking heroes) who are to take part in the tournay.

Though the narratives which have as their subject these brilliant jousts are generally the parts treated by the authors of our poems with a partiality justified by the desire of pleasing the noble lords for whom they wrote, it would be difficult to find a tournament which could sustain comparison with that of *Valedon*. Walter Scott would seem[1] to have been inspired by it in his account of the famous passage of arms at Ashby. It is needless to say that all the honour of the day belongs to *le Bel Inconnu*. The heat of the battle has dissipated the last vestiges of his love for the Fairy of the White Hands. Having married the princess of *Galles*, he delays not to go and take possession of the crown which so many high deeds have rendered him worthy of.

All this tantalising of the Lady of Sinadowne, keeping her waiting for her lover after she had been so many years serpentised or wivernised by the two necromancers, the English adapter has thought unfair, and cut out. Must not we sympathise with him? What should we have said to Mr. Tennyson if he had kept The Sleeping Beauty waiting a year for her husband after she had been kissed? Voted him a hard-hearted Frenchman, clearly. But of course he has done nothing so wrong. Well, besides this, the adapter has, as remarked in the notes, cut out all about Renals de Biauju's own lady-love, for whom he composed the poem—had the poor Englishman no sweetheart?—all about

[1] As he died in 1832, and the French Romance was not published till 1860, there is some difficulty in this *semblerait s'en être inspiré*.

Robers, Lybius's squire, an important personage in the French Romance; and all about the French tale of the Falcon (though the English Part IV. may be taken to represent this), &c. &c.

On the other hand, the adapter introduces a fresh Part (IV.) into the English text; puts in the incident of Lybius's diving down at a knight and slicing his head off (p. 492) as a sort of refresher before encountering the necromantic perils of the Castle of Sinadowne; and also alters the place of the adventure with Sir William de la Braunch's (or Bliobleris's) three cousins, putting it before, instead of after, the fight with the two giants (p. 433–7, and p. 438–41), besides many minor variations. The telling of the story varies all through; but so far as I can judge, the original French of De Biauju is a far better piece of work than that of any of his adapters.

Of English MSS. of *Lybius* I know only five: the Cotton Caligula A ii., printed by Ritson and M. Hippeau; the fragment in the Lincoln's Inn MS. 150; the Lambeth MS. 306; our Percy folio, and the Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 38, back, of which Mr. Coxe, Bodley Librarian, has just told me. Of these I judge the Lincoln's Inn vellum one to be the oldest, both in writing (ab. 1430–40 A.D.), and in its preservation of the early double vowel for the later single one, *þeo, seoþþe, heold, feol.* The paper Cotton MS. comes next (ab. 1460 A.D.); third, the Ashmole 61, on paper, written towards the end of the 15th century, says Mr. Coxe, containing 2200 lines more or less, and beginning "Ihesu Cryst owre Sauyowre"; then the Lambeth one, also on paper (? about 1480 A.D.), and lastly the Percy. The Cotton text is interesting on account of its changes of *d* and *th*[1], which I suppose to be of Berkshire origin,—if one may judge from

[1] The *d* is substituted for *th* in the following, among other instances:—*durstede*, thirsted, l. 1336; *durste*, thirst, l. 1343; *clodede*, clothed, l. 1407; *yclodeth*, clothed, l. 1776; *dydyr*, thither, l. 1668; but *thyder*, l. 2082; *dare*, there, l. 1870; *de*, thee, l. 673. On the other hand, *th* is put for *d*, in *unther*, under, l. 1039, l. 1002, l. 1191; *thoghtyer*, doughtier, l. 1091; but *doghty*, l. 1578, and *thoughty*, l. 1851; *theer*, deer, l. 1133; *there*, dearly, l. 1158; *thores*, doors,

Mr. Tom Hughes's books,—or some county near.[1] The infinitive in *y* also shows that the text is Southern[2]: *army*, arm, l. 216; *justy*, joust, l. 909, l. 951, but *juste*, l. 1542; *schewy*, show, l. 746; *spendy*, spend, l. 986, &c.

Grateful as I feel to M. Hippeau for his discovery and printing of the French text, I owe him a slight grudge for describing "l'auteur du *Canterbury Tales*" as "le poétique traducteur de nos trouvères," and therefore note that his print of the Cotton MS. is full of those mistakes that "a remarkably intelligent foreigner" would naturally make, *u* for *n*, and *n* for *u*, &c.[3]; to say nothing of other forms like *pryue* for þryue, thrive; *kepte* for lepte, l. 2039; *be* for he, l. 1388; *thogh tyer* for thoghtyer, doughtier, l. 1091; *he* for here, her, l. 887; *gwych* for swych, such, l. 712; *Sweyn* for Eweyn, l. 219; *lymest*, for lyme &, lime and, l. 713.

It may look rather spiteful to print these things, but editors are bound to consider the language they study rather than other editors' feelings; and with the full conviction that I invite similar treatment for the French as well as the English texts I have edited and may edit, and that in all there are and will be mistakes,[4] I hold it best to point out the misreadings in Early English that come across me, for the sake of the language and

l. 1705; *tho*, do, l. 531, &c., and in many other places. I just copy the few that I noted years ago on a blank leaf, when reading part of M. Hippeau's edition.

[1] Probably Dorsetshire. I heard *drow* for *throw* near Weymouth this autumn, and Mr. Barnes says in his *Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect*, 1863, p. 16, "*Th* of the English sometimes, and mostly before *r*, becomes *d*, as *drow* for *throw*. Conversely, *th* (ð) is substituted in Dorset for the English *d*, as *blaðer*, a bladder, *laðer*, a ladder." Mr. Hughes says he does not remember hearing this *th* and *d* change in Berkshire.

[2] "In the Dorset the verb takes *y* only when it is absolute, and never with an accusative case. We may say, 'Can ye zewy?' but never, 'Will ye zewy up theäse zēam?'"—*Barnes*, p. 28.

[3] *deutes* for dentes, l. 1304; *fou* for fon, foes, l. 1530, l. 1950; *sauugh* for saunȝ, Fr. *sans*, without l. 1860 [In þat felde saunȝ fayle. MS. leaf 55, back, col. 1, line 18. See the last lines of the pieces in note, p 413]; *hau* for han, have, l. 1263; *woueth* for woneth, dwells, l. 657; *gau* for gan, did, l. 343; *descryne* for descryue, describe, l. 1330, l. 1428; *honede* for houede, halted, l. 1562; *kenere* for keuere, recover, l. 1983; *lcnede* for leuede, lived, l. 2125.

[4] Claude Platin's confession, "*mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite*" (page 415 here), is the motto for many of us, adding carelessness.

its students. But to return from this digression; the Lambeth MS. is in "The Wright's Chaste Wife" volume, and seems to be a later copy of a text like the Cotton. Some readings from it are given in the notes from Mr. Warwick King's transcript of it for the Early English Text Society. By way of exhibiting some of the differences of the five English texts, I put beside the first bit of the Lincoln's Inn fragment the passages corresponding to it in the other MSS.,[1] and at the end of the Romance as

[1] *Lincoln's Inn MS.* 150, *Art.* 1, *faded, begins.*

þan sir libeus ran
þar Manges scheld lay,
And vp he con hit fange:
fast he ran to him,
And smot him wiþ mayn,
And other gon asa[ile.]
vnto þeo day was dyme . .
Bysyde þeo water
þeo kynges heold bataile.
Libeus was warryour wy3t,
And 3af a strok of my3t
þoww3 gepoun [?] plate and maile,
þoru3 his scholdur bon,
þat his ry3t arm anon
feol in þeo feld saunfaile.

MS. Lambeth 306, *leaf* 94, *back.*

Than lybeous ranne aw-waye
There Mangis shelde laye,
And vp he gañ hit fange,
And ran a-gayne to hym.
With strokys sharpe and gryme
Eyther other ganne assayle.
Till the day was dyme,
Vpon the watir brym
By-twene hem was bataylle.
Lybeous was werreour wight,
And smote a stroke of myght
Throwe Iepowne, plate, and mayle,
Thorowe the shulderbone,
That his Right Arme A-none [leaf 95]
Ffell in the felde saunce fayle.

Cot. Calig. A. ii. leaf 50, *col.* 1.

þanne lybeauus ran away
þere þat mangys scheld lay,
And vp he gan hyt fonge,
And Ran a-gayn to hym. [col. 2]
With strokes strout & grym
To-gydere þey gonne a-sayle.
Be-syde þat ryuere brym,
Tylle hyt derkede dym,
Be-twene hem was batayle.
Lybeauus was werroure wy3t,
And smot a strok of my3t
þoru3 gypelle, plate, & maylle,
Forþ *with* þe scholdere bon,
Mangys arm fylle of a-noon
In-to þe feld saun3 fayle.

Percy Folio, p. 337.

then Sir Lybius rann away
thither were Mangis sheild Lay;
& vp he can itt gett,
& ran againe to him,
with stroakes great and grim
together they did assayle;
there beside the watter brimne
till it vaxed wonderous drimn,
betweene them lasted *that* battell.
Sir Lybius was warryour wight,
& smote a stroke of much might;
through hawberke, plate and maile,
hee smote of by the shoolder bone
his right arme soone and anon
into the ffeild with-out ffaile.

Ashmole MS. 61, *leaf* 52.

Than lybeus ranne A-wey
There mag*us* scheld ley,
And vp he gan*e* it fonge;
And libeus ran*ne* to hy*m* A-3ene, [leaf 52b]
And smote hy*m* *with* meyne;
Aythere o*þer* gane A-seyle.
To þe dey was dy*m*me,
Be-syde þe wat*er* bry*m*me
The kny3ht*es* held bateyle.
Syre libeus was weryoure wy3ht,
And gaue strok*es* of my3ht
Throu3ht plate *and* male,
And throw his schulde*r* bone,
That hys ryght Arme Anon*e*
Fell in þe feld *with*-oute*n* feyle.

printed here, p. 497, will be found the endings of the Lincoln's Inn, Cotton, Lambeth, and Ashmole texts, for further contrast with the language of the Percy folio. I have not had time to collate them throughout, and Mr. Brock, who began the collation with the Cotton MS., soon gave it up as involving too much time and trouble for an adequate result, the second volume of Ritson being easily accessible to all readers.

Ritson says that this Romance

was certainly printed before the year 1600, being mention'd by the name of "*Libbius*," in "Vertues common wealth: or The highway to honour," by Henry Crosse, publish'd in that year; and is even alluded to by Skelton, who dye'd in 1529:

And of sir *Libius* named *Disconius*. . . .

A story similar to that which forms the principal subject of the present poem may be found in the "Voiage and travaile of sir John Maundeville" (London, 1725, 8vo. P. 28). It, likewise, by some means, has made its way into a pretendedly ancient Northhumbrian ballad intitle'd "The laidly worm of Spindleston-heugh," writen, in reality, by Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham, authour of *The history of chess*, &c., who had, however, hear'd some old stanzas, of which he avail'd himself, sung by a maid-servant. The remote original of all these storys was, probablely, much older than the time of Herodotus, by whom it is relateëd (*Urania*).

In French there was a prose translation of a Spanish romance mixing up a Charlemagnian hero with our Arthurian Gyngelayn, printed in 1530, which Brunet (ed. 1814) enters thus:

Giglan (l'histoire de), fils de messire Gauvain, qui fut roi de Galles; et de Geoffroy de Mayence, son compaignon: translaté d'espaignol en françois par Claude Platin, *Lyon, Cl. Nourry*, 1530, *in*-4. *goth. fig.*

This is, says M. Hippeau, a fairly correct reproduction of the French *Li Biaus Desconneus*, "sauf quelques additions peu heureuses." His extract from Claude Platin's prologue is so pretty that I give it here:

Pour éviter oysiveté, mère et nourrice des vices, et aussi pour complaire à tous ceulx qui prennent plaisir à lire et à ouyr lire les livres des anciens, qui ont vescu si vertueusement en leur temps,

que la renomée en sera jusques à la fin du siècle, lesquelles œuvres vertueuses doivent esmouvoir les cueurs des humains de les ensuyvir en vertus en haultz faitz, moi FRÈRE CLAUDE PLATIN, humble religieux de l'ordre monseigneur sainct Anthoine, ung jour, en une petite librairie où j'estoye, trouvay un gros livre de parchemin bien vieil, escript en rime espaignole, assez difficile à entendre, auquel trouvay une petite hystoire laaqelle me sembla bien plaisante, qui parloit de deux nobles chevaliers qui furent du temps du noble roi Artus et des nobles chevaliers de la Table-Ronde. . . J'ay donc voulu translater la dicte hystoire de cette rime espaignole, en prose francoyse, au moins mal que j'ay peu, selon mon petit entendement, à celle fin que plus facilement peust estre entendue de ceulx qui prendront plaisir à la lire ou ouyr lire : ausquelz je prie que les faultes qui y seront trouvées, ils les vueillent corriger, et excuser mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite ; et aussi de ne se arrester ausdictes faultes, mais s'il y a riens de bon, qu'ilz en facent leur prouffit.

With what better commendation to the reader can I close this rambling Introduction, or leave him to study the poem of "The Fayre Unknown"?

[1] IESUS christ, Christen Kinge,[2] — Christ and Mary
& his mother *that* sweete thing,[3]
helpe them att their neede — help my hearers!
that will listen to my tale!
of a knight I will you tell,[4] — I'll tell you
a doughtye man of deede,

[1] The Romance in the Cotton MS. Caligula A ii. begins thus:

INCIPIT LYBEAUS DISCONIUS.

¶ Ihesu cryst oure sauyoure,
And hys modyr þat swete flowre,
Helpe hem at here nede
þat harkeneþ of a conqueroure,
Wys of wytte, & whyȝt werrour,
And douȝty man yn dede.

Hys name was called Geynleyn;
Be-yete he was of syr Gawɛyn
Be a forest syde.
Of stoutere knyȝt & profytable
With artoure of þe Rounde table,
Ne herde ye neuer Rede.

¶ þys Gynleyn was fayre of syȝt,
Gentylle of body, of face bryȝt,
Alle bastard ȝef he were.
Hys modyr kepte hym yn clos
For douute of wykkede loos,
As douȝty chyld & dere.—F.

[2] oure sauyoure.—C.
[3] flowre.—C.
[4] þat harkeneþ of a conqueroure
wys of wytte & whyȝt werrour.—C.

of Ginglaine,

his name was cleped [1] Ginglaine;

bastard son of Sir Gawaine.

gotten he was of Sir Gawaine
vnder a fforrest side;
a better [2] knight without ffable,[3]
With Arthur att the round table, [page 318]
yee heard neuer of read.

His mother tried to prevent him seeing a knight,

Gingglaine was ffaire & bright,[4]
an hardye man and a wight,[5]
bastard thoe hee were.
[6] his mother kept him with all her might,
ffor he shold not of noe armed *Knight*
haue a sight in noe mannere.

because he was savage.

but he was soe sauage,
& lightlye wold doe outrage
to his ffellowes in ffere.[6]
his mother kept him close
ffor dread [7] of wicked losse,
as hend [8] child and deere.

His mother called him Beaufise because he was handsome.

ffor [9] hee was soe ffaire & wise,[10]
his mother cleped him beufise,[11]
& none other name;
& himselfe was not soe wise [12]
that hee asked not I-wis
what hee hight [13] of his dame.

One day

soe itt beffell vpon a day
Gingglaine [14] went to play,

[1] called.—C.
[2] stoutere.—C.
[3] & profytable.—C.
[4] of syȝt.—C.
[5] Gentylle of body, of face bryȝt.—C.
[6–6] *From* his *to* ffere *omitted in* C.—F.
[7] douute.—C.
[8] douȝty.—C.
[9] [And] for, i.e. because.—P.
[10] And fore loue of hys fayre vyys.—C.
[11] Beau-vise.—P. bewfis.—C.
[12] was fulle nys.—C.
[13] what he was called; what his Name was. See St. 11.—P.
[14] To wode he.—C.

wild deere to hunt ffor game ;
& as he went ouer the Lay, — he sees a knight,
he spyed a knight was stout & gay, — kills him,
that soone he made ffull tame.[1]

then he did on[2] *that* K*nigh*ts weede,
& himselfe therin yeede,[3]
into *that* rich armoure ; — puts on his armour,
& when he had done *that* deede, — goes to Glastonbury, to King Arthur,
to Glasenbury swithe[4] hee yeede,
there Lay K*ing* Arthur.
& when he came into the hall
amonge the Lords and Ladyes all,
he grett[5] them w*i*th honore,
And said, "K*ing* Arthur, my Lord![6] — and asks Arthur
suffer me to speake a word,
I pray you p*ar* amoure[7] :

[8] "I am a child vncouthe ;
come I am out of the south,
& wold be made a knight. — to knight him, as he's fourteen, and can fight.
14 yeere old I am,
& of warre well I cann,
therfore grant me my right."
then said Arthur the K*ing* strong — Arthur
to the child *that* was soe younge,[9]

[1] The Cotton MS. reads :
He fond a kny3t, whar*e* he lay,
In armes þ*at* were stout & gay,
I-sclayne & made full*e* tame.—F.
[2] þ*at* chyld dede of.—C.
[3] And anon he gan hym schrede.—C.
[4] prompte, Jun.—P.
[5] did greet.—P.
[6] Mais cil li dist : "Ains m'escoutés.
Artu, venus sui à ta cort ;
Car n'i faura, comment qu'il cort,
Del primier don que je querrai :
Aurai-le je, u le j' faurai?
Donne-le moi et n'i penser
Tant esprendre ; ne l' dois véer."
"Je le vos dons : ce dist li rois."
Le Bel Inconnu, l. 82–9, p. 4.
[7] par-amour, or perhaps pour amour ; it is not here a compound word, signifying *Mistress* ; but is a Phrase equivalent to that [in] St. 14, lin. 3.—P.
[8] This stanza is omitted in C. The Lambeth MS. 306 has it.—F.
[9] A-noon w*ith*oute any dwellyng.—C.

asks him his name.

" tell me what thou hight [1];
for neuer sithe I was borne
sawe I neuer heere beforne [2]
noe child soe ffaire of sight."

Ginglaine says he doesn't know,

the child said, " by St. Iame,[3]
I wott not[4] what is my name!
I am the more vnwise[5];

but his mother calls him Beaufise.

but when I dwelled att home,[6]
my mother in her game
cleped mee beaufise."
then said[7] Arthur the *King*,

Arthur says " by God it's odd you don't know your own name!

& said, " this is a wonderous thing,
by god & by St. Denise,
that thou wold be a *Knight*,
& wott nott what thou hight,
& art soe ffaire and wise[8]!

I'll give you one

" now I will giue thee a name
heere amonge all you in-same;
for thou art soe ffaire and free,—

that your mother never called you,

I say, by god & by St. Iame,
soe cleped thee neuer thy dame,
what woman *that* euer shee bee;—

and that is Lybius Disconius" (the fair unknown, or handsome stranger).

call yee him all thius,[9]
Lybius Disconius[10];
ffor the loue of mee
looke yee call him this name;
both in ernest & in game,
certes, soe hight shall hee.[11]"

[1] þyn name aply3t.—C.
[2] Ne fond y me be-fore.—C.
[3] Cil li respont: "Certes ne sai,
Mais que tant dire vos en sai,
Que *biel fil* m'apieloit ma mère;
Ne je ne sai se je oi pere."
Le Bel Inconnu, l. 115–18, p. 5.
[4] I not.—C.
[5] nys.—C.
[6] hame, idem.—P.
[7] spake.—F.
[8] fayre of vys.—C.
[9] thus.—P.
[10] lybeau desconus.—C. The French has, p. 6:
" Et por ce qu'il ne se connuist,
Ii Biaus Desconnéus ait non!
Si l'nommeront tot mi baron."
Le beaux Desconus, i.e. the fair unknown.—P.
[11] þan may ye wete a rowe
þe fayre vnknowe
Sertes so hatte he.—C.

King Arthur anon-right — Then Arthur knights Lybius.
with a sword ffaire & bright,[1]
trulye *that* same day
dubbed *that* Child a knight,[2]
And gaue him armes bright[3]; [page 319] gives him arms
ffor sooth as I you say,
hee gaue to him in *that* ilke — and a shield,
a rich sheeld all ou*er* gilte
with a griffon soe gay,[4]
& tooke him to Sir Gawaine[5] — and asks Gawaine to teach him.
ffor to teach him on the plaine
of euery princes[6] play.[7]

when hee was made a knight, — Lybius
of the boone[8] he asked right,[9]
& said, "my Lord soe ffree, — asks Arthur
in my hart I wold be glad
the ffirst battell if I had — to let him have the first fight that turns up.
that men asked of thee."
then said Arthur the King,
"I grant thee thine askinge, — Arthur grants this,
whatt battell *that* euer itt bee;
but euer methinke thou art to young
ffor to doe a good[10] ffighting, — but thinks he's too young to fight well.
by ought *that* I can see.

when he had him thus told,
Dukes, Erles, and Barons bold,[11]

[1] Made hym þo a kny3t.—C.
[2] And yaf hym armes bry3t.—C.
[3] Hym gertte *with* swerde of my3t. —C.
[4] gryffoun of say.—C.
[5] And hym be-tok hys fadyr gaweyn. —C.
[6] eche kny3tes.—C.
[7] An *a* seems to have been blotted out after the *y* in the MS.—F.
[8] Other boone, or another boone, or One other D°.—P.
[9] Anon a bone *þer* he bad.—C.
[10] *thing*, which follows, has been marked out in the MS.—F.
[11] *With* oute more resoun
Duk, Erl & baroun.—C.

Then all dine off wild fowl and venison.

washed & went to meate;
of wild ffoule [1] and venison,[2]
as lords of great renowne,
inoughe they had to eate.
they had not sitten not a stoure,
well the space of halfe an hower,
talking att their meate,[3]

Soon

come in hot haste a damsel and a dwarf.

there came a damsell att *that* tyde,[4]
& a dwarffe [5] by her side,
all sweating [6] ffor heate;

Her name is Hellen; she brings a message from a lady,

the Maidens name was Hellen;
sent shee was vnto the King,[7]
a Ladyes messenger.
the maiden was ware & wise,
& cold doe her message att device,[8]
shee was not to ffere [9];

and is clad in green.

the maid was ffaire & sheene,
shee was cladd all in greene [10];
& ffurred [11] with Blaundemere [12];

[1] take yᵉ heddes of [=off] all felde byrdes and wood byrdes, as fesande, pecocke, partryche, woodcocke, and curlewe, for they ete in theyr degrees foule thynges, as wormes, todes, and other suche. *Boke of Keruynge* in Babees Book &c., E. E. T. Soc. p. 279. See the capital bit about venison from Andrew Borde, *ib.* p. 210-11.—F.

[2] Of alle manere fusoun.—C.

[3] Ne hadde artoure bote a whyle
þe mountaunce of a myle
At hys table y-sete.—C.

[4] a mayde Ryde.—C.

[5] dwerk.—C.

[6] be-swette.—C.

[7] Gentylle bryȝt & schene.—C.

[8] i.e. Will, Pleasure. See Chaucer Gloss.—P.

[9] þer nas contesse ne quene
So semelyche on to sene
þat myȝte be here pere.—C.

[10] Sche was clodeþ in tars
Rowme & nodyng skars.—C.

[11] pelured.—C.

[12] *Blaunchmer*, a kind of fur.

He ware a cyrcote that was grene;
With *blaunchmer* it was furred, I wene.
Syr Degoré, 701 in Halliwell's Glossary.

This word comes in so oddly that I could almost be tempted to think that Chaucer in his burlesque Romance of Sir Thopas might allude to it sportively, as thus:

Sir Libeaux and the* Blaundemere
Scilt the Blaundemere Furr mentioned in his Romance &c. But after all perhaps this construction is too forced.

N.B. It might be the other Version which Chaucer alludes to.

See Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Thopas, where this word seems to be mistaken, viz.:

Men speken of Romaunces of Pris,
Of Hornechild and of Ipotis
Of Bevis & Sir Gie
Of Sir Libeaux and Blaindamoure
But Sir Thopas bereth the flowre
Of rich Chivalrie.—P.

* (or his)

her saddle was ouergilte,
& well bordered with silke,[1]
& white[2] was her distere.[3]

the dwarfe was cladd with scarlett ffine, — The dwarf wears scarlet,
& ffured well with good [4]Ermine ;[5]
stout he was & keene[6] ; — is stout,
amonge all christen kind
such another might no man find[7] ;
his cercott[8] was of greene[9] ;
his haire was yellow as fflower on mold,[10] — has long yellow hair,
to his girdle hang[11] shining as gold,[12]
the sooth to tell in veretye ;
all[13] his shoone with gold were dight,
all as gay as any[14] knight,
there sseemed no pouertye.

Teddelyne was his name,[15] — is named Teddelyne,
wide sprang of him the fame,[16]
East, west, North & south ;
much he cold of game & glee,

[1] Here sadelle & here brydelle yn fere
Fulle of dyamandys were.—C.
The author of the French Romance gives a fuller description of Maid Hellen, or *Hélie* as he calls her. Doubtless it is his own love, for whom he composed the Romance, whom he sketches.
Gente de cors et de vis bièle :
D'un samit estoit bien vestue ;
Si bièle riens ne fu veüe.
Face ot blance com flors d'esté,
Come rose ot vis coloré,
Le iouls ot vairs, bouce riant,
Les mains blances, cors avenant ;
Bel cief avoit, si estoit blonde :
N'ot plus biel cief feme del monde !
En son cief ot un cercle d'or ;
Ses perles valent un trésor
Sor un palefroi cevauçoit. (p. 6.)—F.
[2] Melk.—C.
[3] apud Chauc. *Destrer*, a War-horse, or Led Horse. Vid. Gloss.—P.
[4] One stroke too few in this word in the MS.—F.
[5] þe dwerke was clodeþ yn ynde
Be-fore & ek be-hynde.—C.
[6] pert.—C.
[7] fimd in the MS.—F.
[8] Surcoat—A gown & hood *the* same, an upper coat, Ch. Gloss.—P.
[9] was ouert.—C.
[10] as ony wax.—C. Not in the French.—F.
[11] hung.—P. [12] henge þe plex.—C.
[13] als, also.—P.
[14] And kopeþ as a.—C.
[15] The French Romance doesn't name him till he and Hellen leave the court, and it calls him *Tidogolains*, l. 256, p. 10.—F. Teaudelayn.—C.
[16] MS. same.—F. fame.—P. welle swyde sprong hys name.—C.

is a good fiddler,

ffiddle, crowde,[1] and sowtrye,
he was a merry man of mouth [2];
harpe, ribble [3] & sautrye,

minstrel and jester

he cold much of Minstrelsye,
he was a good Iestoure,
there was none such in noe country;

a jolly man with ladies.

a Iolly man fforsooth was hee
with Ladyes in their bower.

Hellen gives Arthur her message:

then he bade maid Hellen
ffor to tell her tale by-deene,
& kneele before the King.
the maid kneeled in the hall
among the Lords & Ladyes all,
& said, "my Lord! without Leasing

"There is a strong case toward; [page 320]
there [is] none such, nor soe hard,

her lady, of Sinadone, is in distress,

nor of soe much dolour.
my [4] Lady of Sinadone
is brought to strong prison,
that was of great valoure;

and begs for a knight to fight for her.

shee prayes you of [5] a Knight
ffor to win her in ffight
with ioy & much honor." [6]

Lybius at once

vp rose *that* younge Knight,

[1] A kind of fiddle.—F.

[2] Myche he coupe of game,
with sytole sautyre yn same
harpe fydele & croupe.—C.

[3] There is none of this in the French.—F. Al can they play on gitterne and rubible. *Cook's Tale.* The giterne was a small guitar, and the ribible a small fiddle played by a bow, and not by hand as the giterne was. Jerome of Moravia says of the ribble, Ribible, or Ribibe:—"Est autem *rubeba* musicum instrumentum habens solum duas cordas sono distantes a se per diapente, quod quidem, sicut et viella, cum arcu tangitur."—W. C. ribble, a fiddle or guittern, Gl. Ch.—P.

[4] MS. ny.—F.

[5] of you.—P.

[6] The French adds some lines about the kiss, on which so much turns at the end:

"Certes moult auroit grant honnor
Icil qui de mal l'estordroit,
Et qui le Fier Baisier feroit.
Mais pros que il li a mestier!
Onques n'ot tel à chevalier.
Jà mauvais hom le don ne quière;
Tot en giroit en vers en bière!" (p. 8.)

in his hart he was ffull light,
& said, "my Lord Arthur,

"my couenant is to haue *that* fight — claims the fight.
ffor to winne *that* Lady bright,
if thou be true of word."
the King said *with*out othe, — Arthur assigns it to him.
"thereof thou saiest soothe,
thereto I beare record;

"god thee giue strenght & might
ffor to winne *that* Ladye bright
with sheeld & *with* speare dint!"
then began the maid to say, — Maid Hellen grumbles,
& said, "alas *that* ilke day
that I was hither sent!"
shee said, "this word will spring wyde; — and says it's a disgrace to Arthur
Sir King, lost is all thy pride,
and all thy deeds is shent,[1]
when thou sendest a child — to send a witless child to fight,
that is wittlesse & wild,
to deale doughtilie *with* dint!
thou hast *Knight*s of mickle maine, — when he has knights like Gawaine &c.
Sir Perciuall & *Sir* Gawaine,
ffull wise in Turnament."
tho[2] the dwarffe *with* great error[3] — Dwarf Teddelyne
went vnto King Arthur,
& said, "*Sir*! verament

"this child to be a warryour, — says the child isn't
or to doe such a Labor,
itt is not worth one ffarthing! — worth a farthing.
or[4] hee *that* Ladye may see, — He'll have to fight five battles before reaching Sinadone;
hee shall haue battells 5 or three
trulye *with*out any Leasinge;

[1] are shent, i. e. disgraced.—P.
[2] then.—P.
[3] *Errour* course, running. Halliwell.—F.
[4] i. e. before.—P.

the first at the Bridge of Perils.

"att the bridge of perill
beside the aduenturous chappell,
there is the ffirst begining."

Lybius says he's not afraid;

Sir Lybius anon answered
& said, "I was neuer affeard
ffor no mans threatninge!

he can fight,

"somewhat haue I lerd[1]
ffor to play with a swerd
there men hath beene slowe.[2]
the man *that* ffleethe ffor a threat
other[3] by way or by streete,
I wold he were to-draw.

and will never give in: such is Arthur's law.

I will the battell vndertake;
I ne will neuer fforsake,
ffor such is Arthurs Lawe."

the made[4] answered alsoe snell,[5]
& said, "*that* beseemeth thee well!
who-soe looketh on thee may know

Hellen sneers at Lybius,

"thou ne durst for thy berde
abyid[6] the wind of my[7] swerde,
by ought *that* I can see!"

and Teddelyne tells him

then said *that* dwarffe in *that* stond,
"dead men *that* lyen on the ground,
of thee affrayd may bee;

to go and suck his mammy.

but betweene ernest & game,
I counsell thee goe souke[8] thy dame,
& winne there the degree."

Arthur says "By God you shall have nobody else."

the *King* answered anon-right,
and said, "thou gettest noe other K*night*,
by god *that* sitteth in Trinytye!

[1] lered, i.e. learned. see Ch. Gl.—P.
[2] Where—have been slaw, Qu.—P.
[3] i.e. either. So they still speak in Shropshire.—P. *Or* is the contraction of *other*.—F.
[4] The Maid.—P.
[5] snel, i.e. presently, immediately. see Gl. ad Ch.—P. Al soe *is* alsoe *in* MS.—F.
[6] abyde.—P.
[7] perhaps any: or perhaps she taunts him, as not a Match for a Woman.—P.
[8] souke, i.e. suck, Chauc.—P.

If thou thinke he bee not wight,
Goe [1] and gett thee another Knight [page 321]
that is of more power."
the maid ffor ire still did thinke,[2] Hellen gets angry,
shee wold neither eate nor d[r]inke won't eat or drink
ffor all *that* there were; anything,
shee sate still, without ffable,
till they had vncouered the table,
she and the dwarffe in ffere. nor will the dwarf.
King Arthur in *that* stond Arthur orders
comanded of the table round,
4 knights in ffere,

of the best *that* might be found his four best knights to
in armes hole [3] & sound,
to arme *that* child ffull right; arm Lybius,
& said "through the might o Christ
that in fflome [4] Iordan was baptiste,
he shold doe *that* he hight,[5] as he'll do what he says,
& become a Champyon and be the Lady of Sinadone's champion.
to the Lady of Sinadon,
& ffell her ffoemen in ffight."
to arme him they were ffaine,[6] Lybius is armed by Percival, Gawaine,
Sir Perciuall & Sir Gawaine,
& arrayed him like a knight;

the 3d was Sir Agrauaine,[7] Agravaine, and Ewaine;
& the 4th was Sir Ewaine,[8]

[1] The MS. curl to the *G* is like *w*.—F.
[2] The French Romance makes her leave the court at once in disgust, and Lybius ride after her and overtake her, p. 10, 11.—F.
[3] whole.—P.
[4] i.e. River; Ital. fiume.—P.
[5] i.e. promised, engaged.—P.
[6] glad.—P.
[7] See the note on him in vol. i. p. 145, —F.
[8] Ewaine or Uwayn was the son of Arthur's sister, Morgan le Fay, and had a bad opinion of his mother: "'A,' sayd syr Uwayn, 'men saith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuylle, but I may saye an erthely deuylle bare me.'" This was when he stopt "my lady" his "moder" from killing "the kynge" Vryens, his "fader, slepynge in his bed." *Caxton's Maleor*, i. p. 107. The Cotton MS. has:
The þyrþ was syr Eweyn, [Oweyn, below]
The ferþde was syr agrrafrayn,
So seyþ þe Frenȝsche tale.—F.

them right ffor to behold.
is clad in silk, they cast on him right good silke,
a sercote as white as any [1] milke
264 *that* was worth 20. of golde;

and has a hauberk. alsoe an hawberke ffaire & bright,
which was ffull richelye dight
with nayles good and ffine.
Gawaine 268 Sir Gawaine, his owne ffather,
hange about his necke there
gives him a shield and helm. a sheeld *with* a griffon,[2]
& a helme *that* was ffull rich,
272 in all the Land there was none such.
Percival puts on his crown; Agravaine brings him a spear, Sir Perciuall sett on his crowne,
Sir Agrauaine brought him a speare
that was good euery where
276 & of a ffell ffashion.
and Ewaine a steed. Sir Ewaine brought him a steede
that was good in euery neede,
& as ffeirce as any Lyon.[3]
Lybius mounts, 280 Sir Lybyus on his steede gan springe,
& rode fforth vnto the King,
asks & said, "Lord of renowne!

Arthur's blessing; "giue me your blessinge
284 without any Letting!
my will is fforth me to wend."
Arthur gives it him, the King his hand vpp did lifft,
& his blessing to him gaue right
288 as a *Knight* curteour[4] & hende,
and hopes God & said, "god *that* is of might,
& his mother Marry bright,

[1] One stroke too few in the MS.—F.
[2] griffyne, qu.—P.
[3] The French Romance only makes Gawain order Lybius's armour to be brought, and Gawain give him a squire "Robers: moult esteit sages et apers," p. 11.—F.
[4] ?*for* curteous.—F.

that is fflowre of all women,
292 giue thee gracce ffor to gone — will grant him grace to conquer his foes.
ffor to gett the ouerhand of thy fone,
& speed thee in thy iourney! Amen!"

[The Second Part.]

Sir Lybius now rideth on his way, — Lybius starts with Hellen and the dwarf.
296 & soe did *that* ffaire may,
the dwarffe alsoe rode them beside,
till itt beffell vpon the 3d day
2d parte. vpon the *Knight* all the way — They begin
300 ffast they gan to chide,
& said, "Lorell[1] and Caitiue! — abusing him,
tho thow were such ffiue,
Lost is all thy pride!
304 This way keepeth a Knight — and say that a knight near,
that with euery man will ffight,
his name springeth wyde;

"his name is *William* de la Braunche,[2] — Sir William de la Braunche,
308 his warres may noe man staunche,[3]
he is a warryour of great pride;
Both through hart & hanch [page 322]
swithe[4] hee will thee Launche,
312 all *that* to him rides."[5] — will soon spear him through.
then said Sir Lybius, — Lybius says
"I will not Lett this nor thus
to play with him a ffitt!
316 ffor any thing *that* may betide, — whatever happens he'll ride at him.
I will against him ryde
to looke if *that* he can sitt!"

[1] Lewd base fellow, Homo perditus. Lye.—P.
[2] Wylleam Celebroncbe (leaf 44 b.) here, and wylleam selebraunche, l. 342, (leaf 45, col. 1) Cotton MS.—F.
[3] stop, stay, resist.—P.
[4] soon.—P.
[5] and all *that*—ride, qu.—P.

thé rode on then all 3:
vpon a ffaire Causye.
beside the aduenturous chappell [1]
a knight anon they can see
with armes bright of blee,
vpon the bridge [2] of perrill.
he bare a sheeld all of greene
with 3 Lyons of gold sheene,
right rich and precyous.
well armed [3] was *that* Knight
as he shold goe to ffight,
as itt was his vse.[4]

Near the Adventurous Chapel they see a knight on the Bridge of Peril,

well armed.

when he saw Sir Lybius with sight,
anon he went to him arright,
& said to him there,
"who passeth here by day or night,
certer [5] with me must ffight,
or leaue his harnesse here."
then answered Sir Libyus
& said, "ffor the loue of Iesus
lett vs passe now here!
wee be ffarr ffroe our ffreind,
& haue ffarr ffor to wend,
I and this mayden in fere.[6]"

The knight tells Lybius

he must fight or leave his harness there.

Lybius

begs leave to pass.

Sir William refuses, and says

he *must* fight him.

Sir Will*iam* answered thoe
& said, "thou shalt not scape soe!
soe god giue me good rest,
thow & I will, or wee goe,
deale stroakes betweene vs tow
a litle here by west."

[1] Ryght to chapell Auntours.—Lambeth MS. Be a castell*e* aunterous.—C.
[2] Fr. *le Gué Périlleus.*—F. Poynt p*er*ylous.—Lambeth MS. vale perylous.—C.
[3] arned in the MS.—F.
[4] The French adds, p. 13, l. 330–3:
Maint chevalier l'ont trouvé dure,
Que il avoit ocis al gué;
Moult étoit plains de cruauté,
Bliobliéris avoit non.
[5] certes.—P.
[6] together.—P.

Sir Libyus sayd, "now I see — Lybius says
that itt will none other bee;
goe fforth and doe thy best;
take thy course with thy shafft — Charge away!
if thou can[1] well thy crafft,
ffor I ame here all prest.[2]"

then noe longer they wold abyde,
but the one to the other gan ryde — They charge;
with greatt randaun.[3]
Sir Libyus there in[4] that tyde — Lybius hits Sir William on the side,
smote Sir william on his side
with a speare ffelon[5];
but Sir william sate soe ffast.
that his stirropps all to-brast, — drives him over his saddle-back,
he leaned on his arsowne;
Sir Lybius made him stoupe,
he smote him over the horse croupe — and grounds him.
in the ffeeld a-downe;

his horsse ran ffrom him away.
Sir william not long Lay, — Sir William starts up
but start anon vpright,
and said, "Sir, by my-in ffay,
neuer beffore this day
I ffound none soe wight!
now is my horsse gone away!
ffight on [foot],[6] I thee pray, — and asks Lybius to fight on foot.
as thou art a *Knight* worthye."
then sayd Sir Lybius,
"by the leaue of Sweete Iesus
therto ffull ready I am.[7]"

[1] con.—P.
[2] i. e. ready.—P.
[3] Ap[d] G. Doug. *randoun*. The swift Course, Flight or Motion of any thing. Fr. *randon*, idem. Gl. G.D.—P.
[4] MS. therein.—F.
[5] *fel, felon, feloun*, wicked, also cruel, fierce. Gl. Chauc.—P.
[6] on [foot] I &c.—P. a fote.—C. on fote.—Lam.
[7] am I.—P.

They do so

then together they went as tyte,[1]
& with their swords they gan smite;
they ffought wonderous Longe;
stroakes together they lett fflinge [page 323]

till the fire flies from their helms.

that they ffyer out gan springe
ffrom of their helmes strong.

Sir William

but Sir william de[2] la braunche
to Sir Lybius gan he launche,

cuts off a corner of Lybius's shield.

& smote on his sheild soe ffast
that one cantell[3] ffell to the ground;
& Sir Lybius att *that* sonde[4]
in his hart was agast.

Lybius

then Sir Lybius with all his might
defended him anon-right,
was[5] warryour wight & slye;

cuts off the coif and crest of Sir William's helm,

coyfe[6] & crest downe right,
he made to ffly with great might,
of Sir Williams helme on hye;

and his beard.

& with the point of his sword
he cut of Sir williams berd,
and touched him ffull nye.

Sir William's sword breaks in two;

Sir William smote Sir Lybius thoe
[7] as *that* his sword brast in tow
[8] *that* many men might see with eye.

he prays for his life.

then Sir William began to crye
& sayd, "ffor the Loue of Marrye,
on liue let mee weelde!
itt were great villanye
ffor to make a Knight dye
weponlesse in the feeld."

[1] quickly.—F.
[2] MS. do.—F.
[3] cantle, a Piece, a part. Gl. Ch.—P.
[4] Perhaps stounde, time, moment, space.—P. Sonde is message.—F.
[5] as, qu.—P. as.—C. and L.
[6] *coif-de-fer*, the hood of mail worn by knights in the twelfth century. *Fairholt.* The second seal of Henry I. represents him without a helmet, the cowl of mail being drawn over a steel cap called a *coif-de-fer* in contradistinction to the *chapelle-de-fer* worn over the mail. *Planché*, i. 94.—F.
[7] That his, &c.—P.
[8] As men, &c.—P.

then spake Sir Lybius
& sayd, " by the leaue of Iesus !
of liffe gettest thou no space [1]
but if thou wilt sweare anon,
or thou out of the ffelld gone,
here before my fface,

Lybius grants it him

on condition

" & on knees kneele downe,
& swere by my sword browne
that thou shalt to Arthur wend,
& say, 'Lord of great renowne !
I am in battell ou*er*throwne ;
a knight me hither doth send
that men cleped thus,
Sir Lybius Disconius,
vnknowen k*night* and hend.' "
Sir will*iam* mett [2] him on his knee ;
& the othe there made hee,
& fforward gan he wend.

that he swears to go to Arthur

and say that Lybius sends him.

Sir William swears,

thus dep*ar*ted all the rout.
Sir will*iam* to Arthurs court
he tooke the ready way ; [3]
a sorry case there gan ffall:
3 knights [4] proude and tall
Sir will*iam* mett *that* day;
the 3 K*nigh*ts all in ffere
where his emes [5] sonnes deere,
stout they were and gay.

and starts for Arthur's court.

His three cousins meet him,

[1] For the next stanza and a half, the French has, p. 18:
" Ens à la cort Artu le roi,
A lui en irés de par moi."

[2] ? sett.—F.

[3] The French Romance sends him home wounded, puts him to bed, and there he sees the three knights.—F.

[4] The French makes them only his " compaignons," and him their " signor." Their names are :
Elius li blans, sires des Aies,
Et li bons chevaliers de Graies
Et Willaume de Salebrant.

[5] *eme*, Uncle. See Jun. *eame*. See Gl. ad Chauc. &c.—P. A.-Sax. *eám*, uncle.—F.

when they saw Sir william bleed,
& alway hanged downe his head,
they rode to him with great array,

and ask him who has wounded him.

& said, " Cozen will!
who hath done to you this shame?
& why bleedest thou soe long?"
hee said, " Sirs, by St. Iame!
one *that* is not to blame;
a stout *Knight* & a stronge—

" Sir Lybius Disconius,

Sir Lybius disconius hee hight—
to ffell his enemyes in ffight;
he is not ffarr to Learne;
a dwarfe rydeth with him in fere
as he was his Squier;
they ride away ffull yarne.[1]

and he has made me swear

" but one thing grecueth me sore,
that he hath made me sweare
on his sord soe bright,

not to stop till I get to Arthur's court,

that I shold neuer more,
till I come to *King* Arthur,
Stint by day nor night; [page 324]
and alsoe to him I ame yeelde
as ou*er*come into the ffeelde
by power of his might;

and never to bear arms against him."

nor against him ffor to beare
neither sheeld nor speare;
thus I haue him hight."

His cousins promise to avenge him:

then said the *Knight*s 3:
" well auenged shalt thou bee
certes without ffayle!

Lybius isn't worth a flea;

ffor hee one against vs 3,
hee is not worthe a fflee
ffor to hold battell[2]!

[1] yerne, inter al. nimble, Ch. Gl.—P.

[2] battayle.—P.

goe fforth & keepe thine othe
though thou be neuer soe wroth;
wee will him assayle.
or he this fforrest passe, — they'll soon unlace his armour.
wee will his armour vnlace,
tho itt were double maile."

theroff wist nothing *that* wight
Sir Lybius, *that* gentle K*night*, — Lybius
but rode a well good pace; — rides on
he & that maiden bright — with Hellen.
made together *that* night
game & great solace.
shee cryed him mercye — She begs his pardon for having abused him.
ffor shee had spoken him villanye;
shee prayed him to fforgiue her *that* tyde;
the dwarffe was their squier,
& serued them both in ffere
off all *that* they had need.

on the morrow when itt was day, — Next day
fforthe thé rode on their way
towards Sinadowne.
then they say [1] in their way
3 K*night*s stout and gay — the three cousins meet Lybius,
came ryding ffrom Caerleon;
to him they sayd anon-right,[2] — and call on him to fight.
"Traitor, turne againe and ffight!
thou shalt lose thy renowne!
& *that* maide ffaire & bright,
wee will her lead att night
herby vnto a towne."

[1] saw.—P. ? Perhaps the MS. has a *w* made over the *y*, or an *e* after it.—F.
[2] The French puts the fight with these three knights (p. 34) after that with the two giants (p. 23).—F.

Lybius is ready,

Sir Lybius to them gan crye,
" ffor to ffight I am all readye
against you all in-same.[1] "
a[2] prince proude of pride,

charges

he rode against them *that* tyde
with mirth sport and game.

the eldest,

the Eldest brother then beere
to Sir Lybius with a Spere,

Sir Baner,

Sir Baner was his name.[3]
Sir Lybius rode att him anon

and breaks his thigh in two.

& brake in tow his thigh bone,
& lett him Lye there lame.[4]

the Knight mercy gan crye
when Sir Lybius certainely
had smitten him downe.

Dwarf Teddelyne rides Baner's horse

the dwarffe *that* hight Teodline
tooke his horsse by the raine,
he lept into the arsoone[5];

to Hellen,

he rode anon with that
vnto the mayd where shee sate
soe ffayre of ffashyon.

and she says Lybius *is* a good champion.

then laughed *that* Maiden bright,
& said, " fforssooth this young Knight
is a ffull good Champyon! "

[1] i. e. all together; it seems a contraction of the Fr. *ensemble*. See G.D. Gl. *alsame*, sub. verb, same.—P.

[2] As, q.—Pencil note.

[3] Willaumes vint à lui premiers, l. 1052, p. 38. The French Rom. remarks on the knights attacking singly, in the good old times, as contrasted with the cowardice of the then modern ones:

Et à cel tens, costume estoit
Que quant i hom se combatoit,
N'avait garde que de celui
Qui faisoit la bataille à lui.
Or va li tens en febloiant
Et cis usages decaans,
Que XX et V en prendent un!
Cis afaires est si commun
Que tuit le tienent desormès;
La force fait le plus adiès,
Tos est mués en autre guise,
Mais dont estoit fois et francise,
Pitiés, proesse et cortoisie,
Et largesse sans vilonnie.
Or fait cascuns tot son pooir,
Tos entendent au decevoir. (p. 38.)

[4] The French makes Lybius kill Willaume (or Sir Baner):

Mort le trebuce del ceval.
Il ne li fera huimais mal! (p. 40.)

Then Helin de Graies attacks Lybius, and gets his right arm broken.—F.

[5] Fr. Arçon, a *saddle bow*, Per Meton. *Saddle*.—P.

[1] the 2d brother, he beheld — The second cousin
524 how is brother lay in the ffeild
& had lost strenght & might;
he smote Sir Lybius in *that* tyde — charges Lybius.
on the sheeld with much pride,
528 with his speare ffull right. — Lybius unhelms him.
Sir Lybius away gan beare [page 325]
with his good speare
the helme of *that* knight.
532 the youngest brother [2] then gan ride, — The third cousin
& hitt Sir Lybius in *that* tyde
as a man of much might,

& said to him then anon, — says he should
533 "Sir, thou art by St. Iohn
a ffell Champyowne;
by god *that* sitteth in trinitye,
ffight I will with thee, — like to fight Lybius,
540 I hope to beare thee downe." [1]
as warryour out of witt,
on Sir Lybius then hee hitt — and cuts through
with a ffell ffauchyon;
544 soe stifflye his stroakes hee sett,
that through helme [3] & basenett [4] — his helm and bascinet into his head.
he carued Sir Lybius crowne.

Sir Lybius was served in *that* stead — Lybius
548 when hee ffelled [5] on his head
that the sword had drawen blood;

[1–1] Þe myddelle broþer com ȝerne
Vp-on a stede sterne
Egre as lyoun.
Hym þoȝte hys body wolde berne
But he myȝt al so ȝerne
Felle lybeaus a-doun.—C.

[2] Sir Gramadone, the French calls him, l. 1122, p. 40.—F.

[3] helmet or head-piece, Fr. Dº *Galea*. —P.

[4] *Bascinet*, a light helmet, shaped like a skull-cap, worn with or without a moveable front. *Fairholt*.—F.

[5] felt.—P. The Lambeth MS. reads:
Tho wax Lybeous a-greued
When he felt on his hed.
The Cotton has:
Tho was ly-beaus agreede
Whan he felde on hedde.—F.

waves his sword,

about his head the sword he waued,—
all *that* hee hitt, fforsoothe hee cleeued,
as warryour wight and good;—
Sir Lybius said swithe thoe,

says two against one isn't fair (the second cousin having joined in again?),

" one to ffight against 2
is nothing good."
ffast they hewed then on him
with stroakes great and grim;
against[1] them he stifflye stood,

and cuts off the second cousin's right arm.

[2] & through gods grace
he smote the eldest in *that* place
vpon the right arme thoe;
hee hitt him soe in *that* place,—
to see itt was a wonderous case,—
his right arme ffell him ffroe.[2]

The third cousin

the youngest saw *that* sight,
& thought hee had noe might
to ffight against his ffoe;

yields to Lybius,

to Sir Lybius hee did vp-yeeld
his good Speare & sheeld;

and cries for mercy.

mercy he cryed him thoe.[3]

Lybius grants it

anon Sir Lybius said, " nay,
thou shalt not passe this away—
by him *that* bought mankind—
but thou & thy brethren twayne

on condition that he and his two brothers go to Arthur,

plight your trothes without Layine
that yee will to King Arthur wende,
& say, 'Lord of great renowne!
in battaill wee be ouercome;

[1] 'gainst.—P.

[2–2] The Cotton text omits these lines, and in the next ones makes both brothers yield to Lybius.—F.

[3] The French makes the battle with the third knight last all night till next day; then the horse of Sir Gramadone des Aies slips and falls, Lybius seizes the prostrate rider, and he is obliged to yield, p. 41-2.—F.

a Knight vs hither hath send
ffor to yeeld thee tower & towune, and give up their all to him.
& to bee att thy bandowne [1]
euermore *with*outen end.'

" & but if you will doe soe,
certes I will you sloe
as I am true Knight."
anon they sware to him thoe ; They swear to do this,
that they wold to Arthur goe,
their trothes anon thé plight.
Sir Lybius & that ffaire May and Lybius rides on with Hellen.
rode fforth on the way
thither as they had hight ;
till itt beffell on the 3d day On the third day
thé ffell together in game & pley,
hee and *that* Maiden bright.

they rode fforthe on west
into a wyde fforrest,
& might come to noe towne ; they are benighted in a forest
thé ne wist what way best,
ffor there they must needs rest,
& there they light a-downe. and camp out.
amonge the greene eues [2]
they made a lodge *with* bower & leaues,
with swords bright and browne.
Sir Lybius & that maiden bright [page 326]
dwelled there all night,[3]
that was soe ffaire of ffashyon.

[1] Fr. bandon, "A son bandon," i. e. at his will and Pleasure. Gl. G. Doug.—P.
[2] eaves. Metaph. from a house building.—P.
[3] The French picture is prettier:

Li Desconnéus se dormoit
Sur l'erbe fresce ù reposoit ;
Dalès lui gist la damoisèle,
Deseur son brac gist la pucèle ;
Li uns dalés l'autre dormoit,
Li lousignols sor els cantoit. (p. 23.)

The dwarf keeps watch,

then the dwarffe began to wake,
ffor noe theeues shold take
away their horsses with guile;
then ffor ffeare he began to quake;

sees a great fire,

a great ffyer hee saw make
ffrom them but a mile.

wakes Lybius, and says they must be off,

"arise," he said, "worthy *Knight*!
to horsse *that* wee were dight
ffor doubt of more perill!
certes I heare a great bost[1];

as he smells roast meat.

alsoe I smell a savor of rost,
by god & by S^t^ Gyle!"

[The Third Part.]

Lybius

3^d^ part.

Sir Lybius was stout & gay,
& leapt vpon his palffrey,
& tooke his sheeld & speare
& rode fforth ffull ffast.

rides off,

and finds two giants,

2 gyants hee ffound at Last,
[that][2] strong & stout were.
The one was blacke as any sole,[3]
the other as red as ffyerye cole,
& ffoule bothe they were.

a black one holding a maid by the bosom,

the blacke Gyant held in his[4] arme
a ffaire mayd by the barme,[5]
bright as rose on bryar[6];

[1] burst, report, like *the* discharge of a gun: It is still called *bost* in Shropsh. —P.

[2] Who.—P.

[3] A.-S. *sol*, soil, filth, mire, dirt. Bosworth. Fr. *souiller*, to soyle, slurrie, durtie, smutch, beray, begrime. Cotgrave. The Cotton stanza is:

þat on was Red & loþlyche,
And þat oþer swart as pyche,
Grysly boþe of chere.
þat oon helde yn hys barme
A mayde y-clepte yn hys arme,
As bryȝt as blosle on brere.—F.

[4] *hus* in the MS. with a dot.—F. The French is:

Car uns gaians moult la pressoit,
A force baisier le voloit,
Mais cele ne l' pooit soufrir,
Mais se voloit laissier morir.

[5] Sinus, gremium.—P. A.-S. *bearm*, the womb, lap, bosom. Bosworth.—F. A mayde i-clypped in his barme.—L.

[6] brere, so in Chauc.—P. *Bryar* is one of the words entered under *eare* in Levins's Manipulus or Rhyming Dictionary, p. 209, col. 1, ed. 1867.—F.

the red Gyant ffull yarne — a red one
swythe about can turne
a wild bore on a spitt; — roasting a boar on a spit.
ffaire the ffyer gan berne.
the maid cryed ffull yerne, — The maid cries out
for men shold itt witt;
shee said, "alas & euer away
that euer I abode this day
with 2 devills for to sitt!
helpe, Mary *that* is soe mild, — for help.
for the loue of the[1] child,
that I be not fforgett!"

Sir Lybius said, "by St. Iame! — Lybius says
ffor[2] to bring *that* maid ffrom shame
itt were ffull great price;
but ffor to fight with both in shame[3] — it's no child's play to fight both giants,
it is no childs game,
they be soe grim and grise.[4]"
he tooke his course with his shaft
as a man *that* cold his crafft,
& he rode by right assise: — but he charges the black one,
the blacke he smote all soe smart — and runs him right through the heart.
through the liuer, long[5] & hart
that he might neuer rise.

then ffled *that* maiden sheene, — The maid flees;
& thanked[6] Marye, heauens queene,
that succour had her sent.
then came mayd Ellen — Hellen takes her
& the dwarffe by-dene,[7]
& by the hand her hent,

[1] perhaps thy.—P.
[2] for.—P. qu. MS. ffea.—F.
[3] in same, i. e. together, ensemble, Fr. —P.
[4] id. ac grisly, horrid, horrible.—P.
[5] lung.—P.
[6] *d* added by Percy.—F.
[7] MS. "& by the dwarffe dene," but the tmesis must be a copier's mistake. —F. And the Dwarf by-dene.—P. Sche & here dwerk y-mene.—Cot.

into the forest,

& went into the greaues,[1]
& lodged them vnder the leaues
in a good entent;

and she prays for Lybius's safety.

& shee besought Iesus
ffor to helpe Sir Lybius
that hee was not shent.

The red giant hits at Lybius with the boar,

the red Gyant smote thore[2]
att Sir Lybius with the bore
as a woolfe *that* were woode;

and knocks his horse down.

his Dints he sett soe sore,
that Sir Lybius horsse therfore
downe to the ground yode.[3]

Lybius fights with his sword.

then Sir Lybius with ffeirce hart,
out of his saddle swythe he start
as spartle[4] doth out of fyer;
feir[c]ely as any Lyon
he ffought with his ffawchyon
to quitt the Gyant his hyer.

The giant lays on Lybius with his spit,

[5] the Gyants spitt sickerlye
was more then a cowle tree[6]
that he rosted on the bore;
He laid on Sir Lybius ffast, [page 327]
all the while the spitt did last,
euer more and more.

covers him with boar's grease,

the bore was soe hott then,
that on Sir Lybius the grease ran

[1] i.e. Groves, Bushes. So in Chauc. —P.

[2] i.e. there, *metri gratiâ*. so in Chauc. —P.

[3] went.—P. The French makes Lybius kill the other giant first:

Il . . fiert celui premieremant
Qui esforçoit la damoiséle.
Si la féru lès la mamièle.
Le fer li fist el cuer serrer;
Les ioils del cief li fist torbler;
Mort le trebuce el feu ardant. (p. 27.)

The Cotton text (leaf 46 back, col. 2) follows the French:

þe blake geaunt he smote smert
þorgh the lyuere, longe, & herte,
þat neuer he myȝte aryse.—F.

[4] sparkle.—P. sparkyll.—L. sperk. —C.

[5] This stanza is not in C. or L.—F.

[6] ? Phillipps's *coul-staff*: "Coul, a kind of Tub, or Vessel with two Ears to be carry'd between two Persons with a *Coul-staff*." See Lambarde's Perambulation, p. 367, and Strutt, ii. 201, says Halliwell, under *Cowlstaff*.—F.

right ffast thore.[1]
the gyant was stiffe & stronge,
15 ffoote he was Longe ;
hee smote Sir Lybius ffull sore. and batters him till

Euer still the gyant smote
att Sir Lybius, well I wott,
till the spitt brast in towe. the spit breaks.
then as man *that* was wrath, Then he gets a truncheon,
ffor a Trunchyon fforth he goth
to ffight aga[i]nst his ffoe,
& with the End of *that* spitt and splits Lybius's shield with it,
Sir Lybius sword[2] in 3 he hitt.
then was Sir Lybius wonderous woe.
or he againe his staffe vp caught, but drops his staff.
Sir Lybius a stroke him rought Lybius cuts off his right arm,
that his right arme ffell him ffroe.

the Gyant ffell to the ground,
& Sir Lybius in *that* stond
smote of his head thoe: then his head,
in a ffrench booke itt is ffound.[3]
to the other he went in *that* stond,[4]
& serued him right soe.
he tooke vp the heads then and gives both heads to the maiden.
& bare them to *that* ffaire maiden
that he had woone in ffight.
the maid was glad & blythe, She
& thanked god often sithe
that euer he was made a K*night*.

Sir Lybius said, " gentle dame,
tell me now what is your name

[1] There is nothing of this grease business in the French and Cotton texts. —F.

[2] scheld.—Cot. The French has not the passage.—F.

[3] Renals de Biauju's text omits the cutting off of the right arm, but makes Lybius split the giant's head to the teeth.—F.

[4] stound.—P.

& where *that* you were borne."

tells him that her father is

"Sir," she said, "by S[t] Iame,
my ffather is of rich ffame,
& dwelleth here beforne;

an earl,

he is a Lord of much might,
an Erle & a Noble Knight;

Sir Arthore,

his name is S[ir] Arthore,

and her name is Violet.

& my name is Vylett,[1]
that the Gyant had besett
for the Castle ore.

She was out walking

"as I went on my demeaning [2]
to-night in the eueni[n]ge,

when the giant sprang on her,

none euill then I thought;
the gyant, with-out leasing,
out of bush he gan spring,

and would have destroyed her, had it not been for Lybius. Christ reward him!

& to the ffyer me brought.
of him I had beene shent,
but *that* god me succour sent
that all this world hath wrought.
Sir Knight! god yeeld thee thy meed,
ffor vs *that* on the roode did bleed,
& with his blood vs bought!"

They all ride to

without any more talking
to their horsses they gan spring,[3]

[1] Vilett, Violette.—P. Vyolette.—Cot. The French gives the name and story differently:

. . nommée sui Clarie . .
Et Saigremors si est mes frère,
Li jaians me prist cés mon père.
En un vergier hui mais entrai
Et por moi déduire i alai.
Li jaians ert desous l'entrée,
Trova la porte desfremée;
Iluec me prist, si m'enporta,
Ici son conpaignon trova. (p. 32.)—F.

[2] probably *going a walking*, demener, the same as promener, qu.—P.

Yesterday yn the mornynge
Y wente on my playnge.
Cot. MS. in Ritson.

[3] The French text makes them first have a grand feast on the grass off the giants' food. Squire *Robers* distinguishes himself as cook, seneschal, butler, marshal, chamberlain, and squire, helped by the dwarf, p. 32–34. *Robers* is a most useful personage all through the French story.—F.

& rode fforth all in-same,
& told the Erle in euery thing [1] — Sir Arthore's,
how he wan in ffighting
744 his Daughter ffrom woe & shame.
then were these heads sent — and Lybius sends the giants' heads to King Arthur.
vnto *King* Arthur ffor a *p*resent
*w*ith much mirth & game,
748 *that* in Arthurs court arose
of S*i*r Lybius great Losse [2]
& a right good name.

[3] the Erle, ffor *that* good deede, — Sir Arthore gives Lybius
752 gaue S*i*r Lybius for his meede
sheeld and armour bright, — armour
& alsoe a noble steede — and a noble steed.
that was good in euerye need,
756 in trauayle & in ffight.

[The Fourth Part.]

now S*i*r Lybius and his May — Lybius rides on towards the Waste Land,
tooke their leaue, & rode their way
thither as they had hight.[4]

4d parte.

760 Then they saw in a parke [page 328]
a Castle stiffe & starke,[5] — and sees a castle
that was ffull maruelouslye dight;
wrought itt was *w*ith lime & stone,—
764 such a one saw he neuer none,—
with towers stiffe & stout.

[1] erl tydynge.—Cot.
[2] lose, praise.—F.
[3] The Cotton text has an extra stanza here, in which Sir Arthore offers Lybius his daughter Vyolette to wife, but the offer is declined, leaf 47 b. MS., p. 30, Ritson. The French has neither of the stanzas.—F.
[4] þey Ryde forþ alle þre
Toward þe fayre cyte,
Kardeuyle fore soþ hyt hyȝt.—C.
Here follow in the French a page and a quarter of what M. Hippeau terms "Digression de l'Auteur: Il sera fidèle à celle qu'il ne peut encore nommer *s'amie*, mais qu'il appelle *la moult aimée*." The next adventure with Sir Gefferon, or Part IV, is omitted.—F.
[5] i. e. strong.—P.

which he thinks very strong.

Sir Lybius said, "soe haue I blis!
worthy dwelling here itt is
to them *that* stood in doubt!"

Hellen tells him that a brave knight lives there:

then laughed *that* Maiden bright,
& sayd, "here dwelleth a K*night*,
the best *that* here is about.
who-soe will with him ffight,—
be he Baron or be he knight,—
he maketh him to loute.

whoever brings him a lady

"soe well he loueth his Leman
that is soe ffaire a woman,
& a worthy in weede,

fairer than his own, gets a white falcon;

who-soe bringeth a ffairer then,
a ioly ffawcon as white as swan
he shall haue to his meede.

but if she is not so fair, Sir Gefferon

& if shee be not soe bright,
with Sir Gefferon he must ffight;
& if he may not speed,

cuts his head off.

[1] his [head] shall be ffrom him take,
& sett ffull hye vpon a stake,
trulye withouten dread.

"the sooth you may see and heere;
there is on euery corner[2]
a head or tow ffull right."

Lybius declares he'll fight Gefferon,

Sir Lybius sayd al soe soone,
"by god & by S^{t} Iohn!
with Sir Gefferon will I ffight,
& chalenge the Iolly ffawcon,
& say *that* I haue one in the towne,
a lemman al soe[3] bright;

and produce Hellen as his love.

& if hee will her see,
then I will bring[4] thee,
be itt day or by night."[5]

[1] his [head] shall.—P.
[2] Percy has added an *e* at the end.—F.
[3] MS. alsoe, and in line 790.—F. al soe.—P
[4] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[5] by day or night, or *dele* by.—P.

the dwarffe sayd, "by Sweete Iesus! — The dwarf
gentle Sir Lybyus[1] Disconiys, — warns him
thou puttest thee in great perill.
Sir Giffron La ffraudeus,[2] — of Gefferon's wiles.
in ffighting he hath an vse
Knights ffor to beguile."
Sir Lybius answered and sware, — Lybius doesn't care for 'em; he *will* fight.
& said, "therof I haue no care!
by god & by St. Gyle,
I will see him in the fface
or I passe out of this place,
ffor all his subtulle wile!"

without any more questyon
thé[3] dwelled still in the towne
all night there in peace.
on the morrow he made him readie — Next day Lybius
ffor to winne him the Masterye
certes[4] withouten Lease.
he armed him ffull sure — arms
in the sayd Armor
that *King* Arthurs[5] was,
& his horsse began he to stryde; — and rides to
the dwarffe rod by his syde
to *that* strong palace. — Gefferon's castle.

Sir Gyffron la ffraudeus — Gefferon
rose vp, as itt was his vse,
in the morrow tyde
ffor to honor sweete Iesus.
then he was ware of Sir Lybius; — sees him,
as a prince of much pryde

[1] There is a stroke too many after the *u* in the MS.—F.
[2] Syr Gyffroun le flowdous.—Cot.
[3] they.—P.
[4] MS. certer.— F.
[5] erl autores.—Cot., which must be right.—F. sir Arthores, or *Knight* *Arthores*.—P.

ffast he rode into *that* place.
Sir Ieffron maruailed att *that* case,
& loud to him did crye
with voyce loud and shrill:
and asks why he comes. "comest thou ffor good or ill?
tell me now on hye."

Sir Lybius said al soe [1] tyte, [page 329]
"certes I haue greate delight
"To fight you," says Lybius; with thee ffor to ffight!
thou hast [said] great despite; [2]
"you have no such fair maiden as I have; thou hast a Leman,[3] none so whyte
by day or by night
as I haue one in the towne,
ffairer of ffashyon
for to see with sight.
give me your falcon for King Arthur. therfore thy Iolly ffawcowne,
to *King* Arthur with the crowne
bring I will by right."

Sir Geffron said al soe right,
"where shall wee see *that* sight,
whether the ffairer bee?"
My lady is in Cardigan; Sir Lybius said, "wee will ffull right
in Cardigan see *that* sight,[4]
there all men may itt see;
we'll set yours and mine in the market, and see which is the fairer." in the middes of *that* Markett,
there shall they both be sett
to looke on them soe ffree [5];
& if my Leman be browne,
ffor thy Iolly ffawcowne
iust I will with thee."

[1] MS. alsoe, and in l. 847.—F.
[2] Thou seyste a foule dispite.—Lam.
[3] Lennan in the MS.—F.
[4] In Cardeuyle cyte ryȝt.—Cot.
[5] bothe bond & fre.—Cot.

Sir Geffron said alsoe then,
" I wold ffaine as any man
to-day att yondertyde.[1]
all this I grant thee well,
& out of this Castell
to Cardigan [2] I will ryde."
their gloues were there vp yold,
that fforward [3] to hold,
as princes proud in pryde.
Sir Lybius wold no longer blinn,[4]
but rode againe to his inn
& wold no longer abyde.

Gefferon agrees.

Lybius rides back, and

he said to maid Ellen
that was soe bright & sheene,
" looke thou make thee bowne !
I thee say, by St Quintin,
Sir Gefferons Leman I will winn :
to-day shee will come to towne,
in the midds of this cytye,
that men may you see,
& of you bothe the ffashyon ;
& if thou be not soe bright,
with Sir Geffron I shall ffight
to winne the Iollye ffawcowne."

tells Hellen to get ready,

as she is to be shown against Gefferon's love.

the dwarffe answered, " for-thy [5]
that thou doest a deed hardye [6]
ffor any man borne.
thou wilt doe by no mans read

The dwarf tells him it's a foolhardy business ;

[1] *forte* ondertyde.—P. þys day at vnderne tyde.—C. This daye at vndertide.—L.
[2] Karlof.—Cot. Kardyle.—Lam.
[3] A.-S. *foreweard*, agreement.—F.
[4] blim in the MS.—F.
[5] for thy, *therefore*, according to Gl. Ch. & G.D., here it should seem to be *forthwith*.—P. Cot. omits this stanza. The Lambeth MS. has:
The Dwerff answerd and seid,
" Thow doste a savage dede !
ffor any man i-borne
Tow wilt not do by Rede,
But faryst with thi madd hede
As lorde that will be lorne."
[6] hardye, qu.—P. MS. not clear.—F.

for thou fforest in thy child head
888 as a man *that* wold be lorne!
he'd better go on his way. & therfore I thee pray
to wend fforth on thy way,
& come not him beforne."
Lybius won't hear of this. 892 Sir Lybius said, "*that* were great shame!
I had leuer with great grame [1]
with wild horsses to be torne."

Hellen decks herself maid Ellen, ffaire and free,
896 made hast sickerlye
her ffor to attyre
in Keicheys [2] *that* were white,
for to doe all his delight,
900 with good [3] gold wyer.
with a violet mantle, a vyolett mantle, the sooth to say,
ffurred well with gryse gay,[4]
shee cast about her Lyer [5];
and precious stones, 904 the stones shee had about her mold
were precyous & sett with gold,[6]
the best in *that* shire.

Sir Lybius sett *that* ffaire May
and rides on a palfrey 908 on [7] a right good [8] Palffrey,
& rode fforth all three.
euery man to other gan say,
"heere cometh a ffaire May,
912 And louelye ffor to see!" [page 330]
to Cardigan market. into the Markett hee rode,
& boldly there abode

[1] i.e. grief, sorrow; vexation, anger; madness: trouble, affliction, Gl. ad Chauc.—P.
[2] Kercheffs, qu.—P. keuechers.—C. kerchevys.—L.
[3] arayde wyth.—Cot.
[4] Pelured with grys & gray.—Cot.
[5] swyre (neck).—Cot.
[6] A sercle vp-on here molde,
Of stones & of golde.—Cot.
Mold, the suture of the skull; form, fashion, appearance.—Halliwell.
[7] *om*, or ? *one*, in the MS.—F.
[8] Vp-on a pomely.—Cot.

in the middes [1] of *that* citye.
anon thé saw Geffron come ryde, — To them comes Gefferon,
& 2 squiers by his side,
& na more meanye [2]:

he bare a sheelde of greene,
richelye itt was to be seene [3];
of gold was the bordure,
dight itt was with fflowers
& alsoe with rich colours,
like as itt [4] were an Emperour. — with two squires
the [5] squiers did with him ryde;
the one bare by his side
3 shafts good & stoure,[6] — (one bearing a falcon)
the other bare, his head vpon,
a gentle Iolly ffawcon [7]
that was laid to wager;

& after did a Lady ryde, — and his fair lady,
ffaire & bright, of Much pryde,
cladd in purple pall. — clad in
the people came ffarr & wyde
to see *that* Ladye in *that* tyde,[8]
how gentle [9] shee was and small;
her mantle was of purple ffine, — purple,
well ffurred with good Armine,
itt was rich and royall;
a sercotte sett about her necke soe sweete — her surcoat set with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds;
with dyamond & with Margarett,
& many a rich Emerall;

[1] niddes in the MS.—F.
[2] attendants.—P.
[3] He bare þe schelde of goules,
Of syluer thre whyte oules.—C.
He bare the shelde gowlys,
Off syluer three white owlys.—L.
[4] hee.—P.
[5] two.—P.
[6] Idem ac *sture*, *ingens*, crassus, Lye. —P.
[7] I would read Ier-faucon. see st. 37 [l. 977] below.—P. gerfawcone.—C.
[8] To se here bak & syde. — Cot. (which has many variations in the following lines).—F.
[9] forte, *gimp*.—P.

her hue rose-red, her hair golden, her brows like silk, her eyes grey.

her colour was as the rose red;
her haire *that* was on her head,
as gold wyer itt shone bright;
her browes were al soe [1] silke spread,
ffaire bent in lenght & bread;
her nose was ffaire and right;
her eyen gray as any glasse;
milke white was her fface.
thé said *that* sawe *that* sight,

The lookers-on

her body gentle and small,
'her beautye ffor to tell all,
noe man with tounge might.'

put two chairs for the ladies,

unto the Markett men gan bring
2 Chaires ffor to sitt in,
their bewtye ffor to descrye.
then said both old & younge,—
fforssooth without Leasing

and decide that Gefferon's is the fairer.

betweene them was p*ar*tye,—[2]
Geffrons Leman was ffaire & cleere
as euer was any rose on bryer,[3]
fforsooth without Lye.

Hellen is only fit to be her laundry-maid.

Maid Ellen, the Messenger,
seemed to her but a Launderer [4]
in her nurserye.

Lybius then challenges Gefferon to fight.

then said S*ir* Geffron la ffraudeus,[5]
"S*ir* Knight, by Sweet Iesus,
thy head thou hast fforlore [6]!"
"nay!" said S*ir* Lybius,
"*that* was neuer my vse!
iust I will therfore;

[1] MS. alsoe.—F.
[2] This Line in a Parenthesis.—P.
[3] brere.—P. There is no short stroke to the *y* in the MS.—F.
[4] i. e. Launderess, Laundress.—P.
[5] le fludous.—Cot.
[6] lost.—P. The Cotton MS. reads:
Syr lybeaus Desconus,
þys hauk þou hast for-lore.

" & if thou beare me downe,
take my head on thy ffawchyon,
& home with thee itt lead;
& if I beare downe thee,
the Ierffaucon shall goe with mee
maugre thy head indeed.

" what needeth vs more to chyde?
but into the saddle let vs glyde,
to proue our mastery."
either smote on others sheeld the while — They charge
with crownackles [1] *that* were of steele,
with great envye.
then their speares brake assunder; — and their spears break.
the dints ffared as the thunder
that cometh out of the skye.
trumpetts & tabours,
herawdyes & good desoures,[2]
Their stroakes ffor to [3] descrye. [page 331]

Geffron then began to speake:
" bring me a spere *that* will not breke, — Gefferon calls for a spear that won't break,
a shaft with one crownall!
ffor this young ffeley ffreke
sitteth in his saddle steke [4]
as stone in Castle wall.
I shall make him to stoope — and he'll soon unhorse Lybius!
swithe ouer his saddle croope,
& giue him a great ffall,
tho he were as wight a warryour
as Alexander or Arthur,
Sir Lancelott or Sir Perciuall."

[1] coronals.—Cot. *Coronel*, the upper part of a jousting-lance, constructed to unhorse, but not to wound, a knight. Fairholt, p. 426 (with a cut of one). —F. This seems to be the same as Crownall, st. 40 [of MS., l. 993 here]. both seem to signify the heads of *the* spears. —P.

[2] disours, tellers, narraters.—F.

[3] gon.—Cot.

[4] steke for stuck, rhithmi gratia.—P.

then the K*nigh*ts both tow
They charge again. rode together swithe thoe
w*i*th great ren[d]owne [1] :
S*i*r Lybius smote S*i*r Geffron soe
Gefferon loses his shield. *that* his sheild ffell him ffroe
into the ffeeld againe.[2]
then laughed all *that* was there,
& said w*i*thout more,
Duke, Erle, or Barron,
that " thé saw neuer a K*nigh*t,
ne noe man abide might
a course of S*i*r Geffron."

The third course, Gefferon does nothing. another course gan thé ryde :
S*i*r Geffron was aggreeued *that* tyde
ffor hee might not speede.
The fourth, he rode againe al soe [3] tyte,
& S*i*r Lybius he gan [4] smite
as a doughtye man of deed.

Lybius S*i*r Lybius smote him soe ffast
that S*i*r Geffron soone he cast
him and his horsse a-downe ;
S*i*r Ieffrons backe bone he brake
breaks Gefferon's back, *that* the ffolkes hard itt cracke ;
lost was his renowne.
then they all said, lesse & more,
that Sir Geffrons had Lore
and wins his falcon. the white Gerffawcon.[5]
the people came S*i*r Lybius before,
& went w*i*th him, lesse & more,
anon into the towne ;

[1] W*i*th welle greet Raundoun.—Cot.
[2] I w*ou*ld read *adowne*. see below, st. 45.—P. a-doun.—Cot. a-downe.—L.
[3] MS. alsoe.—F.
[4] MS. gam.—F.
[5] Only half the *w* in the MS.—F.

& Sir Geffron ffrom the ffeeld
was borne home on his sheild
with care and rueffull mone.
the Gerffawcon sent was,
by a knight *that* hight Chaudas,[1]
to bring to Arthur with the crowne ;

& rote[2] to him all *that* dead,[3]
& with him he gan to leade
the ffawcon *that* Sir Lybius wan.
when the King had heard itt read,
he said to his knights in *that* stead,
" Sir Lybius well warr can !
he hath me sent with honor
that he hath done battells 4
since *that* he began ;
I will him send of my treasure,
ffor to spend to his honor,
as ffalleth[4] ffor such a man."

a 100li ready[5] prest
of ffloryins to spend with the best,
he sent to Cardigan towne.
then Sir Lybius held a feast
that lasted 40 dayes att Least
with Lords of renowne.[6]
& att the 6: weeke end
hee tooke his leaue, ffor to wend,
of duke, Erle, and Barron.

Gefferon is carried home.

The falcon is sent by Chaudas

to King Arthur,

who praises Lybius,

and sends him to Cardigan £100 of florins, with which Lybius makes a forty days' feast,

and then takes his leave.

[1] There was one Chandos a herald, whose book is preserved in Worcester College Library, Oxon.—P.
[2] He wrote, sic legerim.—P.
[3] deed.—P.
[4] fitteth, qu.—P.
[5] ready, speedy.—P.
[6] The Cotton text sends the falcon by a knyght that hyght Gludas, to King Arthur; and Arthur sends Lybius back a hundred pound of florins to Cardelof, where Lybius holds feast forty days. (MS. leaf 49, col. 2 ; ed. Ritson, p. 42). —F.

[The Fifth Part.]

[The Adventure of the Hound, and the Fight with Sir Otes de Lile.]

Lybius rides on

towards Sinadon.

He hears a horn,

and the dwarf says it's

Sir Otes de Lile's.

Then they see a beautiful hound

5ª parte

Sir Lybius and his ffaire May
rode fforth on their way
towards Sinadon.
then as they rod in a throwe,[1]
hornes heard they lowd blowe,
& hoinds [2] of great game.
the dwarffe said in *that* throwe,[3]
" *that* horne I well know
many yeeres agone ;

" Thatt horne bloweth Sir Ortes de lile,
That serued [4] my Ladye a while [page 332]
seemlye in her hall ;
& when shee was taken with guile,
he ffled from *that* perill
west into worrall.[5] "

but as they rode talking,
they saw a ratch [6] runinge
ouerthwart the way.
then said both old & young,
" ffrom the ffirst begining
they saw neuer none soe gay."

[1] a short space, sed vid. infra, perhaps in a row.—P. A.-S. *þrah*, a space, time. —F.

[2] hounds.—P.

[3] a cast, a stroke. It. short space, Chauc. Gl.—P.

[4] seruede.—Cot.

[5] Wyrhale.—Cot.

[6] Ratches. Genus Canum: Braccones, Lye. Jun.—P. A.-S. *ræce*, a rach, a setting dog ? Lye, in Bosworth. ? a dog hunting by scent.—F.

hee was of all couloures — of all sorts of colours.
that men may see on flowers
betweene Midsummer & May.
the Mayd sayd al soe [1] soone, — Hellen wishes she had it.
"soe faire a ratch I neuer saw none,
nor pleasanter to my pay [2] !

"wold to God *that* I him ought [3] !" — So Lybius catches it and gives it her.
Sir Lybius anon him caught,
& gaue him to maid Elen.[4]
they rode fforth all rightes,
& told of ffighting with Knights
ffor ladyes bright & sheene.
they had rydden but a while, — Soon they
not the space of [a] Mile
into *that* fforrest greene ;
then they saw a hind sterke,[5] — see a stag followed by two greyhounds,
& 2 grayhounds *that* were like
the ratch *that* I of meane.

thé hunted [6] still vnder the Lind [7] — and stop to watch her.
to see the course of *that* hind
vnder the fforrest side.
there beside dwelled *that* Knight — Sir Otes de Lile
that Sir Otes de lile hight,
a man of much pride ;
he was cladd all in Inde,[8]
& ffast pursued after the hind

[1] MS. alsoe.—F.
[2] satisfaction, liking.—P.
[3] owned, possest.—P.
[4] The French text makes the hound stop with a thorn in its foot; Hellen takes it out, rides off with the dog, and a huntsman sees it under her cloak. She refuses to give it up to him or his master, and so Sir Otes, or *L'Orguillous de la Lande*, rides off for his armour, and fights Lybius.—F.
[5] stout Hind.—P.
[6] hovede (stopt).—Cot.
[7] Properly a Teil or Lime tree, but in these ballads it seems to be used for Trees in general.—P.
[8] i.e. azure or blue as used by Lydg. —black according to Sp. Gl. ad Ch. —P.

rides by on a bay,

vpon a bay distere ;
loude he gan his horne blow,
for the hunters shold itt know,
& know where he were.

sees Lybius and Hellen,

as he rode by *that* woode right,
there he saw *that* younge K*night*
& alsoe *that* ffaire May ;
they dwarffe rode by his side.
Sir Otes bade they shold abyde,
they Ledd [1] his ratch away :

and remonstrates with them for taking his hound.

" ffreinds," he said, " why doe you soe ?
let my ratch ffrom you goe ;
good for you itt were.
I say to you without Lye,
this ratch has beene my
all out this 7 yeere."

Lybius says he means to keep it.

Sir Lybius said anon tho,
" I tooke him with my hands 2,
& with me shall he abyde ;
I gaue him to this maid hend [2]
that with me dothe wend
riding by my side."

Sir Otes warns him to look out for his life.

then said Sir Otes de lile,
" thou puttest thee in great *per*ill
to be slaine, if thou abide."

Lybius calls him a churl.

Sir Lybius said in *that* while,
" I giue right nought of thy wile,
churle ! tho thou chyde."

Sir Otes rebukes him;

then spake Sir Otes de lile,
& said, " thy words be vile !
churle was neuer my name !
I say to thee without ffayle,
the countesse of Carlile
certes was my dame ;

[1] The last *d* has a tag to it.—F. [2] gentle, kind.—P.

" & if I were armed now — if he were armed, he would fight him.
as well as art thou,
wee wold ffight in-same.
or thou my ratch ffrom me reue,[1]
we wold play, ere itt were eue,
a wonderous strong game."
Sir Lybius said al soe [2] prest,
" goe fforth & doe thy best; — Lybius says " Do your best,"
Thy ratch with mee shall wend." [page 333]
they rode on right [3] west — and rides on.
througe a deepe fforrest,
then as the dwarffe them kend.[4]

Sir Otes de lile in *that* stower — Sir Otes
rode home into his Tower,
& ffor his ffreinds sent, — tells his friends
& told them anon-rights
how one of Arthurs K*nigh*ts — how badly Lybius has treated him.
shamely had him shent,
& had his ratche away Inome.[5]
then thé sayd all and some,[6] — They say they'll soon take Lybius.
that " theese shall soone be tane;
& neuer home shall hee come
tho he were as grim a groome
as euer was Sir Gawaine." [7]

they dight them to armes — They and their friends arm,
with gleaues [8] and gysarmes,[9]
as they wold warr on take;
Knights and squiers

[1] bereave, take away.—P.
[2] alsoe, MS.—F.
[3] *th* is crossed out between *t* and *w*. —F.
[4] taught, made known. Gl. Ch.—P.
[5] y-nome, taken. Sax. *niman*, to take, hinc *nim*. ƿLye.—P.
[6] sone in MS.—F.
[7] þauȝ he were þoȝtyere gome
Than Launcelot du lake.—Cot.
M. Hippeau prints "thogh tyer," which doesn't look much like "doughtier" at first. MS. is clear, leaf 50, col. 2, l. 5.—F.
[8] gleave, a sword, cutlace, Fr. *glaive*. —P. swerdes.—Cot.
[9] gysarme, a halbert or Bill. Sk.—P.

mount,

leapt on their disteres
ffor their Lords sake.

vpon a hill trulye
see Lybius, 1172 Sir Lybius they can espye,
ryding a well good pace.
and say they'll kill him. to him gan they loud crye,
& said, "thou shalt dye
1176 ffor thy great trespas!"
Lybius Sir Lybius againe beheld
how ffull was the ffeild,
for many people there was;
advises Hellen 1180 he said to Maid Ellen,
"ffor this ratch I weene
to vs commeth a carefull case.

to hide in the forest. "I rede *that* yee withdraw
1184 yonder into the woods wawe,[1]
your heads for to hyde;
ffor here vpon this plaine,
He will abide the battle. tho I shold be slaine,
1188 the battell I will abyde."
into the fforrest thé rode;
Lybius's foes and Sir Lybius there abode
of him what may betyde.
fire at him with bows 1192 then thé smote at him with crossebowes,
with speare, & with bowes turkoys,[2]
and wound him. *that* made him wounds wyde.

He rides down men and horses, Sir Lybius with his horsse ran,
1196 & bare downe horsse and man;

[1] wode schawe.—Cot. *wawe* is used in Chaucer for a *wave*, but that can hardly be the sense here.—P. ? *Waw*, wall. Jamieson.—F.

[2] i. e. longbowes. Fr. *Turquois*, Turkish, such as the Turks use. Gl. ad G.D.—P. See Strutt, p. 66, ed. 1830. —F.

With bowe and with arblaste
To hym they schote faste.—Cot.

ffor nothing wold he spare.
euery man said then
that hee was the ffeend Sathan — like Satan,
that wold mankind fforfare [1];

ffor he *that* Sir Lybius raught,
his death wound there he caught,
& smote them downe by-deene.
but anon he was besett, — but is beset
as a ffish in a nett,
with groomes [2] ffell and keene;

for 12 Knights verelye — by twelve knights
he saw come ryding redylye
in armes ffaire & bright;
all the day they had rest, — who have waited for him,
for thé thought in the fforrest
to see Sir Lybius *that* Knight.
in a sweate they were all 12,—
one was the Lord himselfe
in they [3] ryme to read right:—
they smote att him all att once, — and all attack him at once.
ffor they thought to breake his bones
& ffell him downe in ffight.

ffast together can thé ding;
& round they stroakes he gan fflinge — Lybius
among them all in fere;
fforsooth without Leasing
the sparkells out gan springe
of sheeld and harnesse [4] cleere.
Sir Lybius slew of them 3, — kills three of them;
& 4 away gan fflee — four flee.

[1] perdere, perire. A.-S. *forfaran*. Lye.—P.
[2] men.—P.
[3] the.—P. There is nothing of this incident in the French.—F.
[4] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

And wold not come him nere ;

Sir Otes and his four sons

the Lord abode in *that* stoure,
& soe did his sonnes 4,
to sell their liues deere.

strike at Lybius.

then they gaue [1] stroakes riue,[2]
he one against them 5,
& ffought as they were wood,
nye downe they gan him bring ;

His blood flows,

as the water of a Spring
of him ran the bloode ;

his sword breaks,

his sword brake by the hilte ;
then was he neere spilt ;
he was ffull madd of moode.

Sir Otes cuts into his head,

the Lord a stroake on him sett
through helme and Basnett,
in the skull itt stoode.

and he swoons ;

then in a swoone he lowted lowe ;
he leaned on his saddle bow
as a man *that* was nye slake ;
his 4 sonnes were all a bowne [3]
ffor to perish [4] his Acton,[5]
double Maile and plate ;

but soon he revives,

but as he gan to smart,
againe he plucked vp [6] his hart,
as the Kinde [7] of his estate ;

seizes his axe,

& soone he hent in his ffist
an axe *that* hanged on his sadle crest,
almost itt was too late.

and kills three horses.

then he ffought as a *Knight* ;
their horsses ffell downe right,

[1] gan.—P.
[2] rive, To thrust, stab, to rend, &c. Gl. ad Ch.—P. ? rife, all about.—F.
[3] ready.—P.
[4] perce.—Cot. *per*syne.—Lam. MS.
[5] Fr. Hocqueton.—P.
[6] Vp he pullede.—Cot. (leaf 50, back, col. 2.) He pulled vp.—Lam.
[7] Four strokes for *in* in the MS.—F.

he slew att stroakes 3.
& when the Lord saw the ffight, — Sir Otes flees;
of his horsse a-downe gan light,[1]
away hee ffast gan fflee.
Sir Lybius noe longer abode, — Lybius catches him,
but after him ffast he rode,
& vnder a chest of tree[2]
there he had him killed; — and Sir Otes yields up himself
but the Lord him yeelded
att his will ffor to bee,

& ffor to yeeld him his stent,[3]
treasure, Land, and rent, — and all his lands and goods,
Castle, hall, & tower.
Sir Lybius consented therto
in[4] fforward *that* he wold goe — and agrees to go to King Arthur
vnto King Arthur,
& say, " Lord of great renowne!
in battell I am ouerthrowne;
& sent thee to honor." — and honour him.
the Lord granted theretill,
ffor to doe all his will.
they went home to his tower, — They go to Sir Otes's castle.

& anon Maiden Ellen — Hellen is brought there,
with knights ffiueteene
was ffeitched into the Castle.
shee & the dwarffe by-deene
told of his deeds Keene, — and tells Sir Otes
& how *that* itt befell — that he is Lybius's fourth present to Arthur.
that hee had presents[5] 4
sent vnto King Arthur,

[1] And on hys courser lyȝt.—Cot.
[2] a chesten tree, i.e. a Chesnut Tree. Sic legerim. vid. Gl. ad Chauc.—P. chesteyn.—Cot. chesteyne.—Lam.
[3] his stint, *apud Salopienses*, signifies his measure, his quantity, his share. —P. be sertayne extante.—Cot.
[4] MS. him.—F. in.—Cot.
[5] presentes.—Cot. persones.—Lam.

that he had woone ffull well.
the Lord was glad & blythe,
& thanked god often sithe,
& alsoe S^{t} Michall,[1]

that such a noble Knight
shold ffor that Ladye ffight
that was soe ffaire and ffree.
in the towne dwelled a K*night*:
att the ffull ffortnight
Lybius — Sir Lybyus[2] there gan bee,

recovers from his wounds — & did heale him of his wounds
bothe hole and sound
by the 6 weekes end.
and rides on towards Sinadon. — then Sir Lybius and his May
rode fforthe on their way,
to Sinadon to wend;
Sir Otes goes to Arthur, — and alsoe the Lord of *that* tower
went vnto K*ing* Arthur,
& prisoner him did yeeld,
& told how a K*night* younge
in ffighting had him woone, [page 335]
& ouercome him in the ffeeld;

and tells him how Lybius beat him. — & said, "Lord of great renowne!
I am in battell brought a-downe
with a K*night* soe bolde."
K*ing* Arthur had good game,
& soe had they all in-same
that heard that tale soe told.[3]

[1] The Cotton text omits the rest of this part. The French of the whole part is very different.—F.

[2] One stroke too many for *u* in the MS. *There* means, I suppose, the house of the knight of l. 1294. The Lambeth MS. has:

Lybeous a fourtenyght
Then with him came lende,
He did helen his wounde,
And made him hole and sownde.

Corresponding nearly with our text.—F.

[3] The French puts in here its tale of the Falcon or Sparrow-hawk, which M. Hippeau summarises thus, p. x.:

L'Inconnu, Robert, Hélie, et son nain aperçoivent, en sortant du bois [where Lybius has vanquished *l' Orguillous de*

[The Sixth Part.]

[Lybius's Adventure at the Ile Dore.]

Now let vs rest awhile
of *Sir* Otes de lile,
& tell wee other tales.
Sir Lybius rode many a mile, — Lybius sees adventures
6d parte sawe [1] aduentures many & vile
in England [2] & in Wales, — in England and Wales.
till itt beffell in the monthe of June,
when the ffenell [3] hangeth in the towne
all greene in seemlye manner,[4]
The midsummer[5] day is ffaire & long; — On Midsummer day
merry is the ffoules songe,
the notes of birds on bryar [6];

la Lande, our Sir Otes], un castel d'où descend, pour venir à leur rencontre, une dame richement vêtue et d'une beauté ravissante. Elle leur apprend que celui qu'elle aimait a été tué par un chevalier redoutable qui habite le château. Là se trouve, dit-elle, un épervier perché sur un bâton d'or. La damoiselle qui pourra s'en emparer sera proclamée la plus belle; mais elle devra se faire accompagner par un chevalier assez hardi pour oser se mesurer avec le maître de l'épervier. La pauvre damoiselle, désireuse d'obtenir le prix de la beauté, avait conduit à ce chateau son ami qui avait succombé dans une lutte inégale. "Je le vengerai, et vous serez reconnue comme la plus belle!" dit l'Inconnu, qui trouve l'occasion d'un nouveau triomphe. *Gifflet, le fils d'O*, est terrassé an effet; et, comme l'Inconnu apprend que la jeune fille pour laquelle il vient de se battre est Marguerie, la fille du roi d'Écosse, Agolant, il l'a fait conduire chez son père par un chevalier dont la valeur et la loyauté sont éprouvées. Hélie reconnaît en elle sa cousine; elle lui fait de tendres adieux. "Je ne sais," dit-elle avec sensibilité, "si jamais je vous reverrai, mais je vous aimerai toujours!" —F.

[1] One stroke too many for the *w* in the MS.—F.

[2] Among aventurus fyle
In Yrland.—Cot.
and sey awntours the while
and [in] Irlande.—Lam.
Vile = fele, numerous.—F.

[3] *cer*fille *and* finule	Chervil & fennel
fela mihtigu twa	Two very * mighty (ones)
þa wyrte gesceop	These worts formed
witig drihten	(The) wit-ful† Lord
halig on heofenum	Holy in heavens
þa he hongode sette	Them he set hung-up ‡
and sænde on vii. worulde	And sent to the 7 worlds
earmum *and* eadigum	For the poor & the rich
eallum to bote.	For a remedy § for all.

Leechdoms, iii. 34–7, ed. Cockayne.

[4] P. has added an *e* to the *r*.—F. sales.—Cot. saale.—Lam.

[5] One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

[6] briere.—P.
As notes of the nyȝtyngales.—Cot.
And notis of the nyghtyngale.—Lam.

* fair and.—Cockayne.
† Wise he and witty is.—C.
‡ he suspended.—C.
§ Panacea.—C.

Lybius

Sir Lybius then gan ryde
along by a riuer side,
& saw a ffaire Citye
with pauillyons of much pride,
& a castle ffaire & wyde,
and gates great plentye.

sees a fair city,

which Hellen tells him

he asked ffast what itt hight:
the maid said anon-right,
" Sir, I will tell thee;

is Ile d'Ore,

men clepeth itt Ile dore;[1]
there hath beene slaine Knights more
then beene in this countrye

and that a lovely lady is kept there

" ffor a Ladye *that* is of price,
her coulour is red as rose on rise.[2]
all this cuntry is in doubt

by the giant Mangys,

ffor a Gyant *that* hight Mangys,[3]
there is noe more such theeues![4]
that Ladye hee lyeth about;
he is heathen, as blacke as pitch;
now there be no more such
of deeds strong & stout;

to whom every knight must bow, and lay down his armour.

what Knight *that* passeth this brigg,
his armes he must downe ligg,
& to the gyant Lout.[5]

" he is 20[6] ffoote of lenght,
& much more of strenght

[1] Isle Dor, Fr. Yledor.—Cot. Ildeore.—Lam. The French has a long description of the Castle, but nothing about the giant Mangys. It is a knight, *Malgiers li Gris* (p. 77), who there defends the entrance to the castle; and if he conquers every comer for seven years (or nine according to M. Hippeau) he is to wed *La Dame aux blanches Mains*. The knight has killed 143 opponents, and cut their heads off (p. 71, l. 1985), when he is overcome by Lybius.—F.

[2] sprig, twig, shrub, Jun. Lye.—P.

[3] Maungys.—Cot.

[4] Nowhere hys pere ther nys.—Cot. Nowhere is non suche.—Lam.

[5] MS. Cot. omits the next twelve lines. —F.

[6] thirty.—Lam.

then other K*nights* ffiue.
S*ir* Lybius! now [1] bethinke thee,
hee is more grimmner ffor to see
then any one aliue; [2]
he beareth haires on his brow
like the bristles of a sow;
his head is great & stout [3];
eche arme is the lenght of an ell,
his ffists beene great & ffell,
dints ffor to driue about."

She warns Lybius not to fight him.

S*ir* Lybius said, "maiden hend!
on our way wee will wend
ffor all his stroakes ill.
if god will me grace send,
or this day come to an end
I hope him ffor to spill.[4]
tho I be young & lite,[5]
I will him sore smyte,
& let god doe his will.
I beseech god almight
that I may soe with him ffight,
that giant [6] ffor to kill."

Lybius says that by God's help he'll kill him before the day ends.

then they rode fforth all 3
vnto *that* ffaire cytye,
men call itt Ile dore [7];
anon Mangy can they see
vpon a bridge of tree,
as grimm as any bore;

Near
Ile d'Ore
they see Mangys

[1] well.—Lam.
[2] That thou with him ne macched bee,
He is gryme to Discryue.—Lam.
[3] grete as an hyve.—Cot.
[4] Cot. inserts here:
I have y-seyn grete okes
Falle fore wyndes strokes,
þe smale han stonde stylle,
and omits the last three lines of the stanza. Lam. does the same, altering the words a little.—F.
[5] lite, little.—P.
[6] MS. grant.—F. giant, qu.—P.
[7] Ylledore.—Cot. Iledolo*ur*.—Lam.

with a black shield,

his sheild was blacke as ter [1] ;
his paytrill,[2] his croup*er*,[3]
3 mammetts [4] there-in were ;
1384 thé were gaylye gilt with gold ;
a spear and sword. & a spere in his hand he did hold,
& alsoe his sword in ffere.

He cryed to him in despite, [page 336]
Mangys asks Lybius who he is, 1388 & said, "ffellow, I thee quite ! [5]
now what thou art, mee tell ;
and advises him to turn back. & turne againe al soe [6] tyte
ffor thine owne proffitt,
1392 if thou loue thy selfe well."
Lybius S*ir* Lybius said anon-right,
"K*ing* Arthur made me a Knight.
vnto him I made my vow
refuses. 1396 *that* I shold neuer turne my backe
ffor noe such devill in blacke.
goe ! make thee readye now ! "

They charge Now S*ir* Lybius & Mangys,
1400 Of horsses [7] proud of price
together they rode full right ;
(Lords and ladies both Lo*rds* & Ladyes there
Lay on pount tornere [8]
1404 to see *that* seemlye sight,

[1] tar.—F. perhaps as *Aster*, *Haster*, or *Aster* is a word still used in Shrops*hire*, signifying the back of the chimney. "As black as the Haster" is a common expression with *them*.—P. pych.—Cot. pycche.—Lam. The French knight's shield is *Sinople*, greene colour (in Blazon).—Cotgrave :
Les escus à sinople estoit,
Et mains blances parmi avoit (p. 73).—F.

[2] Poitrel, peytrel, *antilena* : The breast-armour for a horse. Jun.—P.

[3] croupere.—P.

[4] Mammet, a puppet, an Image, a false-god. Jun.—P. One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

[5] Say, þou felaw yn whyt.—Cot. & Lam.

[6] MS. alsoe.—F.

[7] On Horses.—P. On stedes.—Cot. & Lam.

[8] ? *Pont Tornere*, the name of the bridge.—F.
Leyn out yn pomet tours.—Cot.
Laynen in her toures.—Lam.
The French text brings them all out of the castle, except La Dame aux blanches Mains.—F.

& prayed to god loud & still, — pray that
" if *that* itt were his will,
to helpe *that* cristyan K*night*;
1408 & the vile Gyaunt — Lybius may kill Mangys).
that beleeueth in Termagant,
that he might dye in ffight! "

theire speres brake assunder, — Their spears break;
1412 their stroakes ffared as the thunder,[1]
the peeces gan out spring.
euery man had great wonder
that S*ir* Lybius had not beene vnder
1416 att the ffirst begininge.
anon they drew sords bothe; — they draw their swords;
as men *that* were ffull wrothe,
together gan they dinge:
1420 S*ir* Lybius smote Mangyes thoe — Lybius cuts away Mangys's shield;
that his sheild ffell him ffroe,
in the ffeild he gan itt ffling.

Mangyes gan smite in *that* stead — Mangys kills Lybius's horse,
1424 S*ir* Lybius horse on the head,
& dashed out his braine;
his horsse fell downe dyinge.
S*ir* Lybius sayd nothing,
1428 but start vp againe; — and Lybius
an axe in his hand he hent anon
that hunge on his sadle arson,[2]
& smote a stroake of maine
1432 through Mangis horsse swire,[3] — kills his.
carued him throug long[4] & liuer,[5]
& quitt him well againe.

[1] The first part of *thunder* is blotted in the MS.—F. donder.—Cot. thonder. —Lam.
[2] arçon. Fr. i.e. saddle bow.—P.
[3] swire, swere, the neck. Gl. ad Ch. —P.
[4] through lung.—P.
[5] P. has added an *e* to the end of *liuer*.—F.
fore-karf bon and lyre.—Cot.
forkarve bone and lyre.—Lam.

Then each

descriue the stroakes cold no man
1436 *that* were giuen betwene them then;
[1] to bedd peace was no boote thoe;

wounds the other badly,

deepe wounds there they caught,
ffor they both sore ffought,
1440 & either was others ffoe.
ffro: the hower of prime

and they fight from six to evensong.

till it was euensong time,
they ffought together thoe.
1444 Sir Lybius thirsted then sore,

Lybius asks leave to get some drink.

& sayd, "Mangyes, thine ore [2]!
to drinke lett me goe;

"& I will grant to thee,
1448 what loue [3] thou biddest mee,
such happe if thee betyde.
great shame itt wold bee
a Knight ffor thirst shold dye,
1452 & to thee litle pryde."

Mangys gives it him,

Mangies granted him his will,
ffor to drinke his ffill
without any more despite.

but as he lies down drinking

1456 as Sir Lybius lay ouer the banke,
through his helme he dranke;

Mangys knocks him into the river.

Mangyes gan him smite
that into the riuer he goes.

Lybius gets out,

1460 but vp anon he rose;
wonderffull he was dight
with his armour euery deale;
"now by St Micaheel
1464 I am twise as light!

[1] It was no boot then to bid (propose) peace.—P. Cot. and Lam. have different lines.—F.

[2] mercy.—F.

[3] bone.—C. & Lam.

what weenest thout ffeend fere ? — and tells Mangys
that I vnchirstened were
or thou saw itt *with* sight ?
I shall, ffor thy baptise, [page 337]
well qu[i]tte thee thy service, — he'll pay him out.
by the grace of god almight."
a new battell there began ; — They fight again ;
either ffast to other ran,
& stroakes gaue *with* might.
there was many a gentleman,
and alsoe Ladyes as white as swan,
they prayed all ffor the Knight.

but Mangis anon in the ffeild — Mangys cuts Lybius's shield in two.
carued assunder *Sir* Lybius sheild
with stroakes of armes great.
then *Sir* Lybius rann away — Lybius gets Mangys's shield ;
thither were Mangis sheild Lay ;
& vp he can itt gett,

& ran againe to him [1] ;
with stroakes great and grim
together they did assayle ; — and they fight on
there beside the watter brimne
till it waxed wonderous dimm,
betweene them lasted *that* battell.[2]
Sir Lybius was warryour wight, — till Lybius
& smote a stroke of much might ;
through hawberke,[3] plate and maile,
hee smote of by the shoolder bone — cuts off Mangys's right arm.
his right arme soone and anon
into the ffeild *with*-out ffaile.

[1] One stroke too many in MS.—F.
[2] battayle.—P.
[3] coat of mail, *thro' plate & mail*, is used both by Milton & Spencer.—P.

Mangys flees.

[1] when the gyant *that* gan see
that he shold slaine bee,
hee ffled with much maine.

Lybius pursues him, and cuts his back in two,

Sir Lybius after him gan hye,
& with strong stroakes mightye
smote his backe in twaine.

and his head off.

thus was the Gyant dead:
Sir Lybius smote of his head;
then was the people ffaine.[2]

Lybius goes into the town,

Sir Lybius bare the head to the towne;
thé mett him with a ffaire procession,
the people came him againe.

and is received by the beautiful Madam de Armoroure,

a Ladye white as the Lyllye fflower,
hight Madam de Armoroure,[3]
receiued *that* gentle Knight,
& thanked him in *that* stoure

[1] The Ashmole MS. 61 reads:

Tho gyante gane to se
That sleyne schuld [he] be:
He stode to fense A-ʒeyne,
And at þe secund stroke
Syre lybeus to hym smote,
And brake hys Arme in tweyne.
The gyante þer he leuyd,
lybeus smote of hys hede,
There-of he was full feyne;
He bore þe hed in-to þe touñe.
With A feyre prosessyoun
The folke coñe hym A-ʒene.
That lady was whyte As flowre
That men callyd denamowre.
&c. &c.

[2] glad.—P. And of þe batayle was fayn.—Cot.

[3] The French text has a glowing description of the lady's beauty (p. 78–9):

Sa biauté tel clarté jeta,
Quant ele ens le palais entra,
Com la lune qu'ist de la nue . .
Plus estoit blance d'une flor,
Et d'une vermelle color
Estoit sa face enluminée:
Moult estoit bele et colorée.
Les oels ot vair, boce riant,
Le cors bien faict et avenant;
Les levres avoit vermelletes,
[one Line wanting in the MS.]
Boce bien faite por baisier,
Et bras bien fais por embracer.
Mains ot blances com flors de lis,
Et la gorges, desous le vis.
Cors ot bien fait, et le cief blont;
Onques si bele n'ot el mont.
Ele estoit d'un samit vestue,
Onques si bele n'ot sous nue,
La pene en fu moult bien ouvrée
D'ermine tote eschekerée;
Moult sont bien fait li eschekier,
Li orles fu mout a prisier;
Et deriere ot ses crins jetés;
D'un fil d'or les ot galonés.
De roses avoit i capel
Moult avenant et gent et bel;
D'un afremail son col frema,
Quant ele ens el palais entra.
Molt i ot gente damoisele,
Onques nus hom ne vit tant bele.
La dame entre el palais riant,
Al Desconnéu vint devant . .

There is a further description of her in her *cemise* at p. 84–5.—F.

[4] la dame damore.—Cot.
la dame Amoure.—Lam.

that hee wold her succour
against *that* ffeend to ffight.
into the chamber shee him ledd, — who clothes him in purple,
& in purple & pall shee him cledd,
& in rich royall weede;
& *pro*fferred him *with* honor — and offers him her lands and herself.
ffor to be lord of towne & tower,
& her owne selfe to meede.

Sir Lybius ffrened[1] her in hast,
& loue to her anon he cast, — He gives her his love,
ffor shee was ffaire and sheene.
alas, *that* hee had not beene chast!
ffor afterwards att the Last
shee did him betray & teene.[2] — but she betrays him at last.
12 monthes and more — Lybius stays twelve months there,
Sir Lybius tarryed thore,[3]
& his mayden *with* renowne,
that he might neuer out scape
ffor to helpe & ffor to wrake[4]
the Ladye of Sinadone;

ffor *that* ffaire Lady — beguiled by the Lady's sorcery,
told[5] more of Sorcery
then such other ffiue;
shee made him great melodye,
of all manner of minstrelsye
that any man cold discreeue.

[1] asked.—P. grāntede.—Cot.

[2] enrage, vex, grieve, Gl. ad G.D.

N.B. This does not appear from anything which follows in this Ballad: unless it be her detaining him by her enchantments in these stanzas.—P.

[3] there: so in Chauc.—P. The French Romance keeps Lybius only a night in the castle. The Lady comes to him in her chemise, leans on his breast:

Ses mameles et sa poitrine
Furent blances comme flors d'espine;

Se li ot desus son pis mis. (p. 85-6.)

She desires his love. He wants to kiss her, but she draws back, as that would be lechery till he had married her, and leaves his room. He has troubled dreams, thinking he holds her all night in his arms, and next morning he resolutely rides away, but returns after freeing the Lady of Sinadowne.—F.

[4] wreak, i.e. revenge.—P.

[5] for *cold*, knew.—F.

for, when looking on her, he thinks himself in Paradise.

when he looked on her fface,
him thought certainlye *that* hee was
in paradice aliue,
1540 with ffantasye and fayrye;
& shee bleared his eye
with ffalse sorcerye.

[The Seventh Part.]

At last, Hellen meets him,

till itt beffell vpon a day
1544 he mett with Ellen *that* may
betwene the Castle and the tower;

and reproaches him with his faithlessness to Arthur

Then vnto him shee gan say, [page 338]
"thou art ffalse of thy ffay[1]
1548 vnto King Arthur!
7d Parte. ffor the loue of that Ladye
that can soe much curtesye,
thou doest thee dishonor!

and the Lady of Sinadon.

1552 My Ladye of Sinadon
may long lye in prison,
& *that* is great dolour!"

Lybius is touched to the heart,

Sir Lybius hard her speake,
1556 him thought his hart wold breake
ffor sorrow & ffor shame.

and they ride off that night.

att a posterne there beside
by night they gan out ryde
1560 ffrom *that* gentle dame.

Lybius

hee tooke with him his good steede,
his sheeld & his best weede,
& rode fforth all in-same;
1564 & the[2] steward stout in ffere,

makes Sir Geffelett his steward,

he made him his Squier,
Sir Geffelett[3] was his name.

[1] faith.—P. [2] Her.—Cot. Hir.—Lam. [3] Gyfflet.—Cot. Gurflete.—Lam.

they rode fforth on their way, and they ride on
but lightly on their Iourney,
on bay horsses and browne ;
till itt beffell vpon a day till they see Sinadowne.
they saw a Citye ffaire and gay,
men call itt Sinadowne,[1]
with a Castle hye & wyde,
and pauillyons of much pride
that were of ffaire ffashyon.
then said Sir Lybius Lybius asks why they are
"I haue[2] great wonder of an vse
that he saw[3] in the towne ; "

they gathered dirt & mire ffull ffast : drawing into the city the dirt that was before cast out of it :
which beffore was out cast,[4]
they gathered in I-wis.
Sir Lybius said in hast,
" tell me now, mayd chast,
what betokeneth this ? What does it mean ?
they take in all their hore[5]
that was cast out beffore !
methinke they doe amisse."
then sayd Mayd Ellen, Hellen answers
" Sir Lybius, without Leasing
I will tell thee why itt is.

" there is no *King* soe well arrayed, that no one can lodge there
tho he had before payd,
that there shold take ostell,[6]
ffor a dread of a steward
that men call Sir Lamberd ; for fear of Sir Lamberd.
he is the constable of the Castle.

[1] synadowne.—Cot. Lam. *La Cité Gaste* is the French name of Sinadowne; but this preliminary castle is called *Galigans*.—F.

[2] He had (or).

[3] I see.—P. The Cotton MS. reads:

But lybeaus desconus
He hadde wondere of an vus
þat he saw do yn toune.

[4] For gore, and fen, and full wast,
That there was out y-kast.—Cot.

[5] Sax. *horh*, fimus, scruta, phlegma. limus, Bens. Voc.—P.

[6] Fr. *hostel*, hospitium, Domus.—P.

If Lybius asks for lodging,

but ride into the Castle gate,
& aske thine inne theratt
both ffaire and well;
& or he bidd thee nede,
Iusting he will thee bedd,
by god & by S^{t} Michaell!

Lamberd will joust with him;

and if Lamberd wins,

" & if he beare thee downe,
his trumpetts[1] shalbe bowne,
their beaugles[2] ffor to blow;
then ouer all this towne,
both mayd & garsowne[3]
but dirt on thee shall throwe;

all the people in the town will throw dirt on Lybius;

and unless he fights,

& but thou thither wend,
vnto thy liues end
cowarde thou shalt be know;
& soe may King Arthur
losse all his great honor
for thy deeds slowe!"

he'll be called a coward.

Lybius says he'll fight Lamberd

Sir Lybius sayd, "*that* were despite!
thither I will goe ffull tyte,
if I be man on liue;
ffor to doe Arthurs delight,
& to make *that* Lady quite,
to him I will driue.

and free the lady.

Sir Geffelett, make thee ready,
& lett vs now goe hastilye,
anon *that* wee were bowne."

He and his squire ride to the Castle,

they rode ffforth on their gate
till they came[4] to the Castle gate
That was of great renowne,

[page 339]

[1] Trumpetters.—P.
[2] bugles, hunting horns; from bugle, a wild bull, Lye.—P.
[3] Fr. Garçon, Boy.—P.
[4] *cane* in the MS.—F.

& there they asked Ostell
in *that* ffaire Castell — and ask for lodging.
ffor a venturous knight.
the porter ffaire & well
lett them in ffull snell, — The porter
& asked anon-right,
"who is *your* gouernor?" — asks who their Governor is.
they sayd, "King Arthur, — "King Arthur,
a man of much might.
to be a king he is worthye,
he is the fflower of Chiualrye,
his ffone to ffell in ffight." — the flower of chivalry!"

the porter went without ffable — The porter
to his lord the Constable,
& this tale him told: — tells Lamberd
"Sir, without any ffable,
of Arthurs round table — that two of Arthur's knights have come.
be comen 2 knights bold.
the one is armed ffull sure
with rich & royall armoure,
with 3 Lyons of gold."
the Lord was gladd & blythe, — Lamberd
& said to them ffull swythe, — says they
Iust with them hee wold:

"bidd them make them yare[1] — are to get ready to fight.
into the ffeeld ffor to ffare
without the Castle gate."
the porter wold not stent,[2] — The porter
but euen anon went
to them lightlye att the yate,
& sayd anon-rightes, — tells them
"yee aduenturous knights,

[1] ready, Sax. *Gearwe*.—P. *se gearwa*, Bosworth.—F. [2] stint, stop.—P.

ffor nothing *that* yee Lett;
Looke yo*u*r sheelds be good & strong,
& yo*u*r speres good and long,
sheild, plate, & Basnett,

to ride into the field, and his lord will fight them.

" & ryde you into the ffeild;
my Lord w*i*th speare and sheild
anon w*i*th you will play."
S*i*r Lybius spake words bold,
& said, "this tale is well told,
& pleasant to my pay.[1]"

They ride in, and wait for

into the feld thé rode,
& boldlye there abode
in their best array.[2]

Lamberd,

S[ir] Lamberd armed ffull weele
both in Iron and in steele
that was both stout & gay;

whose shield is black,

his sheeld was sure & ffine,
3 bores heads was therin
as blacke as brond brent,[3]
the bordure was of rich armin,—
there was none soe quent[4] a ginn[5]
ffrom Carlile into Kent,—
& of the same paynture

his armour too.

was his paytrell & his armoure.
in lande where euer he went,

Two squires attend him,

2 squiers w*i*th him did ryde,
& bare 3 speares by his side
to deale w*i*th doughtye dint.

then *that* stout stewared
that hight S*i*r Lamberd

[1] liking.—P.
[2] As best bro3t to bay.—C.
As bestis brought to baye.—Lam.
[3] i.e. burnt brand.—P.
[4] quent, queint.—P.
[5] ginne, trick, contrivance.—P.

armed him ffull well & bright,
& rode into the ffeild ward— and he rides into the field as fierce as a leopard.
ffeircely as any Libbard—
there abode him *that* knight.
him tooke a speare of great shape; [1]
he thought he came to Late.
when he him saw *with* sight,
soone he [2] rode to him *that* stond Lybius charges him,
with a speare *that* was round,
as a man of much might.

Either smote on others sheeld
that the peeces ffell in the ffeild and both shatter their spears.
of theire speares long.
euery man to other tolde
"*that* younge K*night* is ffull bold."
to him *with* a speare he fflounge;
S*ir* Lamberd did stifflye ssitt;
he was wrath out of his witt
ffor Ire and ffor teene,[3] [page 340]
& sayd, "bring me a speare!
ffor this Knight is not to Lere,
soone itt shalbe seene." [4]

then they tooke shaftes round, They charge again with fresh spears.
with crownalls sharpe ground,
& ffast to-gether did run;
either proued other in *that* stond
to give either theire deaths wound,
with harts as ffeirce as any Lyon.
Lamberd smote S*ir* Lybius thoe Lamberd knocks Lybius's
that his sheeld ffell him ffroe

[1] He smote hys schaft yn grate.—C.
He sette his shelde in grate.—Lam.
[2] Lybeauus.—C. Lybeous.—Lam.
[3] anger, madness, vexation.—P.
[4] He cryde, "Do come a strangere schaft!
3yf artours kny3t kan craft,
Now hyt schalle be sene.— Cot.

into the ffeild a-downe;
Sir Lamberd him soe hitt
that vnnethes[1] hee might sett
vpright in his arsowme,[2]

his shaft brake with great power.
Sir Lybius hitt him on the visor
that of went his helme bright;
the pesanye,[3] ventayle,[4] & gorgere,[5]
with the helme flew forth in fere,
& Sir Lamberd vpright
sate rocking[6] in his sadle
as a chyld in a cradle
without maine & might.
euery man tooke other by the lappe,
& laughed and gan their hands clappe,
barron, Burgesse, and Knight.

Sir Lamberd, he thought to sitt bett;
another helme he made to ffett,[7]
& a shaft ffull meete.
& when they together mett,
either other on their helmês sett
strokes grim & great.
then Sir Lamberds speare brast,
& Sir Lybius sate soe ffast

shield on the ground,

and nearly unhorses him.

Lybius cuts off Lamberd's helm,

and makes him rock in his saddle like a child in a cradle.

Lamberd gets another helm,

and they charge again.

Lybius

[1] scarcely.—P.
[2] saddle.—P. arsoun.—C.
[3] pysane.—C. pesanie.—Lam. In *The Anturs of Arther*, st. xlv. ed. Robson, p. 21, is:

He girdus to Syr Gauane
Throȝhe ventaylle and *pusane*;

on which Dr. Robson observes, p. 99, "This was either the Gorget or a substitute for it. In the Acts of Parliament of Scotland (anno 1429) vol. ii. p. 8, it is ordered that every one worth 20*l.* a year, or 100*l.* in moveable goods, 'be wele horsit and haill enarmyt as a gentill man aucht to be. And uther sympillare of X lib. of rent, or L lib. in gudes haif hat, gorgeat or *pesaune*, with rerebrasares, vambrasares, and gluffes of plate, breast plate, and leg splentes at the lest, or better gif him likes.'"—F.
[4] auentayle.—C. ventail, The Part of the Helmet which lifts up. Johns.—P.
[5] Gorgere, id. ac Gorget. The Piece of Armour which defends the throat. Johns.—P.
[6] One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.
[7] fett, fetch.—P.

in the saddle there hee [1] sett,
1744 that they Constable Sir Lamberd
ffell of his horsse backward,
soe sore they there mett.

unhorses Lamberd,

Sir Lamberd was ashamed sore.
1748 Sir Lybius asked if he wold more.[2]
he answered and said "nay!
ffor sithe *that* euer I was bore,
saw I neuer here beffore
1752 none ryde soe to my pay!
by the faith *that* I am in,
thou art come of Sir Gawayines kin,
thou[3] art soe stout and gay.
1756 if thou wilt ffight ffor my Ladye,
welcome thou art to mee,
by my troth I say!"

and asks him if he wants any more. "No," says Lamberd,

"you must be of Gawaine's blood;

will you fight for my lady?"

Sir Lybius sayd, "sikerlye
1760 I will ffight for my Ladye;[4]
I promised soe to King Arthur;
but I ne wott how ne why
who does her *that* villanye,
1764 ne what is her dolor;
but this maid *that* is her mesenger,
certes has brought me here
her ffor to succour."

"Certainly I will.

Hellen has brought me here to help her."

1768 Sir Lamberd said in *that* stond
"welcome, Sir Knight of the table round,
into my strong tower!"

Lamberd welcomes him to his tower.

then mayd Ellen anon-rightes
1772 was ffeitched fforth with 5 Knights

[1] One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.

[2] The French omits this question; makes *Lampars* go to Lybius and say:

"Sire," fait-il, "ça, descendés;
Par droit avés l'ostel conquis;
Vos l'auerés a vo devis,"

then embrace Hellen or *Hélie*, and ask her what she did (at Arthur's court).—F.

[3] A letter is crossed out at the end of this word in the MS.—F.

[4] ffeyȝte y schalle for a lady.—C. ffyght y shall for thy ladye.—Lam.

beffore Sir Lamberd.

Hellen and the Dwarf are fetched in,

shee & the dwarffe by-deene
told of 6 battells [1] keene
1776 *that* he had done thitherward:

and relate Lybius's adventures.

thé sayd *that* Sir Lybius then
had ffought with strong men,
& beene in stowers hardye.
1780 then they were glad & blythe,
& thanked god alsoe sithe [2]
that he were soe mightye.

they welcomed him with mild cheere,
1784 & sett them to supper
with much mirth and game.

Lybius and Lamberd talk of old heroes.

Sir Lybius & Sir Lamberd in ffere
of ancyents *that* beffore were
1788 talked both in[3]-same.

Lybius asks what knight has imprisoned the Lady of Sinadowne.

Sir Lybius sayd, "with-out ffable,[4] [page 341]
tell me now, Sir Constable,
what is the *Knight*s name
1792 *that* hath put in prison
my Ladye of Sinadon
that is soe gentle a dame?"

"No knight;

Sir Lamberd said, "soe mote I gone,
1796 *Knight*s there beene none
that dare her away Lead;

but two clerks,

2 Clarkes beene her ffone,
ffull ffalse in body & in bone,
1800 *that* hath done this deed.

sorcerers, named

they be men of Masterye
their artes ffor to reade of Sorcerye;

[1] Tolde seven dedes.—Cot.
[2] fele syde.—C. fele sythe.—Lam. 'Swithe' is quickly.—F.
[3] *im* in the MS.—F.
[4] There is none of this in the French.—F.

Mabam [1] thé hight one in deede, Mabam
& Iron hight the other verelye,[2] and Iron,
cla[r]ckes [3] of Nigromancye, necro-
of them wee haue great dread. mancers,

"this Mabam & Irowne
haue made in the towne have made a
a palace of quent gin [4]; curious
there is no Erle ne barron palace that
that has hart as Lyon no one dare
that dare come therin; enter,
itt is all of the ffaierye as it's
wrought by Nigromancye, wrought by
that wonder it is to winne.
there they keepe in prison necromancy;
my Ladye of Sinadowne, and there
that is of *Knight*s kinn.[5] they keep the
Lady of
Sinadowne,

"oftentimes wee her crye;
ffor to see [6] her *with* eye,
therto we haue no might.
this Mabam & Iron trulye
had sworene to death trulye and will put
her death ffor to dight, her to death,
but if shee grant vntill unless she
ffor to do Mabams will,
& giue him all her right gives up her
of all *that* Dukedome ffayre, dukedom to
therof is my ladye heyre Mabam.
that is soe much of might.

"shee is soe meeke & soe ffaire;
therfore wee be in dispayre

[1] Syr Maboune.—C.
[2] syr Irayn hys bro*ber*.—C. Irayne.—Lam.
[3] Clarkes.—P.
[4] Curious contrivance.—P.
[5] The *n* is made over an *e*, or *vice versâ*, in the MS.—F.
[6] A *w* follows and is crossed out.—F.

ffor the dolour *that* shees in."
then sayd Sir Lybius,
Lybius says that by Jesus's help — "through the helpe of Iesus
1836 that Ladye I will winne;
& Mabam & Iron,
smite of there anon
he'll cut off the heads of Mabam and Iron, — theire heads in *that* stoure,
1840 & wine that Lady bright,
& bring her to her right
and restore the lady to her rights. — *with* ioy & much honor."[1]

then there was no more tales to tell
Then they sup; — 1844 in *that* strong Castle.
to supp & make good cheere,[2]
and many come to the Barrons & Burgesse all
came to *that* seemlye hall
hear about Lybius, — 1848 ffor to listen & heare
how Sir Lybius had wrought;
& if the K*nigh*t were ought,
and listen to him. — his talking for to harke.[3]
1852 they ffound them sitting in ffere
talking, att their supper,
of K*nigh*ts stout and starke.

[1] C. omits the next twelve lines, (and alters many before).—F.

[2] Tho was no more tale
I the Castell grete and smale,
But stouped and made hym blythe.
—Lam.

[3] His crafte for to kythe.—Lam.

[The Eighth Part.]

[Of Lybius's Adventures in Sinadowne, and how he conquers the Lady's Enchanters.]

& after they went to rest, — All go to bed.
& tooke their likeing[1] as them list[2]
in *that* Castell all night.

8ª parte

On the morrow anon-right — Next morning
Sir Lybius was armed bright;
ffresh he was to ffight.
Sir Lamberd led him algate[3] — Lamberd takes Lybius to the castle gates,
right vnto the Castle gate;
open they were ffull right;
no man durst him neere bringe — but no man dares go in with him.
fforsooth, with-out Leasing,
Barron, Burgess, ne *Knight*,

But turned home againe.
Sir Gefflet his owne swaine[4] — His squire wants to,
wold with him ryde,
but Sir Lybius ffor certaine — but Lybius forbids him.
Sayd he shold backe againe,[1] [page 342]
and att home abyde.
Sir Gefflett againe gan ryde[5]
with Sir Lamberd ffor to abyde;
& to Iesu christ they[6] cryed, — All pray for the sorcerers' deaths.
ffor to send them tydings gladd
of them *that* long had
destroyed their welthes wyde.

[1] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[2] þo toke þeye hare reste,
In lykynge as hem leste.—C.
Tho toke they ease and Reste,
And lykynges of the beste.—Lam.
[3] at all events, by all means.—P.
The French makes *Lanpars* describe to Lybius what he will see, and what he is to do, in *la Cité Gaste*, (p. 98–100).—F.
[4] youth, servant. Jun.—P.
[5] The Cotton text makes Gefflett stop at the castle, l. 1754.—F.
[6] sc. the People.—P.

Lybius rides into the palace,

Sir Lybius, Knight curteous,
rode into *that* proud palace,[1]
& att the hall he light.
trumpetts, hornes, & shaumes[2] ywis
he ffound beffore the hye dese,[3]
he heard, & saw with sight.

sees horns, hears music, and sees a bright fire.

a ffayre ffyer there was stout & stowre
in the midds of the flore,
brening ffaire and bright.[4]

Lybius rides farther in,

then ffurther in hee yeed,
& tooke with him his steede
that helped him to ffight.

ffurthermore he began to passe,

and can see

& beheld then euerye place
all about the hall;

nothing

of nothing, more ne lesse,
he saw no body *that* there was,

but minstrels

but minstrells cladde in pall,
with harpe, ffidle & note,[5]

with their harps, &c., all playing,

& alsoe with Organ note,—
great mirth they made all,—
& alsoe fiddle and sautrye[6];
soe much of minstrelsye
ne say[7] he neuer in hall.

and a torch before every man.

before euery man stood
a torch ffayre and good,
brening ffull bright.

Lybius

Sir Lybius Euermore yode[8]
ffor to witt[9] with Egar mood

can't find any one to fight,

who shold with him ffight.

[1] The French text describes the palace, p. 101.—F.
[2] shaumes, a Psaltery; a Musical Instrument like a Harp. Chau. Gl.—P.
[3] Dese, Deis. The high table.—P.
[4] Was ly3t & brende bry3t.—C. That tente and brende bright.—Lam.
[5] rote.—C. lute and roote.—Lam.
[6] a Psaltery, vid. Supra.—P.
[7] saw.—P.
[8] went.—P.
[9] know.—P.

hee went into all the corners, — but only sees jasper pillars,
& beheld the pillars
that seemelye [1] were to sight;
of Iasp*er* ffine & Cristall,
all was fflourished in the hall;
itt was ffull ffaire & bright.

the dores were all of brasse, — brass doors, &c.,
& the windowes of ffaire glasse,
that ymagyrye itt was driue.
the hall well painted was; — in the decorated hall.
noe ffairer in noe place;
maruelous ffor to descriue.
hee sett him on the hye dese: — He sits on the dais,
then the minstrells were in peace — and at once the music stops,
that made the mirth soe gay,
the torches *that* were soe bright — the torches go out,
were quenched anon-right,
& the minstrells were all away; — the minstrels vanish,

the dores & the windowes all,
thé bett [2] together in the hall — the doors and windows clash together,
as it were strokes of thunder;
the stones in the Castle wall
about him downe gan ffall;— — all the stones of the wall fall down,
thereof he had great wonder;—
the earth began to quake, — the earth quakes,
& the dese ffor to shake
that was him there vnnder [3];
the hall began for to breake, — the hall and walls begin to crack.
& soe did the wall eke,
as they shold ffall assunder.

as he sate thus dismayd,
he held himselfe betrayd.

[1] In line 1910 in the MS.—F. [2] They beat,—P. [3] there under.—P.

Then he hears horses neigh. He says there's some one to fight, and sees

then horses heard hee nay:
to himselfe then he sayd,
"now I am the better apayd,
for yett I hope to play."
hee looked fforth into the ffeild,
saw there with speare and sheild [1]

two men of arms

men of armes tway,[2]

well arrayed.

in purple & pale armoure
well harnished in *that* stoure,
with great garlands gay.

One rides into the hall, and tells Lybius he must fight them.

The one came ryding into the hall, [page 343]
& to him thus gan call,
"Sir *Knight* aduenturous!
such a case there is befall;
tho thou bee proude in pall,
ffight thou must with vs.
I hold thee quent of ginne [3]
if thou my Ladye winne [4]
that is in prison."

Lybius is quite willing,

Sir Lybius sayd anon-right,
"all ffresh I am ffor to ffight,
with the helpe of goddes sonne."

mounts,

Sir Lybyus with good hart
ffast into the saddle he start;
in his hand a speare he hent,
& ffeircly he rode him till,
his enemyes ffor to spill;
ffor *that* was his entent.

[1] There is a stroke between the *e* and *i* in the MS.—F.

[2] The French postpones the darkness, &c., and makes Lybius first see and fight a single knight (p. 103, *Eurains li fiers*, p. 119), and put him to flight; then fight another (*Mabons*, p. 119), on a horse with a horn in his forehead, and fire shooting out of his nostrils, (p. 105–8). Then comes the darkness, and a horrible noise; Lybius thinks of *La Damoiselle aux blances mains*, and commends himself to God; the *Wivre* (Lat. *vipera*) appears, comes near him, and kisses him; he is stupefied; a voice tells him who he is; he dreams; and on waking sees the lovely *Esmeree*, who tells him her story. —F.

[3] clever of contrivance.—P.

[4] wime MS.—F.

but when they had together mett, and charges.
either on others helme sett
with speares doughtye dent.
Mabam his speare all to-brast; Mabam shivers his spear,
then was Mabam euill agast,
& held him shameffully shent.

& with *that* stroke ffelowne [1]
Sir Lybius bare him downe
ouer his horsse tayle; and is cut over his horse's tail by Lybius,
ffor Mabams saddle arsowne
brake there-with, & fell downe
into the ffeild without ffayle.
well nye he had him slone; and nearly killed,
but then came ryding Iron but that Iron attacks Lybius,
In a good hawberke of mayle;
all ffresh he was to ffight,
& thought he wold anon-right
Sir Lybius assayle.

Sir Lybius was of him ware, who rides at him,
& speare vnto him bare,
& left his brother still.
such a stroke he gaue hime thore
that his hawberke all to-tore;
that liked him ffull ill. and rends his hauberk.
their speares brake in 2;
swords gan they draw tho They draw their swords,
with hart grim and grill,[2]
& stifflye gan to other ffight;
either on Other proued their might,
eche other ffor to spill.

then together gan they hew. and hew at one another.
Mabam, the more shrew,[3]

[1] felon stroke, i.e. a murderous stroke. —P.
[2] idem ac grisly. Gl. ad Ch.—P.
[3] shrew, *apud Chaucer est*, a *Villaine*; here it seems to signify shrewd, cunning, artful.—P.

Mabam gets up,

vp he rose againe;
he heard & alsoe knew
Iron gaue strokes ffew;
therof he was not ffaine;

and attacks Lybius too,

but to him he went ffull right
ffor to helpe Iron to ffight,
& auenge him on his enemye.
tho he were neuer soe wroth,

but he defends himself like a man.

Sir Lybius fought against them both
and kept himselfe manlye.

when Mabam saw Iron,[1]

Mabam (t.i. Iron)

he ffought as a Lyon
the knight to slay with wreake.

chops off Lybius's steed's neck.

beffore his ffardar arsowne
soone he carued then downe
Sir Lybius steeds necke.

Lybius cuts Iron's thigh in two,

Sir Lybius was a worthy warryour,
& smote a 2 his thye [2] in *that* stoure,
skine,[3] bone, and blood.
then helped him not his clergye,
neither his ffalse Sorcerye,[4]
but downe he ffell with sorry moode.

dismounts,

Sir Lybius of his horsse alight,

and fights Mabam.

with Mabam ffor to ffight.
in the ffeild both in ffere
strong stroakes they gaue with might,

The sparks fly.

that sprakeles [5] sprang out ffull bright
ffrom helme and harnesse cleere.
as either ffast on other bett,[6]
both their swords mett,

[1] Yrayn saw Mabonn.—Cot. Lam.
[2] There is the long part of another *h* in the MS.—F.
[3] ? skime in the MS.—F.
[4] þo halp hym noȝt hys armys,
Hys chauntement, ne hys charmys.
—Cot.
Ne halpe hym not his Armour,
His chauntements, ne his chambur.
—Lam.
[5] ? MS. spaakeles.—F.
[6] did beat.—P.

As yee may now heare. [page 344]

Mabam, *that* was the more shrew, — Mabam cuts Lybius's sword in two.
the sword of Sir Lybius he did hew
in 2 quite and cleare.

then Sir Lybius was ashamed, — Lybius
& in his hart euis [1] agramed [2] — gets angry,
ffor he had Lost his sword,
& his steed was lamed,
& he shold be defamed
to *King* Arthur his lord.
to Iron lithelye [3] he ran, — catches up Iron's sword,
& hent vp his sword then
that sharpe edge [4] had & hard,
& ran to Mabam right — runs to Mabam
& ffast on him gan ffight,
& like a madman he ffared.

but euer then ffought Mabam,
as he had beene a wyld man,
Sir Lybius ffor to sloe.
but Sir Lybius carued downe — and cuts off his shield
his sheild with *that* ffawchowne
that he tooke Iron ffroe:
true tale ffor to be told,[5]
the left hand with the sheild — and left hand.
away he smote thoe.
then sayd Mabam him till — Mabam
" Sir! thy stroakes beene ill!
gentle *Knight*, now hoe,[6]

" & I will yeeld me to thee — offers to surrender himself,
in loue and in Loyaltye

[1] for euir, or evil.—F. sore.—Lam. Cot. omits it.—F.
[2] *agramed*, displeased, grieved. Gl. ad Chauc. rather (*agramed*) angered. A.-S. *Gram.* Furor. Lye.—P.
[3] lithely, gently, (nimbly).—P.
[4] The *d* has two bottoms in the MS., or the word is *eidge*.—F.
[5] teld, rhythmi gratiâ.—P.
[6] i.e. now stop.—P.

att thine owne will,
and to give up the Lady of Sina-downe, & alsoe *that* Lady ffree
that is in my posstee,[1]
take her I will thee till;
ffror through *that* sh[r]ueed dint
my hand I haue tint[2];
for Iron's sword was poisoned, and will kill him. the veinim will me spill;
ffor sooth without othe
I venomed them both,
our enemyes ffor to kill."

Lybius refuses, Sir Lybius sayd, "by my thrifft
I will not haue of thy gift
ffor all this world to w[i]nn!
calls on him to fight again, therfore lay on stroakes swythe!
the one shall cut the other blythe
the head of by the Chin[3]!"
then Sir Lybius and Mabam
ffought together ffast then,
and then & lett ffor nothing againe;
that Sir Lybius *that* good *Knight*
splits his head in two. carued his helme downe right,
& his head in twayne.[4]

[1] posté, apud Chauc. est Power. Vid. Gl.—P.
[2] lost.—P.
[3] One stroke too many in the MS.—F.
[4] The French adds (p. 108):
Del cors li saut i fumiere,
Qui molt estoit hideuse et fiere,
Qui li issoit parmi la boce, &c.—F.

[The Ninth Part.]

[How Lybius disenchants and weds the Lady of Sinadowne.]

Now is Mabam slaine;
& to Irom he went againe,
with sword drawne to ffight; — Lybius goes to kill Iron,
ffor to haue Clouen his braine,
I tell you ffor certaine
he went to him ffull right;
but when he came there,[1] — but he has vanished,
away he was bore,
into what place he nist.[2]
he sought him ffor the nones[3] — and can't be found.
wyde in many woones[4];
to ffight more him List.

as he stood, & him bethought[5] — Lybius
that itt wold be deere bought
that he was ffrom him fare,
ffor he wold with sorcerye — thinks he may give him trouble.
doe much tormenrtye,
& *that* was much care.
he tooke his sword hastilye,
& rode vpon a hill hye, — Lybius

[1] thore.—P.

[2] MS. list. ? nist, knew not.—F. nyste.—Cot. nuste.—Lam.

[3] the *nones*, or *nonce*, on purpose; de industria. Jun. purposely.—P.

[4] *wone*, a house, habitation.—P.

[5] Neither the French, nor Cot., nor Lam., has the seeing and slaying of the knight which follows here. Cot. reads:

And whanne he ne fond hym noȝt,
He held hymself be-cauȝt,
And gan to syke sare,
And seyde yn word and þouȝt,
"þys wyll be sore a-bouȝt
þat he ys thus fram me y-fare."
¶ On kne hym sette þat gentylle knyȝt,
And prayde to marie bryȝt,
Keuere hym of hys care.

For the last three lines, Lam. substitutes:

"He will with sorcerye
Do me tormentrye
That is my moste care."
Sore he sat and sighte;
He muste whate do her myght;
He was of blysse all bare.

(l. 2122–7 here).—F.

& looked round about.

sees a knight in a valley,

then he was ware of [a] valley;
thitherward he tooke the way
as a sterne *Knight* and stout.

as he rode by a riuer side
he was ware of him *that* tyde
vpon the riuer brimm:

rides to him, and cuts his head off,

He rode to him ffull hott, [page 345]
& of his head he smote,
ffast by the Chinn;
& when he had him slaine,

then comes back,

ffast hee tooke the way againe
for to haue *that* lady gent.
as soone as he did thither come,
of his horsse he light downe,

and goes to the hall

and into the hall hee went

to look for the Lady of Sinadowne.

& sought *that* ladye ffaire and hend,
but he cold her not find;
therfor he sighed ffull sore.[1]

He mourns, because he can't find her.

still he sate mourni[n]g
ffor *that* Ladye ffaire & young;
for her was all his care;
he ne wist what he doe might;
but still he sate, & sore he sight,
of Ioy hee was ffull bare.

A window opens,

but as he sate in *that* hall,
he heard a window in the wall,
ffaire itt gan vnheld;—
great [wonder [2]] there with-all
in his hart gan ffall;—
as he sate & beheld,

[1] sair. Scotice.—P. [2] fear or dread.—P. wonder.—Cot. wondyr.—Lam.

a worme[1] out gan pace — and out creeps a worm (or serpent)
with a womans fface
that was younge & nothing old. — with a young woman's face,
the wormes tayle[2] & her winges
shone ffayre in all thinges, — shining wings,
& gay ffor to beholde.

grislye great was her taile, — big claws and tail,
the clawes large without ffayle;
Lothelye[3] was her bodye. — and a loathly body.
Sir Lybius swett for heate,
there sate in his seate
as all had beene a ffire him by.[4]
then was Sir Lybius euill agast,
& thought his body wold brast.
then shee neighed him nere; — It comes to Lybius,
& or Sir Lybius itt wist,
the worme with mouth him Kist, — kisses him on the mouth,
& colled about his lyre.[5]

& after *that* kissing, — its tail and wings fall off,
the wormes tayle & her wing

[1] Fr. *vivre*. Phillips gives "*Wyver*, the Name of a Creature little known otherwise than as it is painted in Coats of Arms and described by Heralds: 'Tis represented by Gwillim as a kind of flying Serpent, and so may be deriv'd from *Vipera*, as it were a winged Viper or Serpent; but others will have it to be a sort of Ferret call'd *Viverra* in Latin." De Biauju's description of it may be compared with the English:

A tant vit i aumaire ouvrir
Et une Wivre fors issir,
Qui jetoit une tel clarté
Com i cierge bien enbrasé.
Tot le palais enluminoit,
Une si grant clarté jetoit.
Hom ne vit onques sa parelle,
Que la bouce ot tot vermelle;
Parmi jetoit le feu ardent;
Moult par estoit hideus et grant;
Parmi le pis plus grosse estoit
Que i vaissaus d'un mui ne soit;
Les iols avoit gros et luisans,
Comme ii escarbocles grans;
Contreval l'aumaire descent,
Et vint parmi le pavement.
Quatre toises de lonc duroit,
En la queue iii neus avoit.
C'onques nus hom ne vit greignor,
Ains Dius ne fist cele color,
Qu'en li ne soit entremellée,
Dessous sambloit estre dorée.
(pp. 110–11).—F.

[2] Hyre body.—Cot. Lam.

[3] i.e. loathsome.—P.

[4] Maad as he were.—C.
As alle had ben in fyre.—Lam.

[5] apud Scot. flesh. Apud Chauc. *lere* is the Complexion or Air of *the* face.—P. Swyre.—Cot. Lam. *Coll* is to embrace; Fr. *collée*, an imbracing about the necke. Cotgrave.

ffell away her ffroe;
she was ffaire in all thing,
and a lovely woman — a woman without Leasing;
fairer he saw neuer or thoe.[1]
stands naked before him. — shee stood vpp al soe[2] naked
as christ had her shaped.
then was Sir Lybius woe.
She tells him — shee sayd, "god *that* on the rood gan bleed,
Sir Knight, quitt thee thy meede,
ffor thou my ffone wold sloe.[3]

he has slain two sorcerers, — "thou hast slaine now ffull right
2 clarkes wicked of might
that wrought by the ffeende.
East, west, north and south,
they were masters of their mouth;[4]
many a man they haue shend.
who turned her into a serpent — through their inchantment,
to a worme thé had me meant,[5]
ne woe to wrapp me in
till she should kiss Gawaine or one of his kin. — till I had k[i]ssed Sir Gawaine
that is a noble Knight certaine,
or some man of his kinn.

[1] De Biauju sends her back into her cupboard after the kiss, stupefies Lybius, and reveals his name and parentage to him,—*Giglains*, son of *Gauvains* (Gawaine), and *la fée as Blances Mains*, then sends him to sleep, and on his waking shows him the lady at her toilet (p. 115), fairer than any one else in the world, except she of the *Blances Mains* (who excels Paris's Elaine, Isex la blonde, Bliblis, Lavine de Lombardie, and Morge la fée, (p. 152). This all takes place in *L'Ille de la Montbestée* (p. 116); and the lady declares herself as the daughter of *le bon roi Gringars*. She narrates how *Mabons* and *Eurains* enchanted the 5000 inhabitants and made them destroy the city, and then turned her into a worm. Of the town she says:

. . ceste ville par droit non
Est appelée Senaudon;
Por ce que Mabons l'a gastée,
Est Gastecités apelée. (p. 120.)

But as the story has been sketched in the Introduction, I only note here that the lady's name, Blonde Esmerée, is not given till p. 130, when she is starting for Arthur's court.—F.

[2] MS. alsoe.—F.

[3] God yelde þe dy whyle,
þat my fon þou woldest slo.—Cot.
God yelde the thi wille,
My foon thou woldest sloo.—Lam.

[4] Be wordes of hare mouthe.—Cot.
With maystres of her mouthe.—Lam.

[5] this word signifies mingled, mixed, apd G. Doug. Chauc. &c.—P.
To warme me hadde þey y-went
In wo to welde and wend.—Cot.
To a worme they had me went,
In wo to leven and lende.—Lam.

ffor [1] thou hast saued my liffe,
Castles 50 and [2] ffiue
take to thee I will,
& my selfe to be thy wiffe
right without striffe,
if itt be your will." [3]

She promises Lybius fifty-five castles

and herself as his wife.

then was he glad & blythe,
& thanked god often sythe [4]
That him *that* grace had sent, [page 346]
& sayd, " my Lord [5] faire & ffree,
all my loue I leaue with thee,
by god omnipotent!
I will goe, my Ladye bright,
to the castle gate ffull right,
thither ffor to wend
ffor to feitch your geere
that yee were wont to weare,
& them I will you send.

Lybius is blithe,

and proposes to fetch the lady's clothes from the castle,

" alsoe, if itt be your will,
I pray you to abyde still
till I come [6] againe."
" Sir," shee said, " I you pray
wend ffforth on your way,[7]
therof I am ffaine."

if she will stay till he comes back.

Sir Lybius to the castle rode,
there the people him abode;

Lybius rides to the castle

[1] because.—P. [2] MS. amd.—F.
[3] ȝyf hyt ys artours wylle.—Cot.
And hit be Arthures will.—Lam.
[4] Time—also, since, afterwards. Gl. Chauc.—P. Cot. has for this and the next sixteen lines:
And lepte to horse swyþe,
And lefte þat lady stylle.
But euer he dradde yrayn,
For he was noȝt y-slayn,
With speche he wolde hym spylle.
Lam. has nearly the same words, but omits the last line but one.—F.
[5] Ladye.—P.
[6] cone in MS.—F.
[7] " I you pray " the writer of the MS. was going to repeat, and got as far as *p*: then he stopt, put in *on* after *I*, added *r* to *yo*", and *way* to the *p*, so that the words are " I on your pway." —F.

to Iesu chr[i]st gan they crye
ffor to send them tydings glad
of them *that* Long had
done them tormentrye.
Sir Lybius is to the Castle come,
& to *Sir* Lamberd he told anon,
and alsoe the Barronye,[1]
how *Sir* Mabam was slaine
& *Sir* Iron, both twayine,
by the helpe of mild Marye.

when *that* K*night* soe keene
had told how itt had beene
to them all by-deene,
a rich robe good & ffine,
well ffurred w*i*th good Ermine,
he sent *that* Ladye sheene;

Kerchers and garlands rich
he sent to her priuiliche,[2]
that mayd ho wold home bring.[3]
& when shee was readye dight,
thither they went anon-right,
both old and young,

& all the ffolke of Sinadowne
w*i*th a ffaire p*ro*cession
the Ladye home they ffett.
& when they were come to towne,
of p*re*cyous gold a rich crowne
there on her head thé sett.

they were glad and blythe,
& thanked god often sithe

and tells the people that Mabam and Iron are slain.

He sends a rich robe

and garlands to the lady,

and all the people of Sinadowne go and fetch her home.

They crown her,

and thank God.

[1] i. e. The Barrons collectively.—P.
[2] i. e. privily.—P.
[3] A-non w*i*th-out dwellynge.—Cot.
A byrd hit ganne hir bringe.—Lam.

that ffrom woe them had brought.
all the Lor*d*s of dignitye
did him homage and ffealtye,
as of right they ought.

they dwelled 7 dayes in the tower
there S*i*r Lamberd was gouernor,
*w*ith mirth, Ioy, and game;
& then they rode *w*ith honor
vnto King Arthur,
the Knights all in-same.

Lybius and the lady stay seven days there, and then ride off to Arthur.

ffins.[1]

[1] It is so very wrong of the copier or translator to have broken off the story without giving the wedding between Lybius and his love, that I add it here from the three unprinted MSS. as well as the Cotton one. The Lincoln's Inn and Ashmole MSS. have more stanzas than the Cotton and Lambeth ones.

Lincoln's Inn MS. Hale, No. 150, *art. i., last leaf.*

þay þonkyd god almy3t,
Boþe Arthour and his kny3t,
þat heo [ne] hadde* schame.
Arthour 3af as blyue
Libeus þat may to wyue
þat was so gent a dame.

þeo murthe of þeo brydale,
Nomon con wiþ tale
Telle hit in no geste.
In þat semly sale
Weore lordes monye and fale,
And ladyes wel honeste.
þer was ryche seruyse
Boþe to fool and wyse,
To leste and to meste.
þer wan þay yche 3ifthes, [back of leaf]
vche mynstral a ry3htis,
And so*mm*e þat weore vnprest.

Sir Gawayn, kny3t of renoun,
saide to þeo lady of synaydoun,
"Madame, treouely,
he þat weddid þe wiþ pruyde,
y gat him by a forest syde
On a gentil lady."

Ashmole MS. 61, *leaf* 58*b*.

They thankyd god of his my3ht*es*,
Kynge Arthou*r* And hys kny3ht*es*,
That sche had no schame.
Arthou*r* 3ane be-lyue [leaf 59]
Syr*e* lybeus þat mey to wyue,
That was so jentyll A dame.

The my[r]the of þat brydall
May no man tell *w*it*h* tale
Ne sey in no geste:
Yn þat sembly sale
Where brydes grete *and* smale,
And lad*es* full honeste;
There was many A mane,
And ser*u*ys gode wone
Both to most *and* leste.
Fore soth þe mynstrall*es* Alle
That [were] *w*it*h*-in þat halle
And † 3yft*es* of þe beste.

Syre lybeus mod*er* so fre
Come to þat mange*r*re;
Hyre rudd was rede as ryse;
Sche knew lybeus wele be sy3ht,
And wyst wele A-non*e* ry3ht
That he was of mych pryse.

Sche went to s*er* gawen*e*,
And seyd, "*w*it*h*-outen leyn*e*

* An *s*, blotted, stands here in the MS.—F.

† had.—F.

(*Lincoln's Inn MS. continued.*)

þanne þat lady blyþe was,
And ful ofte kyssed his fas,
And haylsel [*sic*] hym sykyrly.
Sir Libeus þan wold kyþe:
he wente to his fader swyþe,
And kyssed him tymes monye.

he kneoled in þat stounde,
And saide, kneoland on grounde,
"for godis loue al weldand,
þat made þeo world so round,
fayre fadir, or y fonde,
blesse me wiþ þyn hond."
þat hynde knyȝt Gawayn
blessyd þeo child wiþ mayn,
And made him seoþþe vp stande.
he comaundyd knyȝt and sweyn
To clepe Libeus "Gengelayne,"
þat was lord of lond.

fourty dayes þay dwellyd,
And heore feste faire heold
wiþ Arthoure þeo kynge.
As þeo gest vs tolde,
Arthour wiþ knyȝtis bolde
hom gonne þay brynge.
twenty yere þay lyued in-same
wiþ muche gleo and game,
he and þat swete þynge.
Ihesu Cryst oure saueour,
And his modir þat swete flour,
spede vs at our nede!

Explicit Lebiu*us* de-sconius [? MS.]

(*Ashmole MS. continued.*)

Thys is owre chyld so fre."
Than was he glad *and* blyth,
And kyssed hy*m* many A sythe,
And seyd, "þ*at* lykes me."

Syr*e* gawen, knyȝht of renown*e*,
Seyd to þe lady of synadou*n*,
"Madame, treuly
He þ*at* hath þe wedyd w*ith* pride,
Y gate hy*m* vnd[er] A forest syde
Off a gentyll lady."
Than þ*at* lady was blyth,
And thankyd hy*m* many A syth,
And kyssed hy*m* sykerly.
Than lybeus to hy*m* wan,
And þ*er* he kyssed þ*at* man;
For*e* soth treuly

He fell o*n* kneys i*n* þ*at* stou*n*d,
lybeus knelyd o*n* þe grou*n*d,
And seyd, "for*e* god All weldinge
That made þe werld rownd,
Feyr*e* fad*er*, wele be ȝe fownd!
Blysse me w*ith* ȝo*ur* blyssynge!"

That hend knyȝht gawen*e*
Blyssed hys son*e* w*ith* mayn*e*,
And made hy*m* vp to stond,
And comandyd knyȝht *and* sweyn*e*
To calle hy*m* gyngelyan*e*,
That was lorde of lond.

Forty deys þ*er* they duellyd, [leaf 59*b*.]
And grete fest þ*ei* held
W*ith* Arthou*r* þe kynge.
As þe gest hath told,
Arthou*r* w*ith* knyȝht*es* bold
Home gan*e* hy*m* brynge.
X ȝere þ*ei* lyued in-same
W*ith* mekyll gle *and* game,
He *and* that suete thynge.
Ihesu cryst owre sauyo*ur*,
And his mod*er* þ*at* suete floure,
To heuene blys vs bry*n*ge!

Here end*es* þe lyfe—
Y telle ȝow w*ith*-oute*n* stryfe—
Off gentyll libeus disconeu*s*.
For*e* his saule now byd ȝe
A pat*er* nost*er* And An Aue,
For*e* þe loue off Ihe*sus*,
That he of hys sawle haue pyte,
And off owrys, iff hys wyll be,
When we schall wend þ*er*-to.
And ȝe þ*at* haue herd þ*at* talkynge,
ȝe schall haue þe blyssinge
Of Ihesu cryst All-so.

[*Finis.*]

Cotton, Calig. A. ii. fol. 57, col. 2.

And þonkede godes myȝtes,
Artoure *and* hys knyȝtes,
 Þat he ne hadde no schame.
Artoure yaf here al so * blyue,
Lybeauus to be hys wyfe,
 Þat was so gentylle a dame.

Þe Ioye of þat bredale
Nys not told yn tale,
 Ne rekened yn no gest.
Barons *and* lordynges fale
Come to þat semyly sale,
 And ladyes welle honeste.

Þer was ryche seruyse
Of alle þat men kouþ deuyse,
 To lest & ek to mest.
Þe menstrales yn boure & halle
Hadde ryche yftes with-alle,
 And þey þat weryn vnwrest.

Fourty dayes þey dwellede
And hare feste helde
 With artoure þe kyng.
As þe frenssche tale teld,
Artoure with knyȝtes beld
 At hom gan hem brynge.

Fele ȝere þey leuede yn-same
With moche gle & game,
 Lybeauus & þat swete þyng.
Ihesu cryst oure sauyoure,
And hys modere þat swete floure,
 Grauȝte vs alle good endynge.
Amen.

Explicit libeauus desconus.

Lambeth MS. 306, leaf 106.

They thanked god with al his myghtis,
Arthur and alle his knyghtis,
 That he hade no shame.
Arthur gave als blyve
Lybeous that lady to wyfe,
 That was so gentille a dame.

The myrrour of that brydale
No man myght telle with tale
 In Ryme nor in geste.
In that semely Saale
Were lordys many and fale,
 And ladies fulle honeste.

There was Riche Service
Bothe to lorde and ladyes,
 To leste and eke to moste.
Thare were gevyn riche giftis,
Euche mynstrale her thriftis,
 And some that were vnbrest.

ffourty dayes thei dweldeñ,
And ther here feste heldeñ
 With Arthur the kynge,
As the ffrensshe tale vs tolde.
Arthur kyng, with his knyghtis bolde,
 Home he gonne hem brynge.

Sevyn yere they levid same
With mekylle Ioye and game,
 He and that swete thynge.
Nowe Ihesu Criste oure Savioure,
And his moder, that swete floure,
 Grawnte vs gode Endynge! Amen.

Explicit libious Disconyus.

* MS. also.

Childe Maurice:[1]

This piece has been already printed from the Folio, just as it is by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806).

The other versions of the old ballad are, *Gil Morice* given by Percy in the *Reliques* from a printed edition current in Scotland, *Child Noryce* and *Chield Morice* given by Motherwell from recitations, 3 stanzas of a traditional version given by Jamieson. The number of these versions shows how popular the ballad was. Another proof is its use by Langhorne, by Home, and others, as the basis of longer, more pretentious works. Of the said versions *Gil Morice* and *Chield Morice* closely resemble each other, and are infinitely less forcible than the other two. They are intolerably prolix. The fire is quenched with much water. They are the offspring of men who possessed the faculty of Midas with a difference—they turned everything they touched into dross. The other two versions are admirably terse and vigorous, and have a right to places in the first ranks of our ballad-poetry. Undoubtedly the less corrupted is the Folio version; but, unhappily, it is somewhat imperfect.

This is indeed a noble specimen of our ballad-poetry in all its strength. For the overpowering vigour of its objective style it may be compared with *Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard.* How vivid every picture it paints is! how effective every stroke! Not a word is wasted. The writer is too absorbed in the action of his piece to indulge in any comments, or moralisings, or superfluities of any sort.

> Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
> Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

[1] vid. Scottish Edition which is evidently a modern Improvement.—P.

This abstinence from all reflections and sentimentalities is indescribably impressive. The ballad-writer of later times is too often like the guide who introduces the traveller to a fine cathedral, and disturbs the glorious effect of the sight with his intrusive conceited garrulity. This old writer presents us with a wonderful spectacle without putting in ever a word of his own. You forget the guide, and are given up wholly to the effect of the spectacle. If we could never consider the heavens without having suggested to us the names of the stars and their sizes and distances from the earth! This old writer is content to let his tale produce its own effect. He conceives it in all its tremendous force, too really to permit him to criticise or dally with it in any way. Feeling much, he says little. Hence the intensity of his narration.

What strange wild pictures he paints! The Child in the silver wood,

> sitting on a block
> With a silver comb in his hand,
> Kembing his yellow lock.

—the foot-page hasting on his errand with the presents of the grass-green mantle and of the gold and precious stone rings—the husband and his wife's son drying on the grass or a sleeve their bright brown swords—the victor, his supposed rival's head cut off, how he

> pricked it on his sword's point,
> Went singing there beside,
> And he rode till he came to the lady fair
> Whereas this lady lied,
> & says "Dost thou know Child Maurice head
> If that thou dost it see?
> And lap it soft and kiss it oft,
> For thou lovedst him better than me.

—the mother recognising in her slain lover her one only son. That terrible passage in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, where the scales fall from Agave's eyes, naturally suggests itself as one looks at that last picture; though there, indeed, the horror of

the situation is deepened by the fact that her own hands have done the deed:

ἔα, τί λεύσσω; τί φέρομαι τόδ' ἐν χεροῖν;

Then answers Cadmus:

ἄθρησον αὐτὸ καὶ σαφέστερον μάθε.
ΑΓ. ὁρῶ μέγιστον ἄλγος ἡ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
ΚΑ. μῶν σοι λέοντι φαίνεται προσεικέναι;
ΑΓ. οὔκ· ἀλλὰ Πενθέως ἡ τάλαιν' ἔχω κάρα.

Child Maurice, while hunting,

CHILDE Maurice hunted ithe siluen [1] wood,
he hunted itt round about,
& noebodye *that* he ffound therin,
nor none there was with-out.

[2] & he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,
to kembe his yellow lockes;
tells his footpage he sayes, "come hither, thou litle ffoot page,
that runneth [3] lowlye by my knee;
to go to John Steward's wiffe, ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn stewards wiffe
& pray her speake with mee.

greet her as many times as there are knots on a net, "& as itt ffalls out many times,
as knotts beene knitt on a kell,[4]
or Marchant men gone to Leeue London
either to buy ware or sell,

and ask her "I, and greete thou doe *that* Ladye well,
euer soe well ffroe mee,—
And as itt ffalles out many times [page 347]
as any hart can thinke,

[1] The downstroke of the *r* of *siluen* is made twice over.—F.

[2] Prof. Child dots two lines as missing, before lines 5, 15, & 21, and after line 64. *Ballads* ii. 313–16.—F.

[3] MS. rumeth.—F.

[4] Kelle, *reticulum*, *retiaculum* (Catholicon). *Reticula* a lytell nette or kalle. *Reticinellum*, a kalle (Ortus) . . . The fashion of confining the hair in an ornamental network, which occasionally was jewelled, seems to have obtained in England from the time of Henry III. until that of Elizabeth, and an endless variety of examples are afforded by illuminated MSS. and monumental effigies. It was termed *calle* or *kelle*, a term directly taken, perhaps, from the French *cale*, Latin *calantica* or *callus*. Way in *Promptorium*, p. 270, note [1].—F.

" as schoole masters are in any schoole house
writting with pen and Iinke,—
ffor if I might, as well as shee may,
this night I wold with her speake.

" & heere I send her a mantle of greene,
as greene as any grasse,
& bidd her come to the siluer wood — to come and hunt with him.
to hunt with Child Maurice;

" & there I send her a ring of gold, — He sends her a ring.
a ring of precyous stone,
& bidd her come to the siluer wood;
let ffor no kind of man."

one while this litle boy he yode, — The footpage goes to John Steward's hall,
another while he ran;
vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,
I-wis he neuer blan.

& of nurture the child had good;
hee ran vp hall & bower ffree,
& when he came to this Lady ffaire, — and gives the lady
sayes, " god you saue and see!

" I am come ffrom Ch[i]ld Maurice, — Child Maurice's message:
a message vnto thee;
& Child Maurice, he greetes you well,
& euer soe well ffrom mee.

" & as itt ffalls out oftentimes, — he greets her as many times as there are knots on her cap,
as knotts beene knitt on a kell,
or Marchant men gone to leeue London,
either ffor to buy ware or sell,

" & as oftentimes he greetes you well
as any hart can thinke,
or schoolemasters in any schoole
wryting with pen and inke;

he sends her a green mantle

" & heere he sends a Mantle of greene,
as greene as any grasse,
& he bidds you come to the siluer wood,
to hunt with Child Maurice.

and a gold ring,

" & heere he sends you a ring of gold,
a ring of the precyous stone,

and begs her to come to the wood to him.

he prayes you to come to the siluer wood,
let ffor no kind of man."

" now peace, now peace, thou litle ffootpage,
ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!
ffor if my lord heare one of these words,
thou must be hanged hye!"

John Steward overhears this,

Iohn steward stood vnder the Castle wall,
& he wrote the words euerye one,

orders his steed

& he called vnto his horskeeper,
" make readye you my steede!"

and armour,

I, and soe hee did to his Chamberlaine,
" make readye then my weede!"

rides to the wood,

& he cast a lease[1] vpon his backe,
& he rode to the siluer wood;

& there he sought all about,
about the siluer wood,

finds Child Maurice,

& there he ffound him Child Maurice
sitting vpon a blocke,
with a siluer combe in his hand
kembing his yellow locke.

and asks what he means.

he sayes, " how now, how now, Child Maurice?
alacke! how may this bee?"
but then stood vp him Child Maurice,
& sayd these words trulye:

[1] ? leash, thong, cord. See *lees, lese* in Halliwell.—F.

"I doe not know your Ladye," he said,
"if *that* I doe her see."
"ffor thou hast sent her loue tokens,
more now then 2 or 3;

The Child says he doesn't know John's wife.
"And yet you've sent her love-tokens,

"ffor thou hast sent her a Mantle of greene,
as greene as any grasse,
& bade her come to the siluer woode
to hunt with Child Maurice;

a green mantle,

"& thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,
a ring of precyous stone,
& bade her come to the siluer wood,
let ffor noe kind of man.

and a gold ring,
and bade her come to the wood to you!

"and by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,
the tone of vs shall dye!"
"Now be my troth," sayd Child Maurice, [page 348]
"& *that* shall not be I."

One of us shall die."

but hee pulled forth a bright browne[1] sword
& dryed itt on the grasse,
& soe ffast he smote att Iohn Steward,
I-wisse he neuer rest.

then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,
& dryed itt on his sleeue;
& the ffirst good stroke Iohn stewart stroke,
Child Maurice head he did cleeue;

John draws his sword, splits the Child's head,

& he pricked itt on his swords poynt,
went singing there beside,
& he rode till he came to *that* Ladye ffaire
wheras this ladye Lyed;

carries it on his sword-point to his wife,

[1] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

and sayes, "dost thou know Child Maurice head
if *that* thou dost itt see?

and tells her to kiss it.

& lapp itt soft, & kisse itt offt,
ffor thou louedst him better then mee."

She says he has killed her only child.

but when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
shee neuer spake words but 3,
"I neuer beare no Child but one,
& you haue slaine him trulye."

John Steward reproaches his men for not staying him in his wrath;

sayes, "wicked be my merrymen all,
I gaue Meate, drinke, & Clothe!
but cold they not haue holden me
when I was in all *that* wrath?

he has slain his wife and her son.

"ffor I haue slaine one of the curteouse[s]t K*nigh*ts
that euer bestrode a steed!
soe haue I done one [of] the fairest Ladyes
that euer ware womans weede!"

ffins.

Phillis hoe:

HERE apparently one endeavours to reconcile an offended swain to his offending mistress. He had begged a kiss, it would seem, and been denied it; had concluded that his Phillis cared nothing for him. Deaf to all the pleas urged in her behalf, he rejoices that he has escaped from her. We do not know any other copy of the song.

SHEPARDES hoe! Shepards hoe!
harkes how Phillis[1] calles thee! La: La: La:
Philis hoe: Phillis hoe!
" shall I lose my Phillis? noe, noe, noe!"
" what ailes thee Shepard [that thou] looke soe sadd? Why are you sad?
where is thy louely lasse shold make thee gladd?"
" ay me! my *mistress* proues vntrue, "My love is false."
& my louely lasse bidds me adew!"

" Shepards, ffye! Sheperds, ffye!
doe not wrong thy lasse, & noe cause whye." No, she is not.
" Phillis noe, Phillis noe!
but if shee proue light in loue, Ile let her goe."
thus wee poore mayds must beare the blame,
which[2] inconstant men deserue the same.
if ought be ill, tis our amisse,
but a womans word is noe iudge in this.

" Come away! Come away! Come and look at her.
see! the louelye lasse tripps ore the lay."
" lett her goe! lett her goe! "Not I, let her go.
neuer more shall my loue say mee noe."

[1] The first *l* is much like an *s* in the MS. The colons in lines 2 and 3 are those of the MS. Before the first *La* Percy inserts *hoe*.—F. [2] while.—P.

" ffye shepard ! thou thy loue dost wrong !
ffor maides, thé dare not doe amidst a throng."
" O, beg I did but one pore kisse;
but shee with coy disdaine said noe by Iys.[1]"

" Ielous loue, Ielous loue,
herafter doth vnconstant proue."
" many ffind,[2] many ffind
women & their words are like the winde.
men sweare thé loue, & do protest;
but when a woman sweares, shee doth but Iest.
who Iestes with loue, playes with a bayte
that doth wound the hart with slye deceipte."

" Shepards swaine, Shepards swaine,
let thy lasse inioy thy loue againe !
Iff maids pray, if maids pray,
women in their wants will haue noe nay;
thus women they must learne to wooe,
when men fforgetts what nature bidds them do."
" if women wooe, tis much abuse,
tho cuningly they coyne[3] a coy excuse."

" Haples shee, hapless shee
that doth loue[4] soe base a swaine as thee ! "
"happye I, happye I:
that ffortune haue such ffolly for to fflye !
base minds to basenes still will fflee,
but honor in an honored hart doth lye.
tho base, my mind true honor brings; ffins.
[w]ee shepards in our loues are as coy as Kings."

She wouldn't kiss me!"

Don't be jealous,

love your love again;

women must have their way.

"No, I'm not such a fool.

We shepherds are as coy as kings."

[1] noe Iwis.—P.
[2] There is a tag to the *d*.—F.
[3] MS. coyme.—F.
[4] Three strokes for the *u*.—F.

Guy & Colebrande :[1]

[In 3 Parts.—P.]

"Guy & Phillis" is simply a *résumé*, with some slight additions from other sources, of the old romance of *Guy of Warwick*; "Guy & Amaranth" and "Guy & Colbrand" are versions, one modern, by Samuel Rowlands, the other much older, of scenes in that romance.

The presence in the MS. Folio of three pieces dealing with Sir Guy is a sign of the immense popularity he enjoyed, if any sign were needed. But indeed there is no lack of evidence of his warm acceptance with the Middle Ages as well in foreign countries as in England. Certainly among the heroes of romance he was one of the most popular. At home, Arthur, and Sir Bevis, and he, surpassed all others in the extent and endurance of the admiration they attracted. There is nothing more touching anywhere than the story of the last moments of Guy. Such was its intrinsic interest, that it won the ear of the world solely on the strength of it; for the story seems never to have been worthily told. Not one of the three poems treasured up in the Folio is of any considerable literary value. Nor can higher praise be bestowed on the old romance. "Guy of Warwick," says Ellis, "is certainly one of the most ancient and popular, and no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious of our early romances." Dull and tedious it emphatically is. This jewel then has never yet been skilfully set. But its preciousness was appreciated in spite of the rude craftsmen into whose hands it

[1] A curious old Song, but very incorrect.—P.

had fallen. Its lustre glorified its clumsy encasements as the beauty of the beggar-maid her unworthy dress.

> As shines the moon in cloudy skies
> She in her poor attire was seen.

The oldest form in which we have the story is that of an Anglo-Norman romance, Romanz de Gui de Warwyk, extant, as Ritson informs us, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (l. 6), and in the University Library (More 690), Harl. MSS. No. 3775, King's MSS. 8. F. ix. There are two fragments of it in the Bodleian (printed in the *British Bibliographer*, iii. 268; see Introduction to the Abbotsford Club edition of the copy of the English romance in the Auchinleck MS.). Other fragments were found in the cover of an old book by Sir Thomas Phillips. There is also a copy in the Bibl. Impériale (MSS. de Colbert, 4289), Paris. There was a copy at Bruges in 1467, at Brussels in 1487, as we learn from Barrois' account of the Librairies du Fils du Roi Jean Charles V., &c. (See Guy de Warwick, Abbotsford Club, Introduction.) This French work was composed probably in the thirteenth century. Its composer may possibly have been Walter of Exeter, as is stated by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*. Whoever composed it, and wherever, it was done into English early in the fourteenth century, which English version is mentioned in the Prologue to Hampole's *Speculum Vitæ*, or Mirrour of Life, written about 1350, amongst the popularities of the day:

> I warne you firste at the begynnynge
> That I will make no vayne carpynge
> Of dedes of armes, ne of amours,
> As does mynstellis & gestours,
> That maketh carpynge in many a place
> Of Octavione & Isenbrace,
> And of many other gestes
> And namely when they come to festes,
> Ne of the lyf of Bevis of Hamptoune
> That was a knyght of grete renoune,
> Ne of Syr Gye of Warwyke. (*apud* Warton, H. Eng. P.)

and by Chaucer in the *Rime of Sir Topas* (about 1380) as one of the romances of price of his day. Of it the oldest copy extant is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. There are others in Caius College and the Public Libraries, Cambridge. It was still in demand in the sixteenth century, and was then printed by Copland, and by Cawood. The romance was then condensed, as was the custom, into a ballad. In 159½ Richard Jones has entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company "A pleasante songe of the valiant actes of Guy of Warwicke to the tune of *Was ever man so tost in love.*" This is the "Guy & Phillis" of the present volume. The common title, says Percy, is "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who for the love of fair Phelis became a hermit & dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick." Of this ballad there are copies in the Bagford, the Pepys, and the Roxburghe Collections. The legend was afterwards rendered into prose, and in that shape printed again and again down to very recent times. In the British Museum Library there is a copy of the 7th edition of a cheap printed prose version, 1733. Ellis speaks of this popular form as "to be found at almost every stall in the metropolis." The Anglo-Norman romance was converted into prose in 1525.

But the story was not given up wholly to the romance-writers and their followers. The oldest other recital of it now extant may possibly be that ascribed to Gerard of Cornwall, printed by Hearne in the Appendix to his edition of the *Annales de Dunstable.* This *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* is preserved in MS. 147, Magd. Coll. Oxford. "There is not however anything else of Gerard's in the Magd. MS. (which the compiler has seen), and the short piece which has been printed is written at the end of Higden's Polychronicon, on the same page with it, and preceding its copious index." (See *Macray's* Manual of British Historians.) Of Gerard's date and life nothing whatever is

known. "He is said to have written a book *De Gestis Britonum*, and another *De Gestis Regum West-Saxonum*, which are referred to three times by Th. Rudburn in his History of Winchester. Thin also mentions him in his catalogue of historians in Holinshed, p. 1590." This piece, whenever written and by whomsoever, describes the famous fight with Colbrand much as the Folio MS. version narrates it. An entry in the Registry of the priory at Winchester, quoted by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, tells us that when Adam de Orleten, bishop of Winchester, visited his cathedral priory of St. Swithin in that city, "Cantabat joculator quidam, nomine Herebertus, *Canticum Colbrondi*, necnon gestum Emme regine, a judicio ignis liberate in aula prioris." The first certain historical mention of the great Saxon champion is to be found, as Ritson points out, in the Robert de Brunne's translation with additions, made *circ.* 1338, of Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, written *circ.* 1308.

> That was Guy of Warwik, as the boke sais,
> There he slouh Colbrant with hache Daneis.

The story of Guy's abnegation of his wife, and his lonely uncomforted end in the cell he had hewn for himself, is told in chapter clxxii. of the *Gesta Romanorum*, compiled in all probability about the same time with Langtoft's Chronicle. This compilation, made to serve mediæval preachers for purposes of illustration, naturally took that part of the story that exemplified their favourite teachings. Towards the end of the same, the fourteenth century, Henry Knighton, Canon of Leicester, in his *Chronicon de Eventibus Angliæ ab anno* 950 *ad* 1395, recounted the old tale at full length. He introduces it with a sort of apology. "Set quia historia dicti Guidonis," he writes, "cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in presenti historia immiscere curavi." Then he relates, with circumstances, how "Olavus rex Daciæ," "Golanus rex Norwegiæ," and "dux Neustriæ," invaded England and besieged King Athelstan for a space of two years

in Winchester. They had enlisted in the service of their expedition a vast Saracen, "de Africâ quendam gigantem, Colebrandum nomine, qui eo tempore fortissimus et elegantissimus reputabatur in orbe," described subsequently as "diabolicæ staturæ," and by Guy when he stands face to face with him as "non homo, immo potius spiritus diaboli in effigie hominis latens." Eventually a truce, "treuga," was agreed to, and the determining of the war by a single combat. But there seemed scant hope of finding a match for Colebrand, who was of course put forward to maintain the Scandinavian cause. Then follows, as in "Guy & Colbrand," an account of the vision that appeared to the perplexed King Athelstan, and how, obeying it, and posting himself "ad altam primam" at one of the city's gates, he saw amongst the entering crowd "virum elegantem cursantem, de una sclauma alba vestitum, et unum sertum de albis rosis in capite tectum, fustemque grandem in manu ferentem; set multum erat debilitatus et discoloratus anxietateque minoratus, eo quod nudipes laboravit, barbamque prolixam habuit." This wild woe-begone figure was Guy—Guy in deep distress for his sins, and caring only to escape from hospitalities to pray for indulgence and pardon. But he is moved at last to undertake the combat with the giant. "Fecit se armari de melioribus armaturis regis, et cinxit se gladio Constantini [the sword of Constantine the Great and the spear of Charlemagne were among the presents given to Athelstan by Hugh, Duke of the Franks] lanceamque sancti Mauricii in manu tulit." Then the fight is described with extreme minuteness. Colbrand seems overpowering till Guy cuts off his sword-arm; "Quod Dani videntes, multum ex hoc contabuerunt, et Deos suos in Colubrandi adjutorum cum ejulatu magno invocare cœperunt." And then comes the final scene in the hero's life.

In 1410, as Dugdale (Baron. i. 243) relates on the authority of Rous, to whom we shall come presently, Guy's fame was well spread abroad at Jerusalem; for the Soldan's lieutenant hearing

that Lord Beauchamp, then travelling in the Holy Land, "was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, whose story they had in books of their own language, invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants." The history of Sir Guy, as Percy points out (*Reliques*, vol. iii.), "is alluded to in the old Spanish romance, 'Tirante el blanco' which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430." About the middle of the fifteenth century Rudburn, who has been mentioned above in a quotation, a Benedictine of Winchester, called *Junior* to distinguish him from another chronicler of the same name who died Bishop of St. David's in 1441, gives some account of the great combat. Leland in his *Collectanea*, fol. 595, quotes "ex chronicis Thomæ Rudbourne monachi Wintonensis" this amongst other passages: "Tertio Ethelstani anno, duellum inter Colbrondum Danum & Guidonem comitem de Warwik, extra borealem civitatis Wintoniensis plagam, in loco qui modo Hidemede, olim Denmarsch appellatus est, prope monasterium de Hida. Insignum vero victoriæ servatur sica prædicti Colbronde gigantis, cumqua truncatum erat; caput ejus a Guidone comite de Warwik in eccl. cathedrali Wintoniæ usque in hodiernum diem.[1] Rudbourne describes the fight more fully in his *Historia Major Wintonensis* (*apud* Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*). There the "Rex Dacorum" is "Anelaf;" the scene of the combat is Hyde Mede; the "gigas" is "miræ longitudinis, invisus, inhumanus ac non malæ meditationis ignarus." Lydgate, contemporary with Rudbourne, versified the above-mentioned *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* just as Samuel Rowland, something more than a century after him, retold the conflict of Guy with Amaranth in the form given in this volume. Lydgate's work, never yet printed, is preserved among the Bodleian MSS. and

[1] "This history remained in rude painting against the walls of the north transept of the cathedral till within my memory." Warton. H. E. P.

in Harl. MS. 7333 f. 35. b.[1] Revised by one Lane, it was licensed to be printed in 1617 (Harl. MSS. 5243),[1] but the licence seems never to have been acted upon. Later on, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, John Rous, appointed priest, or one of the two priests, at the chapel at Guy's Cliff near Warwick (erected, with a statue of Guy, by Richard Beauchamp in 1422), "labored and finished" a "roll" (now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, numbered 839) containing a biography of him in whose honour he held his office, for whose soul he offered daily prayers. Dugdale pronounces him "a diligent searcher after antiquities, and especially of this county," and one that "hath left behind him divers notable things, industriously gathered from many choice manuscripts, whereof he had perusal in sundry monastries in England and Wales, which now, through the fatal subversion of those houses, are for the most part perisht." Rous narrates as sober facts the story of the romance:

Dame Felys, daughter and heire to Erle Rohand, for her beauty called Felyle belle, or Felys the fayre by true enheritance, was countesse of Warwyke, and lady and wyfe to the most victoriouse Knight, Sir Guy, to whome in his woinge tyme she made greate straungenes, and caused him for her sake, to put himself in meny greate distresse, dangers and perills; but when they wer wedded and bñ but a litle season togither, he departed from her to her greate hevynes, and never was conversaunt with her after, to her vnderstandinge; and all the while she kept her cleane and trew lady and wyf to him, devout to godward, and by way of Almes, greately helpinge them that wer in poore estate. Sir Gy of Warwyke, flower and honor of Knighthode, sonne to Sir Seyward, baron of Walingforde, and his lady and wyfe Dame Sabyn, a florentyne in Italy of the noble bloode of the contrey, translate from Italy vnto this lande, as Dame Genches, Saynt Martyns sister, borne in Greke lande, was maryed here, and had in this lande noble Saynct Patryke, that converted Irelande to the Christian faythe. This worshipfull Knight Sir Gy, in his actes of warre ever consydered what parties had wronge, and therto wold he draw, by which doinge his loos spred so

[1] See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.

farre that he was called the worthiest Knight lyvinge in his dayes. Then his most speciall and chief Lady that he had sette his hart of most, Dame Felys, applied to his will and was wedded to him. This noble warryor Sir Gy, after his mariage consideringe [what] he had don for a womans sake, thought to besset the other part of his lyf for Goddes sake, departed from his lady in pilgrymeweede as hir shewys, which rayment he kept to his lyves ende, and did menyi greate battells, of the which the last was the victory of Colbrond at Winchester by the warninge of an angell. And from thence, vnknowen savinge to the Kinge only, come to Warwyke, receyved as a pilgryme of his owne lady, and by her leave at his abydinge at Gibclif, and his livery by his page dayly sett at the Castell. And two dayes afore his deathe, an angell enformed of his passage oute of this world, and of his ladyes the day fourtnight after him. And at Gibclyf wer they bothe buryed, for ther cowld no man fro thence Remofe him till his sworn brother com, S^{r} Tyrry, wth whome he was translate without lett. And to this day God for her sake, to tho that devoutely seeke him for hur sakes, with other Greuis as by miracle seen remedied. And in remembrance of his habit it wer full convenient yo$\overline{u}$ y^{t} it pleased som good lord or lady to fynde in the same place ij. poore men that cowde help a priest to singe, one of theim to be ther continually present, wearinge his pilgrime habyte, and to shew folke the place; and their habitacion might be full well sett over his cave in the rocke.

The story of Sir Guy then had evidently long before Rous's time found a local habitation, both at Warwick and at Winchester. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, says of Gibclife or Guycliffe: "Ould Fame remaineth with the People there that Guido Earl of Warwike in King Athelston's Dayes . . . lived in this place like a Heremite, unknowen to his wife Felice, untill at the Article of his Death he shewed what he was. . . . Here is a house of Pleasure, a Place meet for the Muses. There is sylence, a praty Wood, *antra in vivo saxo*, the River rowling over the stones with a praty noyse, nemusculum ibidem opacum, fontes liquidi et gemmei, prata florida, antra muscosa, rivi leves et per saxa discursus, necnon solitudo et quies multis amicissima." The heart of the antiquary warms towards the lovely spot.

Such are the authorities, if the word may be used in this case,

for the legend. At any rate, they may serve to show how old it is, and how widely and generally popular it was. In the Elizabethan literature allusions to it abound, though, strangely enough, not one occurs in the plays of Shakespeare, familiar as he must have been with it and the locality to which the more touching part is attached. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry* (1589), speaks of "places of assembly where the company shall be desirous to hear of old adventures and valiances of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and the Knights of the round table—Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and others like." In Dr. King's *Dialogues of the Dead* (quoted by Mr. Chappell), "It is the negligence of our ballad singers," a Ghost remarks, "that makes us to be talked of less than others; for who almost besides St. George, King Arthur, Bevis, Guy and Hickathrift, are in the chronicles?" The Little French Lawyer in Fletcher's play of the name, and Old Master Merry-thought in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* sing snatches of the *Legend*. Corbet in his *Iter Boreale* wishes,

> May all the ballads be call'd in & dye,
> Which sing the warrs of Colebrand & Sir Guy.

Butler tells us of Talgol, one of Hudibras' supporters (who, according to L'Estrange, represented a certain Newgate Market butcher),

> He many a boar & huge dun-cow
> Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
> But Guy with him in fight compar'd
> Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.

Such has been the popularity of this story. The oldest literary form of it preserved to us is, as we have seen, an Anglo-Norman romance, composed probably in the thirteenth century. This, no doubt, was founded on songs and traditions that were then commonly in vogue in the country, that had then already been so for many a generation. These were dressed and decorated by the romance-writer according to the fashion of his age;

the old Saxon hero transformed into a Norman knight, dispatched to the crusades, conducted from tournament to tournament throughout Europe, and carried through all the adventures proper for a hero of chivalry. One most prominent feature of the romance is its monastic feeling, which, indeed, is so strong that one may well believe it to be the work of a monk. A terrible remorse seizes Guy at last for all the blood he has shed, and his love for the woman who has incited him to his blood-shedding career passes away. Is this penitential element part of the original tale? Was this sung of by old pre-Norman gleemen? Or is it rather to be ascribed to the translator and editor of the thirteenth century? Probably so. In the old Saxon poetry, so far as is known, women occupy but an unimportant place. Neither there, nor indeed in the life which that poetry reflects, do they "rain influence and adjudge the prize." Moreover, one can well conceive such an addition being made to the story in the thirteenth century, a period of a great monastic revival—a period of much doubt as to matrimony, an uneasy suspicion prevailing that it was an indulgence which the truly pious man would scarcely allow himself. Such a suspicion enters the soul of Guy, when at last, after waiting and longing and serving so long, he is at last crowned with the happiness of his heart; he resolves to abandon the treasure gained. How noble and devout such an abandonment was held to be by the mediæval monks may be seen from endless instances, notably from the story of Saint Alexios, of whom Alban Butler thus writes [1]:

Having, in compliance with the will of his parents, married a rich and virtuous lady, he on the very day of the nuptials, making use of the liberty which the laws of God and his church give a person before the marriage be consummated, of preferring a more perfect state, secretely withdrew, in order to break all the ties which held him in this world. In disguise he travelled into a different country, em-

[1] See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.

braced extreme poverty, and resided in a hut adjoining to a church dedicated to the Mother of God. Being after some time there discovered to be a stranger of distinction, he returned home, and being relieved as a poor pilgrim, lived some time unknown in his father's house, bearing the contumely and ill-treatment of the servants with invincible patience and silence. A little before he died he by a letter discovered himself to his parents.

Guy's wife-desertion then, and his severe asceticism, may be later additions to his original story. There can be little doubt that that original story belongs to a remote age,—possibly, as has been suggested, to an age anterior even to that assigned to it in the romance—the age of Athelstan. With this age of Athelstan it would seem to have been connected from a very early time. There is no kind of historical basis for it in what records we have of that age. There was certainly a great Northern invasion in the reign of Athelstan. Northumbria, lately annexed by him, allied itself with Scots, Danes, Welsh, and essayed to recover its independence. "They fought with Athelstan," writes Milton, "at a place called Wenduse [which might easily have been confounded with Wynton]; others term it Brununbury, others [as William of Malmesbury] Bruneford; which Ingulgh [who calls it Brunford] places beyond Humber; Camden in Glendale of Northumberland on the Scottish borders—the bloodiest fight, say authors, that ever this island saw." Ellis suggests that Guy —he should say Egil—may be identical with one Egils, "who did in fact contribute very materially" to the victory. If this be so, then the legend must be rather Scandinavian than Saxon; for this Egil was a northern viking enlisted on the side of Athelstan. But, indeed, if the legend be an old Saxon one, there need be no difficulty in accounting for its later connection with the reign of Athelstan. That was the most glorious reign in the history of Saxon England. Athelstan reaped the rich fruits of his illustrious grandfather's wisdom and policy. He was enabled to consolidate the kingdom, and to maintain its unity unimpaired. At home

and abroad his name was known and feared. His crowning victory at Brunanburgh produced a profound impression. Even the Saxon imagination was stirred by such power and glory. "To describe his famous fight," says Milton, "the Saxon annalist, wont to be sober and succinct, whether the same or another writer, now labouring under the weight of his argument and overcharged, runs on a sudden into such extravagant fancies and metaphors as bear him quite beyond the scope of being understood." Strangely enough, the great poet did not recognise in the passage he thus characterises the work of an older bard; for it is in fact one of the few Saxon poems that survive. There are many signs of a rich ballad literature, besides that spirited piece, appertaining to this great monarch's reign. There is the story of Analaf belonging to that same battle, which is evidently taken by Malmesbury from some old ballad. Then there are the stories of the King's mother's dream, and of his brother Edwin's punishment for taking part in a conspiracy against him, both which that chronicler confessedly found in old ballads. Naturally enough, the story too of the great combat with the giant was attached to his reign; for legends attract each other, so to speak. The name given in later times to the national combatant was Guy.

Other romances in course of time grew around that of Guy, treating of his son Ruisburn, of his tutor Heraud and his son.

Harl. MS. 7333, *fol.* 35 *b.*

þe ermyte with Inne litil spase
By dethe is past þe Ende of his laboure
Aftir whome Guy was þer successoure
Space of twoo yere by grace of crist Ihesu
Dauntyng his fleshe by penaunce and Rygour
Ay more and more encressyng in vertev
¶ God made him knowe þe daye þt he shold dyee
þorowe his gracious vesitacioune
By an Aungel his spirit to conveye
Afftir his bodyly Resolycioune
For his meritis to þe hevenely mansyoune
þan in alle haste he sent his weddyng Ryng
Vn to his wyff of trewe Affeccioune
Prayd her to come|And beo at his eonding
¶ That she sholde doone þere hir besye cure
As by A maner wyffly deligense
In haste to ordeyne for his Cepulture

With noo þret coste ne *with* no grete dispence
Sheo hasted hir til sheo cam in presence
Wher þat Guy lay dedly pale of face
Bespreynt *with* teeres knelyng *with* Reu*e*rence
þe dede body Felyce did ther inbrace
¶This notable & Famouse worthi knyght
Sent her to sayne bi his messagier
In þilke place to burye hym anoone Right
Wher that he lay to fore in A smal Awter
And Afftir this doo trewly hir deveyre
þer for her selfe dysposyñ and provide
Fyfftene dayes Folowyng þe same ȝere
She to be buried þere by Guyes syde
¶His holy wyf of al this toke good hede
Like as he badde and liste no longer tarye
Tacquyte hir selfe of wyffly womanhede
For she was loþ[e] frome his desire to varye
Sent in Al haste for þe ordenarye
Wiche ocupied in þat dyosyse
She was not founde in oon*e* poynt contrarye
Eche thyng tacomplyshe / as ye have herde devise
¶And all*e* þis cronicle /For to conclude
At hes Exequyes old & younge of age
Of diu*e*rse folke cam grete multitude
With grete devocioune vn to þat hermitage
Lyche A pry*n*se *with* al þe surplusage
þei tooke hyñ vppe/and leyde him in his grave
Ordeynid of god be marcyal curage
Ageinst þe Danys þis Regioune to saue
¶Whos sowle I truste restight nowe in glorie
With holy Spiretis Above þe Firmament
Felice his wyf callyng to her memorye
þe daye gane neghe of her enterrement
To forne provided in her testament
Reynborne þeire heyre/ioustely to succede
By title of hir and lynealle discent
þeorldame of warwike trewly to possede
¶þe stok descendyng doune by þe pee dugree
To Guy his fadir by title of mariage
Afftir whos dethe/of lawe and equyte
Reynborne to entre in to his Eritage
Cleimeyng his Ryght/his moder of good age
Haþe yolde hir dette by dethe vnto nature
By side her lorde in þ*a*t Ermitage
Wiche eonded feyre was made hir Sepulture
¶For to auctorise better þis matere
Whos translacio*u*n shewe þe sentence
Oote of latyne made by þe Cronniculier
Callid of olde Gyrard Cronubyence
Wiche whilom*e* wrot w*i*th gret deligence
Dedis of hem in westesex crowned kynges
Gretly comendyng for kneyghtly excellence
Guy of werrewike in heos famouse wreyting*is*
¶Of whos nobelesse ful gret hede he toke
His kneyghtly fame to putten in Rememberavnse
þe eleventþe chapitre/of his historialboke
þe parfite lyf þe vertuouse gouernaunce
His wilfulle pouertee/harde ligginge and penaunce
Al sent to me in Englishe to translate
If owght be wrong in metre or substance
Put al þe wyte/for dulnesse oñ lydegate

Harleian MS. 5243, *fol.* 4.

To all heroical knightes, and illustrious Ladies, both in Court, and Countrie for virtewe, love, bewtie, chivalrie, prowes, bowntie: & of other compleate departmentes most eminent and honorabl, John Lane in all dutie wisheth gratious perfection to felicitie eternal.

After, nay before all your secular affaires, vouchsafe to accepte, to yo*u*r recreations the pleasant historie of this vertuous paire instanced in the most noble pair of frendes, and lovers, the Ladie Felis, and her exemplarie sparck of christian honor, Sir Gwy Earle of warwick, surnamed the heremite; reckoned for more then twoe hundred yeeres togeather, the last of the Nine worthies: albeit in that heroical ranck, hee standeth indignified, or neglected, but without anie known cause,

by some forane heraultes, for theire Duke Gothfreyes sake, whereof expostulation is made after a modest fasshion in this Poem. His deedes have lately bin renewed in verse, and published in a litle tract; nevertheles for brevitie sake, (as it seemeth) it omitteth much of the original historie, left vnto vs by all the ancient English poetes: whose historie I take to bee meerly english, and not delt withall by anie straungers, (vnlesse by Ariosto) as kinge Arturs hath bin by the Italien Bocas, in honorable manner, and by some French, and Spanish, as it is reported. But all our ancient*es*, fallinge in love with the high-pitchd vertew, w*hi*ch our noble Guyon bore in martial prowes, have in divers successive ages, as Poetes historical, reillustrated the same; as well is observed by our learned, and farthest traveiled antiquarie M^r^ Camden, whoe with approved poetical iudgment, of givinge discreet accompte to the Muses, calleth him Guidonem warwicensem decantatum illum heroem. And him have they sunge in deed into the fabrick of sownd poetrie, although in termes obsolete; the w*hi*ch, posteritie maie againe, and againe, (as listeth Poetes) refine, in lines more polite, accordinge as our language is become refined, and more copious, equal (at the least) to anie circumstant vulgar: as with reason, and learned demonstration, is wittnessed by our noble, and highlie ingenious knight Sir Philip Sidney, but in sublimitie of conceipt, cann passe them never, for that they (dealinge in own loomes as poets historical) have ever since, built on the same model, either expressely, or transposedly, w*hi*ch also is punctualy. It beinge by them idealie layd, after the laudabl, & lawfull manner of poetical fiction, doe serve out Guions trewe real historie, vnder the signature of Misterie; w*hi*ch hath to drawe with it Allusion, Circumstance, Discourse, Speculation, Sentence, Immitation: all sommd vp in these twoe vz Invention, Demonstration . as well knoweth the Classis of poet*es* laureat, to whome I produce Chaucers tale by the Squier, never yet told out by anie in the same straine; the w*hi*ch formes, I also in this poem shall, and in my poetical visions, first and second partes, and in my Twelue monethes observe, and exemplifye . the name Poeta, being derived of ποιεώ, signifieth to make as a maker; howbeeit to define the art it selfe is all as hard, as to doe it indeede, but not to doe it rightly I cannever define yt soundly: No though her practise doe thus extend yt: vz Primo, into the Satyrical, w*hi*ch proveth so offensive to the meridien wheare yt confineth! as that her back cannever beare half the enimies shee begetteth to her self. Secundo, it maie be laid in y^e^ Lyrical w*hi*ch hath to praise or despraise; w*hi*ch satisfyeth not the best wittes; sith flotinge topp of the wave for the gull to feed on particulars. Tercio, it may bee carried in the kind called heroical, or Allegorical; the w*hi*ch (allegorical waie anglinge at the bottom) implieth those other twaine, and all notions ells, beinge exercised in such different descant, and varietie of verse in kind, as discreete art findeth most congruent to the muse: is thearefore most delightfull to the most iudicious, as having in yt an heroical powr of callinge the highest vnderstandinges of all others, as namely our master Aristotel, Alexander magnus, Scipio Affricanus, Octauius Augustus Cesar, Jacobus Angliæ rex, with manie moe, whoe are by so much the more often honorablie remembred, as theire bownteous favors to the ingeniousin this faculty, have bin shewed, and theire own iudicious dexterities in it abownded, but is no meate for paper-peckinge In rimers — out poetasters, sith — muse-traducinge, — witt abusinge, — Poesie-missvsinge Pieridistes. In w*hi*ch last, szt heroical kind; Homer bestirred him selfe to lead the dawnce. Virgil blasoned the riches of his learninge in the same cloth of arras . the ancient English Poetes (meaninge allwaies the sownd ones) have delivered them of heroical birthes in this kind; w*hi*ch doe survive of theire deceased parent*es* glorie, all of them adducinge a complete knight, in the personations of twoe in number; and maie as lawfullie bee instanced in one: and all as well in twoe, as pleaseth the ingenious. For so M^r^ Edm: Spencer in his allegorical declaratorie, faerely declameth. Now, for my own part (vnder correction) I endevour to call a general muster of all our noblest Guions whole historie, in the same kind also, as beinge most proper for it, and him; but without derogatinge from the desert of our ancient

English poets first plott: the which (representinge excellent) was written almost three hundred yeeres gonn, by Don Lidgate, and since him, by John Rowse & Pepulwick. But wheare all they had theire first president! is now by the ancient historiens verie hard to prove; for that in our greate combustion of antiquitie, they suffred shippwrack: Notwithstandinge, some of them escaped ye distroier, and are yet extant, & well preserved by the singular industries of osm, that waie both studious, and learned: amongst whome, Mr Thomas Allen, in the learnedst ranckes hath reputation; as Sir Robert Coton knight his industrie in this kind, hath singular commendation. All these ancient Cronoclers wrote of Guies person, & greate prowes; namely, Henricus Knighton, Thomas Radburn, Giraldus Cornubiensis, Johannes Strench, Johannes Hardinge, Johannes Gresley, Johannes Powtrel: all beinge manuscriptes, never printed, with many moe, as saith John Rosse, whoe dilligentlie in K. Hen: the seavnths time collected them on the point of Gwy, while the recordes weare yet extant, every of them avouchinge his overcominge of Colbrand on the same conditions, which tradition hath ever since that time maintained. Cronica cronicorum affirmeth the same, though at the second hand, and with missnaminge of Giraldus Cambrensis, for Giraldus Cornubiensis. Yet all this notwithstandinge! our valient Guy is so vnfortunate amongste our late Croniclers, as that they are pleased to saie lesse of him, then Hanibals epitaph, amounted vnto. Amongst whome! som of oures, (but vnkindlie for th'innocent English penn, and that to this worthies dishonor) whose person they confesse; yet after holdinge his own for many ages in his grave ex concesso, woold faine decline the credite of all ye antientes, concerninge the conditions of Guyes fightinge the Duello for this kingdom, when hee slewe Colbrand the Affrican giant challenginge for the Danes: as yf Sir Guy, beinge then a man retired to obscuritie, and besides overtaken of old age; shoold, or woold runn at a masterie so daungerous for glorie, which hee contemned: and not vppon the necessitie of that occasion. but this presumptuous kind of novitious writinge, maie rest assured, that onlie one of yonder ancientes, livinge neerer the time of the famous Guy by some hundreds of yeeres, will carrie more credite! then one thowsand such newe, offringe so forwardly, which must needes bee ignorantlie, sith not havinge seene anie of the manuscriptes before mentioned. Howbeeit, John Stowes note of Guy, is perfecter then all the rest of the newe. Against which manner of historifyenge, which intendeth but to vex the credite of antiquity, (speakinge this vnder correction, and without taxinge the good endevoure of anie man, or the person it selfe) Poetrie hath to bringe her action of encrochment, for vsurpinge on her licence of allusion in matter of fact, and it applienge to historie of longe before our new writers times: which manner, scarce is historicum dicendi genus, but is goodly to shewe with what eloqution such endewe them selves with all, and to enlarge tomes beyond movinge, without the helpe of a porter. In the meane time, the precise naked integritie of the ancientes, gave (with more brevitie) accompt, rather of plaine fact, as it was indeede, then of affected eloquence poeticalie interlined (but vnlawfullie) in historie. Which new fluence, breeding affluence, will shortlie leave in evidence, that what Poetrie doth idealie deliver for fiction! is trewe; constant truith standing vp her perpetual ensigne: and what this novel kind of historifienge affirmeth for trewe! is false, sith mixed. For, marck if theire affected insinuations doe not purposely wooe these three common concubines Partialitie! feare! flattery! and on them begetteth the bastard falsity! a chaungelin, the which mote these faeries overlive them selves! and the parties they have with theire mowth glewe starched! they woold not faile so to stripp off theire old skinn, cast all theire loose haier, and rectifie theire new sett countenaunce att another glasse; as that Proteus him selfe woold not bee able to knowe them. How then may such bee trusted to bee cited in other discentes de futuro? yf not as trewly reportinge! as doth positive divinitie in schooles: with whome, to growe to particulars, woold surelie provoke theire passion, but theire integritie never. On thother side, sownd Poetrie of the ancient manner, suffreth no alter-

ation, but as a beakeun, or land marcke, standeth vp from age to age impregnable, against all wittes invectives, to drive them home to theire vocatiuo caret. Againe, yet som others, contrarie to thallegeance dewe to the muses, and therfore impardonable, sith blabbinge theire secretes left in trust without leave, vncleanlie, (yet as it weare iocundlie) denie Guy, and his actes to bee at all; but how these doe better know it now! or whie wee must take theire wordes for aucthentical, against the soberer & chaster ancientes, livinge neerer that time by many ages! wee no more dare belive, then them selves are suer to bee belived, regarded, or ought esteemed, when they also have takenn farewell of the world: though now seeminge to bee fallen out but with Lidgate onlie, and his poetrie; doe yet in effect, through his sides, word fensor like let drive at her, but not as Aristotels scholers, naie rather his masters, in not obayenge his iniunction concerninge facultie, of oportet discentem credere. Wheareas Lidgate hath respectivelie followed the advise of the same Aristotl given for Poetry szt of fownding yt on ann historie, and the same determininge in a short time: both which preceptes, Lidgate hath dewlie performed in this manner, viz that touchinge time! Manns whole lief is but short. and touchinge truith of storie! Lidgate fownd this of Guy, first recorded by Giraldus Cornubiensis, and by manie other croniclers before named. Besides, that the noblest Normanes, whoe came in with the Conquerour, and weare earles of Warwick after earle Newbreghte, above six score yeeres after Guy, namely the familie of Beauchamp, or Bellocampe, many yeeres after that; reioiced to ioine them selves to the memorie of such ann ancestor: and did not onlie repaire those monumentes weare fownd of Guy, but added somewhat elles. Thus Lidgat faierlie dischargінge him selfe, leaveth it apparent, that the meere historien, is of all other infestus! the most malignant toward the Poet historical; whome hee vnderstandeth not: though him the Poet doth, at ann haier, is thearefore the most vnfitt to accuse, or censure the industrious, in the same case, that Prince Hector, and kinge Artur maie also bee doubted of, because they likewise have binn poeticalie historified by poetes prosequutinge ideal veritie, as the historien pretendeth positive truith. But now alas so sickly! sith tempted by yonder three fountaine troublinge faeries, that (as the world waggeth,) it is harder to find ann ancient poet false, then a new historien trewe; while hee imbibeth that rancke penn swoln humor, newly cleaped the art of reformation: meaninge the same art, which our excellently learned knight Sir Henrie Sauyl in his annotations vppon Tacitus, mett stealinge oversea hitherward. vppon whose bold forehead, hee scoreth a lecture, whereof shee is hardlie capable szt of more modestie. Weare it not thearefore better, that Don Barckley (the ferriman) bee delt with all, to shipp her back againe? sith none that knowes, trustes her for strawes; rather then thus, through her envious suppressinge the heroes, to discourage the fertile wittes of our Englishe nation, which weare readie to comme into the deservinge ranck with the Greekes, Latines and Italienes, to renewe that poetical reputation it inherited of old, but for this odd fashion of presumed-sinceare wisdom, down strikinge with her lightned thunderbolt the deceased. Whoe in theire times (without comparison) sored on no contemptible opinion, an hartninge of the foraner, to detract also. But if it shoold bee imposed on the meere historiens (so well beeseene in antiquities, and glistringe of the reformatives aforesaid) to reconcile those Poemes of Chaucer, and Lidgate, & of somme other later English (even the best of that kind, which staieth not yt selfe on particulars only, the which kind was, is, and ever wilbee scandalous) to bee all one thinge variously transposed! it mote chaunce to pose them all though to the poet it bee possible to give a tract, which cann satisfy all men, on what kinds of learninge soever they insist! And further demonstrate, how that a forane poet (esteemed excellent, but dealinge with holie scripture in the Letter) hath from trewe poetries waiese (meaninge the ancient) not a litle erred: forasmuch as it is well knowen to the Academick Classis Laureate, that not good verse alone, nor prose alone, ne store of similes, or some discription with allusion onlie, and the

like, doe make poetrie complete. Yet beinge of it! cann at the most amount but to Sermocination, of prose turnd verse. Thus yf Poetes bee of my iury! I hope I have not provoked anie discreete manns choler, in thus showldringe (though weakely, to poetries behoof) for the same roome for her, which Porphirie in schooles collateth szt habet esse in genere demonstrantium; and thearfore without leave, is worthie of own ingenious reputation as well now, as then; to whome ancient learninge woold never give the lye, for doubt of pledginge the new in apium risus. Otherwise, even Cornelius Agrippa, ipse aries (for all his occult philosophick lookes) maie chaunce in this straine, to sitt beatinge his heeles without the muses gates, singinge to own vanity, Beati qui non intelligunt. more mote bee brought how lustie some historiens deport them on own glorious ostentation, as yf theare weare none to them! sith vncivilie tauntinge, discreditinge, degradinge, and controwlinge deiected poetrie (the ideal model of moral demonstratives) which ever was rara auis in terris, and knoweth what shee doth, without such as publish ann ignorance, never ingendred in schooles: for Poetrie hath waies by her selfe. Whearfore such angrie quillmen maie, (when they knowe more) blush of own shame, yf shee acquitt her self from beinge either ward! or tenent at will to them! Howbeet love predominatinge with vs, concealeth names, that by this litle (gentlie ment,) they woold bee pleased to amend much; which more woold commend their own learninge, yf not indignlie baiting sound poetrie of virtuous institute; and thearfore so much the more esteemed by the most noble, most honorable, most valient, wise, and learned, as thinge (by som maintained) which none maie teach to other: Least elles shee complaine her to all her ingenious pupills, whoe cann byte home yf bytten. I never had the philosophers stone, whearewith to promise our Guyon, in suche daintie limned worck, as Ariostoes orlando hath fownd since hee came into England; nevertheles this meanethe historicalie with the ancientes, to present Sir Gwies youth, manwood, and old age: his love, warr, & mortification, all sommed vp in his liefe, and death, and that accordinge to our most ancient historiens, poetes, heraltes recordes, publick monumentes, and tradicion also, which somtime is a never dienge trewe cronicler. Thus not havinge whearewith ells to expresse my poore service vnto you then in this expense of times leasure with takinge humblest leave doe recommend it vnto you, and you all, to thalmightie.

this of

Your verie lovinge frend

Jo: La:

See Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*. Alexis' father wishes him to marry, and chooses him a bride. "On the appointed day the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and festivity; but when the evening came the bride-groom had disappeared, and they sought him everywhere in vain; and when they questioned the bride, she answered, 'Behold, he came into my chamber and gave me this ring of gold, and this girdle of precious stones, and this veil of purple, and then he bade me farewell, and I know not whither he is gone.' And they were all astonished; and seeing he returned not, they gave themselves up to grief: his mother spread sackcloth on the earth and sprinkled it with ashes, and sat down upon it; and his wife took off her jewels and bridal robes, and darkened her windows, and put on widow's attire, weeping continually; and Euphemian sent servants and messengers to all parts of the world to seek his son, but he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, Alexis, after taking leave of his bride, disguised himself in the habit of a pilgrim, fled from his father's house, and throwing himself into a little boat, he reached the mouth of the Tiber; at Ostia he embarked in a vessel bound for Laodicea, and thence he repaired to Edessa, a city of Mesopotamia, and dwelt there in great poverty and humility, spending his days in ministering to the sick and poor, and in devotion to the Madonna, until the people who beheld his great

piety, cried out 'A saint!' Then fearing for his virtue, he left that place and embarked in a ship bound for Tarsus, in order to pay his devotions to St. Paul. But a great tempest arose, and after many days the ship, instead of reaching the desired port, was driven to the mouth of the Tiber, and entered the port of Ostia. When Alexis found himself again near his native home, he thought, 'It is better for me to live by the charity of my parents than to be a burden to strangers,' and hoping that he was so much changed that no one would recognise him, he entered the city of Rome. As he approached his father's house, he saw him come forth with a great retinue of servants, and accosting him humbly besought a corner of refuge beneath his roof, and to eat of the crumbs which fell from his table; and Euphemian, looking on him, knew not that it was his son, nevertheless he felt his heart moved with unusual pity, and granted his petition, thinking within himself, 'Alas for my son Alexis! perhaps he is now a wanderer and poor, even as this man.' So he gave Alexis in charge to his servants, commanding that he should have all things needful. But, as it often happens with rich men who have many servitors and slaves, Euphemian was ill obeyed; for, believing Alexis to be what he appeared—a poor ragged wayworn beggar—they gave him no other lodging than a hole under the marble steps which led to his father's door, and all who passed and repassed looked on his misery; and the servants, seeing that he bore all uncomplaining, mocked at him, thinking him an idiot, and pulled his matted beard, and threw dirt on his head; but he endured in silence. A far greater trial was to witness every day the grief of his mother and wife; for his wife, like another Ruth, refused to go back to the house of her fathers; and often, as he lay in his dark hole under the steps, he heard her weeping in her chamber and crying, 'O my Alexis! whither art thou gone? Why hast thou espoused me only to forsake me?' And hearing her thus tenderly lamenting and upbraiding his absence, he was sorely tempted; nevertheless he remained steadfast. Thus many years passed away, until his emaciated frame sunk under his sufferings, and it was revealed to him that he should die. Then he procured from a servant of the house pen and ink, and wrote a full account of all these things, and all that had happened to him in his life, and put the letter in his bosom, expecting death. It happened about this time, on a certain feast day, that Pope Innocent was celebrating high mass before the Emperor Honorius and all his court, and suddenly a voice was heard, which said, 'Seek the servant of God who is about to depart from this life, and who shall pray for the city of Rome.' So the people fell on their faces; and another voice said, 'Where shall we seek him?' And the first voice answered, 'In the house of Euphemian the patrician.' And Euphemian was standing next to the emperor, who said to him, 'What! hast thou such a treasure in thy house, and hast not divulged it? Let us now repair thither immediately.' So Euphemian went before to prepare the way, and as he approached his house a servant met him, saying, 'The poor beggar whom thou hast sheltered has died within this hour, and we have laid him on the steps before the door.' And Euphemian ran up the steps and uncovered the face of the beggar, and it seemed to him the face of an angel, such a glory of light proceeded from it; and his heart melted within him, and he fell on his knees; and as the emperor and his court came near, he said, 'This is the servant of God of whom the voice spake just now.' And when the pope saw the letter which was in the dead hand of Alexis, he humbly asked him to deliver it; and the hand relinquished it forthwith, and the chancellor read it aloud before all the assembly."

[The First Part.]

[How Guy undertakes to fight a Danish Giant.]

WHEN: meate & drinke is great plentye, [page 349] At feasts
then lords and Ladyes still wilbe,
& sitt, & solace lythe [1];
then itt is time ffor mee to speake I tell of knights and warriors
of keene knights & kempes [2] great,
such carping ffor to kythe,[3]

how they haue conquered, for Englands right: who have
with helme vpon head, with halbert [4] bright,
ffull oft & many a sithe [5]
they [6] haue burnt by dale and downe, burnt towers and towns,
citye, castle, tower, & towne,
& made bearnes vnblythe;

made Ladyes ffor to weepe with dreery mood, and made women weep for their friends.
when theire ffreinds ought ayled but good,
their hands [7] to wring and writhe.[8]
of all cronicles ffarr and neere, Above all heroes
were [9] any deeds of armes weere,[10]
the most I prayse Sir Guy I put Guy of Warwick,
of warwicke! *that* noble knight
oft times ffor Englands right who kept secret his noble deeds for England.
hath done ffull worthylye;
yett hee kept itt as priuilye
as tho itt had neuer beene hee,
without noyse or crye.

& when he came ouer the salt ffome When he came back
ffrom Sir Terrey of Gorwaine,[11]

[1] soft, gentle.—P. listen to.—F.
[2] *kempa*, a soldier, Champion; *kemp*, to contend. Scot. vid. Gl. ad G.D.—P.
[3] A.-S. *cyðan*, to make known, relate. —F.
[4] hauberk.—P.
[5] *sithe*, vices (time) Lye; Chaucer. —P.
[6] The Danes.—P.
[7] MS. lands.—F. hands.—P.
[8] The author wrote "wry."—Dyce.
[9] where.—P.
[10] There is a tag to the *e*.—F.
[11] Sir Thierry of Gurmoise, in the Affleck Romance as analysed by Ellis, first Guy's opponent, then the friend rescued by him. See Ellis, p. 204, 214, 218, 223 (ed. Bohn).—F.

from helping Sir Terrey,

a knight of maine and moode,
ffor ffeare lest any one shold him know,
he kept him in silly beggars rowe
where euer hee went or stood;

he dressed as a beggar,

& euer he sperred[1] priuilicke
how they ffared att warwicke,
& how they liued there.

and only enquired about Warwick.

Athelstan was then besieged in Winchester

King Athels[t]one, the truth to say,
att the towne of winchester there he lay
with one soe royall a ffare.

by the Danish king, Avelocke,

the *King* of Denmarke, Auelocke,[2]
he into England brought a fflocke
of bearnes as breeme as beare[3];

whose Giant

& with him a Gyant stiffe & starke,
a Lodlye devill out of Denmarke:
such another you neuer saw yore:

was all armed in plate,

hee was rayed richlye with royall plate
both legg & arme, you may well wott,[4]
in armor bright to be seene;
he brought weapon,—who list ffor to read—
more then any cart could lead,[5]
to ding men downe by-deene;

and had sworn to subdue all England.

& swore othes great and grim,
that all England shold hold of him,
or he would kindle their care.

No English knight dares fight him.

then in England there was neuer a k*night*
that once with him durst ffight,—
ffull sore[6] he did them dread,[7]—

Athelstan prays;

neither with Auelocke nor Athelstone.
then our *King*, to Christ he made his moane,

[1] i.e. enquired.—P. There are two strokes for the second *i* in *priuilicke*.—F.

[2] Anlaf, in the Affleck MS. The change here is due, no doubt, to the Romance of Havelok the Dane.—F.

[3] boare, q.—P. *Bore* is the regular word.—F.

[4] wate, weet, q.—P.

[5] forté pro (lade, i.e.) load, A.-S. hladan, B. læden.—P.

[6] soe sore.—P.

[7] dare, q.—P.

& to his mother bright to be seene.
then one Night as our *King* lay in a vision,
there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen — an angel comes to him in a vision,
to lett him vnderstand [1]:

he sayd, "rise vp in the morning by prime,[2] — and tells him to go early to the gates, where he'll find an old man like a palmer.
& goe to the gates in a good time;
an old man shall you ffind there,
both with his scripp and his pike,
as *that* hee were palmer like,
lowring [3] vnder his here.[4]
vpon thy knees, Sir *King*, looke thou kneele him to, — Him he must pray to fight the giant.
& pray him the battell to doe,
ffor his loue *that* Marry bore.[5]"

with *that* the Angell vanished away.
but more of this Gyant I haue to say.
as I haue heard my Elders tell,
he was soe ffoule & soe great course,[6]
That neither might beare him steed nor horsse; — [page 350]
men thought he came ffrom hell.

the[n] bespake a Squier priuilye: — (A squire says Sir Guy
"where is the *Knight* men call Sir Guy,
some time [7] in this land did dwell?
or Sir Arrard [8] of arden alsoe? — or Sir Arrard of Arden would fight him.
the one of these might thither goe
the Gyant ffor to quell."

then bespake him an Erle in *that* while,
& sais, "Sir Guy is now in Exile, — "Ah! but Guy is in exile.
no man knowes wh[i]ther or where;
he had but one sonne, & he hight Rainborne; — His son Rainborne is stolen;
a merchant stold him ffrom wallingford towne,
ouer the seas with him to ffare;

[1] him ken aright, q.—P.
[2] *Prime*, the first houre of the day (in Summer at foure a clocke, in Winter at eight). Cotgrave.—F.
[3] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[4] hair, q.—P. here = hair.—F.
[5] bare, q.—P.
[6] i. e. Corpse.—P.
[7] *time* in the MS.—F.
[8] Sir Heraud, Guy's trusty companion, then "in a dungeon on the coast of Africa." Ellis, p. 198, 234.—F.

"the Erle & the Countesse beene both dead,
Dame ffelix is sore adread
of[1] her Lord, Sir Guye.

"her ffather and mother beene dead her ffroe;
& soe shee thinkes Sir Guy is alsoe,
the flower of knighthood bold."
then Earlye, as soone as itt was day,
our King to the gates tooke his way,
his fforward[2] ffor to hold.

right certaine truth to tell,
he ffound[3] a man in the same apparell
as the Angell before had him told.
vpon his knees the King kneeled him to,
and prayd him the battell doe,
ffor his loue *that* Iudas sold.

then answered the Palmer right,
& sayd, "in England you haue many a Knight
the battell *that* may doe.
I am brused in my body, & am vnyeeld[4];
alas, I may no wepons welde!
behold, & take good heede[5]!"

our King sayd the palmer vntill,
"well I wott itt is gods will
you shold helpe me in my need[6]!"
"If *that* be soe," the palmer did speake,
"by the might of Christ I shall thee wreake,[7]
if I had armour & sheild."

our King of this hee was ffull ffaine,
& soe were all his lords certaine.

and his wife, Felix,

thinks he, Guy, is dead.")

Next morning, Athelstan goes to the gates,

finds an old man in palmer's dress,

and prays him to fight the giant.

The Palmer says

he is too weak.

Athelstan says God wills that he should fight.

"Then I will," answers he.

Athelstan

[1] for, q.—P.
[2] agreement: with the angel?—F.
[3] MS. faund.—F.
[4] unwielde or unweld, q. Chauc.—P.
[5] Then take good heed thereto, q. —P.
[6] in the field, q.—P.
[7] revenge.—P.

to a Chamber they cold him Lead ;
they sought vp Armour bright and ffaire, — offers him armour,
inough ffor any *King* to haue in store,[1]
& they best they did him bidd.

but meete for his body there was none, — but none will fit him, he is so big.
he was soe large of blood and bone,
the fferssest[2] *that* euer was ffedd.
the day of battell drew neere hand ; — The day of battle draws near.
but 5 dayes before, as I vnderstand,
our king was sore affrayd.

then bespake the palmer priuilye, — The Palmer suggests that Guy's armour will fit him.
"where is the *Knight* men call *Sir* Guye ?
sometimes in this land he dyd dwell[3] ;
once I see him beyond the sea ;
his Armoure I thinke wold serue mee
in battell stifflye to stand."

the *King* did thereto assent ; — Athelstan sends to the Countess for it,
the *Kings* messenger to warwicke went,
the Countesse soone he ffound.[4]
before her he kneeled him on his knee,
prayed her of the armor belonged to *Sir* Guy
when he was a-liue liuande.[5]

shee saught vp armoure ffaire to bee seene : — and she sends it back, with Guy's sword.
Sir Guyes sword was sharpe & keene,
himselfe was wonnt to weare.
to the towne of winchester they did itt bring ;
ffull gladd therof then was the *King*,
& many *that* with him there were.

then thé rayed the palmer anon-right — They arm him,
with helme vpon head, with halbert[6] bright ;

[1] to wear, q.—P.
[2] MS. fferffest.—F.
[3] he did dwell in this land, q.—P.
[4] fand, q.—P.
[5] alive on ground, q.—P.
[6] hauberk, q.—P.

they raught him sheild and speare.

he mounts, and rides forth.

Then he lope on horsbacke with good entent, [p. 351]
& fforth of the gates then hee went,
his ffoes ffor to ffeare.

When he gets to the field

then al be-spread [1] was the ffeild
with helme vpon head, with shining sheild,[2]
as breeme [3] as any beare.[4]

Guy dismounts,

& when the palmer all the armes sawe,
he lighted downe, & list not lauge,

and prays to Christ

but he mad his prayers arright [5]:
" Christ! *that* suffered wounds 5,
& raised Lazarus ffrom dath to liffe,[6]
to grant mee speech & sight,—
& saued danyell the Lyons ffroe,
& borrowed [7] Susanna out of woe,—

to grant him strength to

to grant vs strenght & might,

free England from the Danish yoke.

" *that* I may England out of thraldome bring
& not let vnder [8] the danish *King*
haue litle England att his will."

Then he springs into the saddle,

then without any stirropp verament
into the saddle he sprent,
& sate there sadd and still.

and Athelstan says

our *King* said, " by gods grace
this riseth ffrom a light liuerues,[9]
and of an Egar will.

he never saw any one do that except Sir Guy.

I neuer kneww no man *that* soe cold haue done,
but old Sir Guy of warw[i]cke towne,
that curteous knight himselfe.[10] "

[1] MS. albe spread.—F. all bespread.—P.

[2] With Hauberk glitterand bright, query.—P.

[3] MS. breeue.—F.

[4] boar, qu.—P. *Bore* is the old word; but the rhyme with *feare* makes the change necessary. See too l. 39.—F.

[5] prayers thore.—P.

[6] from dead on live, q.—P.

[7] borrow, ab. A.-S. *beorgan*; servare, custodire.—P.

[8] delend.—P.

[9] nimbleness. See *liuer*, vol. i. p. 17, l. 46. Fr. *delivre de sa personne*, an active nimble wight. Cotgrave.—F.

[10] himsel. Boreal. D.—P.

[The Second Part.]

[How Sir Guy fights and kills the Danish Giant.]

The foul Giant comes,

The Gyant was the ffirst *that* tooke the place;
vglye he was, and ffoule of ffface;
the danish men began to smile.
he wold neither runne nor leape,
but layd all his weapons vpon a heape,
& dryd [1] himselfe for guile
that he might choose of the best,
that who-soeuer with them hee hitt,
w*hich* warr *that* hard while.

stands still,

and tries his weapons.

2d parte

King Avelocke

Trumpetts made steeds to stampe & stare;
the K*ing* of denmarke, he was there,
the K*ing* of England alsoe.
then the K*ing* of Denmarke a booke out breade,[2]
& sware theron, as the story sayes,—
behold & take good heed:—

swears

that if the Giant is beaten, he'll never claim England again.

"if the Gyant had the warre,[3]
of England he wold neuer cleame more,
neither nye nor ffurr.[4]"

Athelstan swears that if

the kinge of England was there alsoe;
the same othe he sware alsoe,—
behold and take good heede,[5]—

his Palmer is beaten he'll not claim England.

"if the pore palmer had the wore,
of England he wold neuer claime more,
while his liffe dayes last wold."
& thus their trothes together they strake,
they said their poyntment shold not slake,
nor exile out off Arr.[6]

[1] fortè *dress'd*.—P. tried.—F.
[2] breide, braide, arose, &c., also pulled out, drew, Gl. ad Chauc.—P.
[3] werre for werrs.—P.
[4] *i.e.* nigh nor far.—P.
[5] corrupt.—P.
[6] mold, q.—P.

The Giant says that he'll

then the Gyant loud did crye:
to the *King* of Denmarke [1] these words says hee,
" behold & take good heede!
yonder is an Iland in the sea;
ffrom me he can-not scape away,
nor passe my hands indeed;

kill or drown Guy,

" but I shall either slay him with my brand,
or drowne him in yonder salt strand [2];
ffro me he shall not scape away.

and crown Avelocke King of England.

then I will with my owne hand
crowne thee king of litle England
ffor euer and ffor aye."

that was true, as the *King* of denmarke thought;

The Giant and Guy cross to an island in two barges.

comanded 2 barges fforth to be brought,
& either into one was done.
the Gyant was [3] the ffirst *that* ore did passe.

Guy pushes his barge off

& as soone as hee [4] to the Iland come was,
his barge there he thrust him ffrom;

with his ffoote & with his hand
he thrust his barge ffrom the Land,
with the watter he lett itt goe,

into the stream,

he let itt passe ffrom him downe the streame.
then att him the Gyant wold ffreane [5]
why he wold doe soe.

saying that

then bespake the Palmer anon-right,
" hither wee be come ffor to ffight
till the tone of vs be slaine;
2 botes brought vs hither,

one is enough to carry the victor back.

& therfore came not both together,
but one will bring vs home.[6]

[1] MS. Demmarke.—F.

[2] Cp. "then I was ware of a runing *strand*." Eger & Grime, vol. i. p. 360, l. 187.—F.

[3] It should be 'Sir Guy was.'—P.

[4] Guy.—F.

[5] *frein, fraine*, interrogare, Jun.—P.

[6] Percy adds (againe) ? Home is for *hame*.—F.

" ffor thy Bote thou hast yonder tyde, [page 352]
ouer in thy bote I trust to ryde ;
& therfore Gyant, beware ! "
trumpetts blew, & bade them goe toote, — The trumpets sound,
the one [on] horsbacke, the other on ffoote [1] ;
but Guy to god was darre.[2]

Sir Guy weened well to doo, — and Sir Guy charges.
he tooke a strong speare & rode h[i]m too,
he was in a good intent :
althoe he rode neuer soe ffast,
his strong speare on the Gyant hee brast, — He shivers his spear on the Giant,
that all to shiuers itt went.

& then Sir Guy anon-right
drew out his sword *that* was soe bright, — draws his sword,
that many a man beheld,
& on the Gyant he smote [3] soe — and cuts off part of his shield.
that a quarter of his sheild fell him ffroe,
euen vntill the ffeild.

the Gyant against him made him bowne [4] ; — The Giant knocks Guy over,
horsse & man & all came downe
vpon the ground [5] soe greene.
throughout Sir Guyes steede — and cuts his horse right through.
the Gyants sword to the ground yeed [6] ;
such stroakes haue seldome [7] beene seene.

then Sir Guy started on his feete ffull tyte,[8] — Guy cuts
& on the Gyant cold hee smite
as a man *that* had beene woode ;
& vpon the Gyant he smote soe ffast — through the Giant's armour, and draws blood.
that the Gyants strong armour all to-brast ;
there-out sprang the bloode.

[1] There is a mark between the *f* and *o* in the MS.—F.
[2] deare, q.—P.
[3] *snote* in the MS.—F.
[4] ready.—P
[5] One stroke too many in the MS.—F.
[6] passed.—P.
[7] seld or seeld, q.—P.
[8] Light, q.—P.

The Giant knocks off the jewelled crest of Guy's helm,

then the Gyant hitt Sir Guy vpon the helme ;
aboue on his head the stroake itt ffell ;
itt was with stones sett,
itt was with precyous stones made ;
Sir Guys helmett neere assunder yode [1] ;
such stroakes of men beene drade.

and then

then the Gyant thirsted sore ;
some of his blood he had lost thore [2] ;

asks leave

& this he sayd on hye :
" good Sir, & itt be thy will,

o drink ;

giue me leaue to drinke my ffill,
ffor sweete S^t^ Charytye ;

he'll let Guy do the same.

" and I will doe thee the same deede
another time, if thou haue neede,
I tell the certainlye."

Guy gives him leave,

" why, vpon *that* couenant," Sir Guy can sayine,
" goe & drinke thy ffill, & come againe,
and heere Ile abyde thee."

the Giant drinks,

beside them there the riuer ran ;
the Gyant went & reffresht him then,
& came ffull soone againe.

and they fight till noon.

ffrom *that* itt was lowe prime
till itt was hye noone,
thé delten strokes with maine.[3]

but the sword *that* Sir Guy had lead,
therewith he kept his head,
stoode oft in poynt ffor to be slaine.

Then Guy thirsts

then Sir Guy thirsted sore ;
he had rather haue had drunke there
then haue had England & almaigne [4] :

yade.—P.

[2] So Chaucer R R 1853, pro *tho*, vel *there*, metri gratia.—P.

[3] amaine, q.—P.

[4] Germany.—P.

292 " good Sir, iff itt be thy will,
lett me goe now & drinke my ffill,
beffore as I did thee."
" nay," then sayd the Gyant, " I were to blame
296 vnlesse *that* I knew thy name,
I tell thee certainlye."

and asks the Giant to let him drink.

" You may if you'll tell me your name."

" why then," q*uo*th hee, " Ile neue[r] swicke [1];
my name is Guy of warwicke;
300 what shold I longer layne [2] to thee ? "
the Gyant sayd, " soe might I swinke,[3]
doest thou thinke Ile let thee drinke ?
no ! not ffor all Cristentye !

" Guy of Warwick."

" Then you sha'n't drink.

304 " Ah ha ! " q*uo*th the Gyant, " haue I Sir Guy here ?
in all this world is not a [4] peere.
ffor ought *that* thou can doe or deale,[5]
thy head [I] shall present my Lady the Queene,
308 I tell thee certainlye [bedeene.] [6] "
then Sir Guy towards the riuer came.

I'll give your head to my queen."

However, Guy goes into the river,

the Gyant was not light, but after him went;
the Gyant Layd after Guy with strokes strong,
312 but Guy was light, & lope againe to the Land [7];
ffor ere he cold any stroke of Sir Guy woone,[8]
Guy had beene in the riuer [9] to the chune,[10]
& dranke *that* did him gaine.

[page 353]

up to his chin, and drinks.

316 & vp he start, & sayd there:
" thou ffoule traitor ! I will thee loue noe more [11] !
ffor thy trechery, traytor, thou shalt abuy [12] ! "

Then he reproaches the Giant for his treachery,

[1] *swik*, fallere, decipere. Lye. G.D. 102, 38.—P.
[2] *laine* celare.—P.
[3] labor, toil.—P.
[4] his.—F.
[5] delend, q.—P.
[6] Added by Percy.—F.
[7] The Giant did not lag behind him long,
But layd after Guy with strokes strong.
Guy lope on *the* L*a*nd againe.—P.
[8] winne, q.—P.
[9] Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.
[10] chinne.—P.
[11] leave no mair, q.—P.
[12] reel, q.—P. Perhaps " kneele": compare l. 327.—Dyce.

these words spake good Sir Guy,
& liffted vp his swordd on hye,
& saies, "good stroakes thou shalt ffeele."
and hits him a stroke — then Sir Guy att the Gyant smote
a dint *that* wonderffull byterlye bote:
that cuts — he smote assunder Iron & steele;
Sir Guys sword through the basnett [1] ran,
down to his skull. — & glased [2] vpon his braine pan,
& the Gyant began to kneele.

The Giant knocks Guy down. — & then the Gyant att Sir Guy smote
a dint *that* wonderffull [3]bitterlye bote;
he smote Sir Guy downe to the ground.
Sir Guy was neu*e*r soe discomffitted before;
but through [4] the might of him *that* Marye bore,
releeued him againe in *that* stonde.

Guy thinks on Christ, — he thought on Christ *that* suffered wounds 5,
& raised Lazarus ffrom d[e]ath to liffe,
& vpon the crosse was wound,
to giue him grace to quitt *that*.
& then his sword in his hand he gatt,
& narr [5] the Gyant did hee stand,[6]

sticks the Giant through the breast-plate, — & att the Gyant there he smote
a dint *that* wonderffull bitterlye bote;
through his brest-plate his sword he stake.[7]
& as Sir Guy wold haue wrested itt out,
but breaks his sword. — his good sword broke with-ou[t] all [8] doubt,
within the hiltes itt brake;

[1] *Bassnet*, Helmet, or Head-piece (French) Gl. ad G. D.—P. A light helmet, shaped like a skull-cap. Fairholt.—F.
[2] glanced or grazed, q.—P.
[3] *bu* with one dot for *bi* in the MS.—F.
[4] delend.—P.
[5] i. e. nearer.—P.
[6] stond, q.—P.
[7] strake, Qu.—P.
[8] without all, q.—P.

& theratt loughe the Danish *King*,
& Athelstone made much mour[n]ing
to heare how the Gyant spake :

"now thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld, — The Giant tells him
here is no wepons ffor to weld ;
therfore yeeld thee to mee swythe,[1] — he had better yield at once, and
& I will thy arrand soe doo,
& to Auelocke our *King* Ile speake ffor thee, — Avelocke will grant him land and life.
to grant thee land and liffe,
that thou durst ffor thy Chiualrye
be soe bold as ffight *with* mee
that am[2] soe stiffe and stithe.[3] "

"nay ! " sayd *Sir* Guy, "by heauen Queene, — Guy refuses.
that sight by me shall neuer be seene,
[forsooth I do thee tell.]
ffor I shall kindle thy *King*s cares[4] :
through the Might of him *that* Marry bare,
with stroakes I shall thee ffell."

the Gyant laught, & loud gan crye, — But, says the Giant,
"why speakest thou masterffullye ?
hearke what I shall thee tell :
thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,
& thou hast noe weapons thy selfe to weld, — you've no weapons to fight with.
nor[5] here is none to sell."

"no," sayd *Sir* Guy, "I know better cheape ; — "I'll help myself from your heap."
yonder lyes a great cart-load on a heape,
that thou thy-selfe hither did bring."
"then thé wold laugh me to scorne, my Lo*rds* manye,
if of my wepons I shold let thee take anye,
my selfe downe ffor to dinge."

[1] soon, instantly.—P. There is a stroke between *to* and *mee*.—F.
[2] *ann* in the MS.—F.
[3] Stithe, *rigidus, validus, strenuus*. Lyc.—P.
[4] care, q.—P.
[5] ? MS. now.—F.

Guy seizes a Danish axe,

then Sir Guy to the weapons went:
a danish [1] axe in his hand hee hent,
& lightlye about his head he can itt ffling.

cuts off the Giant's sword-arm,

the Gyant vpon the sholder he smote;
the sword and arme ffell to hys [2] ffoote,
this was noe leasinge.

and then, as he stoops,

then as he wold haue stooped, as I vnde[r]stand,
to haue taken vp his sword in his other hand
to haue wreaked him of *that* wrathe,

his head.

Sir Guys axe was sharpe, & share,
the Gyants head he smote of there,
bremelye [3] in that breath.

The Danes

& then the Danish men gan say
to our Englishmen, "well-away [page 354]
that euer wee came in your griste [4]!"

flee,

they ran & they rode ouer hill & slade [5];
much haste home-ward they made
with sorrow & care enough.

and take their king home,

they hyed them ouer the salt ffome
to bring the *King* of denmarke hame
with sorrow and mickle care;
ffor they haue left behind them slaine
a ffull ffoule Lodlye [6] swayne,
both of head and hayre.

as they swore to claim England no more.

ffor their trothes they had truly plight,
that 'as they were true *King* and Knight,
of England neuer to clayme more.'
& then to the body they sett his head;
his sword in his hand was lead,[7]
[8] the strongest *that* euer man bo[re].

[1] See note [3] to l. 169, p. 68, vol. i. —F.
[2] The *y* is dotted as in old MSS.—F.
[3] breme, *ferox, atrox.* Lye.—P.
[4] ? MS. grisle.—F.
[5] A.-S. *slǽd*, a slade; plain, open tract of country. Bosworth.—F.
[6] filthy.—P.
[7] laid, q.—P.
[8] *& stanke as did the tike* is crossed out at the beginning of this line in the MS.—F.

the Gyants blood was blacke & red, — The Giant's
his body was like the beaten lead,
& stanke as did the tyke.[1]
then thé Layd the head to the corse, — corpse
& the arme againe to the bodye alsoe,
& buryed them both in a diche.[2] — is buried.

great hauocke our Englishmen made. — The English make fun over his weapons.
of[3] the great cart-loade of weapons *that* were made,[4]
they loughe, & good game they made.[5]
that the axe out of Denmarke was brought,
the Gyants head of to smyte,[6]
thé thanked christ *that* tyde.

& then the *King* beffore the palmer did kneele, — Athelstan thanks Guy.
sayes, "thou art blest, I wott itt weele,
of god and our Ladye."
the palmer, in his hart hee was full sore — Guy
when he saw our king kneele him before;
"stand vp, my lord!" sayd hee,
"ffor well I wott itt was his deede — gives the victory to Christ.
that ffor vs vpon a crosse did bleede
vpon the mount of Caluarye."

& then our king after *that*, — Athelstan
in the honor of this battell great,
this deed hee caused to be done:
gard them to take vp the axe & the sword, — has the Giant's sword and axe hung up in
& keepe them well in royall ward,
& bring them to winchester towne,

& hang them vp on St. Swythens church on hye — St. Swithin's Church in Winchester.
that all men[7] there may see,

[1] tike, *Ricinus*, [tick,] a dog-louse. In Shakespear it is used for a little dog. Johnson.—P.
[2] Dyke, q.—P.
[3] at.—P.
[4] laid, q.—P.
[5] & did deryde, q.—P.
[6] that smote, q.—P.
[7] *mem* in the MS.—F. There is no tradition in Winchester of Guy's axe and sword ever having been in St. Swithin's church.—Bailey.

thither if they wold ffare.[1]
I tell you the weapons be there & thore
but of this matter Ile tell you more,
hastylye and soone.

[The Third Part.]

[How Sir Guy turns Hermit, and sends for his Wife as he dies.]

A procession of monks, singing *Te Deum*, meets Athelstan, who offers Guy castles and towers.

Then all religious of the towne,
they mett the *King* with ffaire procession;
& other psalmes amonge,[2]
te deum was theire song,
& other praises there amonge,
that plaused[3] the Lords to pray.
thé profferred the palmer att *that* tyde,
castles hye & towers wyde,
good horsses to assay.

3d parte

Guy asks only for his staff and pike.

"Nay," saies he, "giue me *that* is mine,
my scripp & my pike & my slauen,[4]
& lett me wend my way."

ffor all they profferred him there,
he fforsooke them: wold haue no more[5]
but *that* with him he brought.
& then our *King* with him forth on his way went;

The King goes with him and asks his name.

to know his name was his entent;
"but all," he sayd, "is ffor nought,

Guy tells

without you wilbe sworne vnto me,
ffor 12 monthes in councell itt shalbe,

[1] gone.—P.
[2] all their Psalms 'gan say, q.—P.
[3] It pleased, q.—P.
[4] *Slaveine*, a pilgrim's mantle. *Sarabarda*, Anglice a sclavene. Halliwell. Fr. *Esclavine* as *Esclauune* (a long and thicke riding cloake to beare off the raine; a Pilgrims cloake or mantle; a cloake for a traueller;) or a sea-gowne; or a course high-collered, and short-sleeued gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and vsed most by seamen and Saylors. Cotgrave, A.D. 1611.—F.
[5] mair, q.—P.

by him *that* all this world has wrought."
& when our *King* had sworne him too,
"why, my name," he sayes, "is Guy of warwicke, loe!
& this ffor thee I haue ffought."

him under a vow of secresy.

"O," said our *King*, "Sir Guy, abyde with mee,
& halfe of England I will giue thee,
& assunder wee will neuer."
"nay, I thanke you my lord curteous & kind,[1]
I haue a pilgramage great to wend,
ffrom sinne my soule to couer.[2]
Sometimes I was one of your Erles wight,[3] [page 355]
but now age & trauell hath me dight;
ffarwell, my Lord, ffor euer!
for to warwicke wend will I,
to speake with fayre ffœlix[4] my wiffe, before I dye,
for nothing I had leauer."

Athelstan offers him half of England to stay.

Guy refuses, he must go a pilgrimage

to Warwick,

to see his wife.

he had beene in battell stiffe & strong,
& smitten with wepons *that* were long,
& bidden many a drearye day:
when thé p*a*rted, they both did weepe.
Sir Guy held downe the hye street,[5]
in[6] warwicke where he lay.

Guy journeys

& when he came to warwicke towne,
his owne countesse to dinner was bowne
& all masses were sayd.
ffor ffeare lest any man shold him Ken,
he sett him downe among the poore godsmen,
& held him well pleased.[1]

to Warwick, finds his Countess at dinner,

and sits down among the poor godsmen.

[1] hend, q.—P.
[2] pronounced *kiver*; perhaps *sever*. —P.
[3] stout, active.—P.
[4] Felice, in Ellis.—F.
[5] i.e. the High-way. Qu. the high Roman Road.—P.
[6] to, q.—P.
[7] well-apaid, q. (eodem fere sensu.) —P.

The Countess feeds daily 13 palmers.

his owne Ladye euerye day att her gate
13 palmers in cold shee take
to dine with her att noone.

Guy goes in as one,

Sir Guy was leane of cheeke & chin,
& thereffore the porter lett him in,
& 12 after him did goe.[1]

and his Lady gives him wine: he gives it to his mates.

the Ladye see hee was ill att ease;
shee ffounded[2] ffast him to please,
[and did him make good cheere;[3]]
shee ffett him a pott of her best wine:
he dealt[4] itt about him at that time,
all to his ffellowes there.

He takes leave of his Lady.

then after dinner, as saith the booke,
leaue of his owne Ladye he tooke
before them in the hall.

She bids her steward

the Ladye called her steward vnto;
shee sayd, "my bidding looke thou doe."
"Madam," hee sayd, "I shall."

tell him to come to dinner every day.

"why then, goe to yonder[5] pore palmer,
& bidd him come euerye day to dinner
before me in this hall;
ffor an honest man[6] he hath beene
when he was younge & kept cleane,
as may be well seene."[7]

The steward gives Guy the message.

the steward wold no longer abyde,
but went after the palmer *that* tyde,

[1] gone, q.—P.
[2] *fond, found,* to try, endeavour. A.S. *fandian,* tentare. Urry, Jun.—P.
[3] A Line wanting:
"And bade (or did) him make good cheere." q.—P.
[4] *him* follows, marked out.—F.
[5] *yomder* in the MS.—F.
[6] MS. me. A.-S. *mêg* is a relation, friend, neighbour.—F.
[7] as may be seene of all, q.—P.

& did as the Ladye him bede;[1]
says, "well greetes you my Ladye mild of cheere,
prayes you euery day to come to dinner,[2]
giffe *that* itt be your will."

the palmer made answer her steward vnto[3]; Guy says
say, "I pray to christ grant her *that* meede
that welds both welth and witt!
a litle ffurther I haue to ffare, he must go on to an
to speake with an hermitt here,
giff I can with him hitt."

"an hermitt is dead, I vnderstand, empty hermitage near.
& here a hermitage stands vacand,
as [I] doe vnderstand."[4]

& there he liued, the truth to say, He goes, lives on
till itt was his ending day,
& serued christ our King;
he neuer eate other meate
but herbes and rootes greate, herbs, roots, and water,
& dranke the water of a springe.

then he hyred him a litle page and his page
that was but 13 yeeres of age,
he was both ffayre and ffeate[5];
& euery day when the noone bell rang, daily at noon
the litle ladd to the towne must gang, fetches the Countess's
to ffeitch[6] the Ladyes liuerye.[7] allowance to him.

[1] as y^e^ Lady did him tell.
As the Ladye bade him till or tell.
q.—P.
[2] dinnere, q.—P.
[3] to her Steward answer made, q.—P.
[4] Half a *Stanza* or more wanting. These seem to be the Steward's words. —P.
[5] MS. may be *feale*.—F. feate, q.—P. "both ffayre and ffeate was he."—Dyce.
[6] to fet, q.—P.
[7] delivery, allowance of food. Fr. *Livrée*, A deliuerie of a thing thats giuen; and (but lesse properly) the thing so giuen; hence, a Liuerie; Ones cloth, colours, or deuice in colours worn by his servants, or others. *La Livrée des Chanoines*. Their liuerie, or corrodie; their stipend, exhibition, daillie allowance in victualls or money. Cotgrave. —F.

the Ladye was gladd, as I vnderstand;
shee gaue itt with her owne handes,[1]
and gladd itt soe shold bee.

At last a death-sickness takes Guy;

but there he liued, as sayth the booke,
till a sicknesse there him tooke,
that needlye[2] he must dye.

an angel comes to him

one night as Sir Guy lay in vysion,
there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen

to warn him he shall die—

to lett him vnderstand.
he was as light as any leame,[3]
as bright as any sunn beames.
with *that* wakened Sir Guy.[4]

[page 356]

He sayes, "I coniure in the power of Iesus christ[5]
to tell me wether thou be an euill angell or a good!"

St. Michael, from God.

he sayd, "I hett Michall.
I came ffrom him *that* can both loose and bind
both mee, and thee, and all mankind,
both heauen, earth, and hell."

Sir Guy sends his page

& then Sir Guy his ring out raught
to the litle ladd, and him taught,

to tell his wife to come to him.

& bidd he shold "goe snell[6]
to her *that* hath beene true to mee,
& pray her to come, my end and see;
ffor nothing *that* shee dwell.[7]"

The page goes to the Countess,

the litle lad made him bowne
till he came to warwicke towne.

[1] hand.—P.
[2] so Chaucer, for needs must.—P.
[3] *Leame, leme,* a flame, a Light, a blaze. Chauc. Urry. Jun.—P. A.-S. *leoma.* —F.
[4] Sir Guy wakende, q.—P.
[5] Jesus' blood, q. I conjure thee by ye Roode. Qu.—P.
[6] snell, *celer, pernix, citus, agilis.* A.-S. *snel.* Lye.—P.
[7] dwelle, to stay, tarry. Chauc. Isl. *dwelia,* est cessare, morari. Jun. Lye. —P.

the Countesse soone hee ffound;
before her he kneeled on his knee;
saith, "well[1] greeteth you my Lord, Sir Guy! — tells her that Guy is dying,
but he is dead neere hand,[2]

"& heere he hath sent to you his ringe,—
ffull well you know this tokeninge,—
& bidds you hye him till." — and bids her come to him.
a squier wold haue brought her a palffrey,
but shee tooke a neerer stay;

ffor knight ne squier none wold shee haue,
but ffollow shee did the litle knaue[3];
the way was ffayre and drye;
ffollow shee did the litle ffoot page — She follows the page to the hermitage,
till shee came to the hermitage
wheras her lord did lye;

& then the lady curteous & snell,
vpon his bed-side downe shee ffell — and falls down by Guy, groaning grievously.
with many a greeuous grone.
hee looked vpon her with eyes 2,[4]
he neuer spake more words but these, — He tells her to be still.
saying, "Madam, lett be thy ffare[5]!"

a man that had seene the sorrow shee had, — You'd have cried to see her sorrow.
& alsoe the contrition that shee made
ffor her Lord, Sir Guy,
they wold haue shed many salt teares[6]:
soe did all that with them were,
both lords eke and Ladyes.

[1] *greeth* follows, marked out, in the MS.—F.
[2] hond, q.—P.
[3] *cnafa*, puer.—P.
[4] with his eyes, q.—P.
[5] mone.—P.
[6] many a teare, q.—P.

She says she and Guy were together only 40 days;

then shee told them how they had loued long,
& were marryed together when they were younge,
& liued together but dayes 40 :
& afterward shee neuer him see,
by no knowledge *that* cold bee,
of 30 winters and three.

their child was stolen,

then shee told them of much more woe :
theire younge child was stolen them froe ;
they had neuer none but one.

and Sir Arrarde went to seek it.

Sir Arrarde of Arden after him went
to seeke the child with good intent,
that was true of borne blood.[1]

& as shee can [2] these tales tell,
in swooning downe shee ffell
vpon the ground soe greene ;
& when shee was reuarted againe,

The Countess goes to King Athelstan,

shee wold neuer rest nor rowe [3]
till shee came our king vnto,
her to wishe and read.

who tells her how Guy slew the giant.

before our king when shee was brought,
the king told her how Sir Guy had fought
& smitten of the Gyants head :

"ffast his name I did ffreane,[4]
but he sware me *that* I must leane [5]
ffor a 12 month and a day."

Athelstan vows he'll bury Guy in Winchester.

the king said, "soe christ me saue !
this Erle to winchester I will haue ;

[1] of true blood borne, q.—P.
[2] i. e. gan.—P. did.—F.
[3] A.-S. *row*, sweet, quiet, repose.—F.
[4] ask.—P.
[5] conceal.—P.

his body there I will interre."
but all *that* about him there cold stand, — But his corpse cannot be moved,
they cold not remoue him with their hands
nor ffurther thence him beare.

a new purpose there thé tooke;
they made a graue, as saith the booke,
before the hye Altar,
& buryed him in warwicke, the truth to say. — and is therefore buried in Warwick,
the ladye liued after him but dayes 40: — with his wife, who soon dies.
And there was buryed alsoe.[1] [page 357]

& then they ffounded a ffayre abbey,
& monkes ffor them to singe.

.

thus came the k*nigh*t out of his cares,[2]
that had beene in land wyde where,
that came to England safe againe.

now all you *that* haue heard this litle Iest,[3] — Bless you, all my hearers! May you go to heaven!
I betake yo*u*r soules to Iesus christ,
[4] [to save from endless pain,]
& *that* wee may on doomesday
come to the blisse *that* shall ffor aye,
with Angells to remaine. ffins.

[1] *alswa*, Chauc. idem.—P.
[2] care.—P.
[3] Properly Gest.—P.
[4] a Line wanting.—P.

John : De[1] Reeue :[2]

[in 3 Parts.—P.]

This piece, now for the first time published, represents Royalty mixing freely and genially with one of its lowest subjects. All the splendours of majesty are for the nonce laid aside, the crown done off, the sceptre laid down; and the King wanders forth as a common man, and fraternizes with common men. Such a descending from its height down to the level of the humblest, was, as we have said in the Introduction to the *King and Miller*, a picture of monarchy highly agreeable to the popular taste—(see p. 147 above). The value of the following piece, however, does not lie so much in the picture of such a fellowship as in the portrayal of a villain's life and circumstances that it gives. The hero of this piece is not the King; it is the villain. The King appears, but as a good-humoured genial presence, who can forget his dignity and enjoy a frolic with the best. All the powers of the poet are devoted to the description and portraiture of the villain. He understands best the life of the villain; his sympathies go with it; his great delight is to depict it.

I incline to believe that the piece was originally written about the middle of the fifteenth century.[3] It professes to describe an incident that took place in the days of King Edward. It adds:

> Of that name were Kings *three*;
> But Edward with the long shanks was he,
> A lord of great renown.

[1] *De* is of course *ðe*, i.e. *the*.—H.

[2] or John the Reeve, i.e. Bailiff, vid. St. 23. See also St. 7, Pt 3. An Old Song of King Edward Longshanks, not unlike the King and the Millar.—P.

[3] Mr. Wright assigns it to the latter part of the fourteenth century.—H.

The poem then was written after the death of Edward III., that is, after 1377 and before the accession of Edward IV., that is, before 1461. Its general character shows that it was written at a period when the position and prospects of the villain were brightening. It was evidently written in the decadence of feudalism, when the darkest ages of villenage were fast passing away. The bare notion of making a villain a knight could scarcely have occurred to any man's mind before the fifteenth century; nor yet the bare notion of a villain's delighting in his position. The lower classes had already felt their strength, and made their strength felt, when John de Reeve was described with so much respect and pride. The great rising of Richard II.'s reign, however abortive, however completely foiled it might have seemed at the time, had produced a lasting effect. In the course of events, kings were presently to assume in earnest that position of leadership which Richard had taken lyingly in Smithfield in 1381. This is a poem of mirth and of hope, not a wild angry satire, not a deep bitter moan. That mighty exodus which the fifteenth century witnessed is being accomplished. The house of bondage is being left. The land of freedom is coming into sight.

The knight had had poems sung and written in his honour for many a long year. A whole literature had celebrated him; he is the one star and glory of the old romances. The yeoman, too, had had his praises sung. His services at Creçy and Poictiers had given him an importance and a celebrity that could not be forgotten. He had become a name. And now, at last, the villain had raised himself so far out of the depths of his abasement, that he too was found worthy of poetic celebration.

John de Reeve, one of the King's bondmen, is represented here as extremely well-to-do and comfortable in his circumstances, of a highly independent spirit, with a supreme contempt

for penniless courtiers, convivial, and indulging his disposition in that respect. He is indeed a somewhat coarse-grained fellow, apt to brag of his prosperity when he can do so securely, illiterate, prejudiced. Altogether, he is very much what the average Englishman of to-day is—a good-hearted Philistine. But one thing mars his felicity—his fear of the King and the King's purveyor. This constrains him to conceal his riches, to simulate poverty, to shrink from intercourse with wayfarers and strangers.

This picture of a villain's life may seem surprisingly bright and cheerful. No doubt it would be unwise to conclude that all the members of his class were as sleek and affluent as this John de Reeve. On the other hand, it is unwise to conclude from the laws that regulated it, that the position of that class was, at least in the latter feudal days, for the most part beggarly and wretched. The wall of partition that separated the villain from the freeman was often very slight. The arbitrary services, the exaction of which characterized his condition, assumed in course of time a definite shape, so that his tenure was as little galling as those of his neighbours. He could prosecute his own interests as undisturbedly as they. His social state would be nominally inferior to theirs; but his opportunities of growing rich would be as good, with few drawbacks. Probably there would be often little to choose between the small yeoman and the villain.[1] Villains too had fought in the English ranks on the famous battle-fields of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. That fearful pestilence that ravaged the land in 1349 may be said to have dealt villenage a blow from which it never recovered. Free labourers, as Eden (in his *State of the Poor*) remarks, are first specifically recognised by the legislature in 1350. The First Act of Richard the Second (cap. 6) has reference to complaints urged by the Lords and Commons, that

[1] Cf. v. 307 of the ballad.

villains and land-tenants withdraw their services "under pretext of exemplifications from the Book of Domesday, and by their evil interpretation of the same they affirm themselves to be quit and utterly discharged of all manner of servage, due as well of their body as of their said tenures, and will not suffer any distress or other justice to be made upon them, but do menace the ministers of their lords, and gather themselves together in great routs, and agree by such confederacy that every one shall aid other to resist their lords with strong hand, to the great damage of these said lords, and evil example to other to begin such riots." These combinations did much to advance the position of the working classes, as unions, with whatever admixture of evil, have done since. How tremendous was their power some four years after those complaints were submitted to the royal ear and measures taken to satisfy them, is illustrated by the eagerness of the King to grant the four points of the charter the assembled mob then demanded of him. The roar of that mob was remembered for many a day. (See Chaucer's *Nonne Prest his Tale.*) Nor were there wanting at the same time those who advocated the claims of those insurgents on the most general grounds, who dealt with the question radically. Ideas fatal to the notion of thraldom were now growing into predominance in France, in Flanders, in England and elsewhere. The Church, however lax its practice, had again and again raised its voice against it. There is nowhere a nobler rebuke of it than that given by Chaucer's *Parson*—"Thilke that thay clepe thralles," he says, in that division of his discourse that treats of Avarice ("an adaptation of some chapters" of Frère Lorens' *Somme des Vices et des Vertus*: see Mr. Morris's *Ayenbite of Inwyt*, Pref. p. ii.), "ben Goddes people; for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; thay ben contubernially with the Lord. Thenk eek as of such seed as cherles springen, of such seed springe lords; as wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. The same

deth that takith the cherl, such death takith the lord. Wherfor I rede do right so with thi cherl as thou woldist thi lord dide with the, if thou were in his plyt. Every sinful man is a cherl as to synne. I rede the certes, thou lord, that thou werke in such a wise with thy cherles that they rather love the than drede the." Such words as these said more perhaps than their utterer intended. Certainly, they enable us to understand how the position of the villain grew to be much more tolerable than its expressed conditions would have led us to expect.

Moreover, the villain's hardships must have been greatly alleviated by that resolute independence which forms so prominent a feature in the native English character. The Englishman would prove but a stiff-necked, obstinate, troublesome slave—his self-willedness would go far to protect him from the worst excesses of the hardest master—his surliness would often serve him for a shield.

This ballad gives us a view of both the private and public life of the churl. We see him as he goes abroad, and we see him in the security of his domestic comfort. He makes no secret of the cause of those fears which make him so chary of his hospitality, which induce him to cut such a sorry figure when out of doors. See v. 103 *et seq.*, v. 199 *et seq.* &c. His personal appearance is described with great care in vv. 52–57, and again in vv. 593–650. He offers his guests the poorest food and liquor at first. (Compare the account of the poor widow's "sclender meel" in the *Nonne Prest his Tale.*) No doubt his fears were well grounded. "Thurgh his cursed synne of avarice," says the Parson whom we have already quoted, "comen these harde lordschipes, thurgh whiche men ben destreyned by talliages, custumes, and cariages more than here duete of resoun is; and elles take thay of here bondemen amercimentes, whiche mighte more resonably ben callid extorciouns than mercymentis. Of whiche mersyments and raunsonyng of bondemen, some lordes stywardes seyn that it

is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it nys his lordes, as thay sayn. But certes thise lordeshipes doon wrong that bireven here bondemen thinges that thay never gave hem." When the abolition of slavery was proposed in the first Parliament that met after Wat Tyler's insurrection, "with one accord," writes Knight (in his *Popular History of England*), "the interested lords of the soil replied that they never would consent to be deprived of the services of their bondmen. But they complained of grievances less inherent in the structure of society—of purveyance; of the rapacity of law officers; of maintainers of suits, who violated right and law as if they were kings in the country; of excessive and useless taxation." "I have no doubt," says Eden, "that the tax-gatherers were extremely partial to the rich and oppressive to the poor; for notwithstanding the above instance of their scrupulous attention to levy the utmost farthing on petty tradesmen [certain instances he has quoted from the valuation of movable property made at Colchester in 1296, see *Rot. Parl.* i. 228], we find that the master and brethren of an hospital, besides their cattle and corn, only accounted for one household utensil, a brass pot, and an Abbot and a Prior paid only for their corn and their live stock. The Rector of St. Peter's seems to have been equally fortunate."

But, on whatever account John de Reeve may make whatever pretence of direful penury, he is in fact a man of wealth. He may say with Horace's miser, "At mihi plaudo ipse domi." He says:

"I go girt in a russet gown,
My hood is of homemade browne,
I wear neither burnet nor green,
And yet I trow I have in store
A thousand pounds and some deal more,
For all ye are prouder and fine.

Therefore I say, as mote I thee,
A bondman it is good to be,
And come of carles kin;

For and I be in tavern set,
To drink as good wine I will not let
As London Edward or his Queen."

The Earl said: "By godes might,
John, thou art a comely knight
And sturdy in every fray."
"A knight!" quoth John, "do away for shame!
I am the King's bondman:
Such waste words do away.

"I know you not in your estate;
I am misnurtured, well I wot;
I will not thereto say nay.
But if any such do me wrong
I will fight with him hand to hand
When I am clad in mine array."

We must now commend this most interesting ballad to our readers.[1]

[1] The Editors have received the following letter from Archdeacon Hale, whom they here beg to thank:

Charterhouse, Dec. 18, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for the opportunity of reading the interesting ballad of "John de Reeve." That he designates himself as the King's bondman, seems to me to imply that he was of villain rank. I think it probable that the king's bondmen, nativi and villains, were proud of their position, as being attached to royalty, and as having the privilege of tenants in ancient demesne, of not being impleaded or distrained except in the king's courts. It would seem from the Act of Richard the Second, of which mention is made in the preface, p. 552, that they made use of this privilege to withdraw their services from the lords of manors in which they were tenants, and that they were in reality leaders of that resistance to the rights of the lords which produced the disturbances of Tyler and Cade. Except *taillage ad voluntatem domini*, none of the services due from the various classes of villains appear to me cruel or unjust, prædial service being the rent paid for the possession of land by the villain class. I am inclined to think that as trade increased in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the tradesmen became possessors of villain land, and that as those lands were accumulated in fewer hands, the prædial service became more difficult to be rendered, as well as more unsuitable to the personal position of the tenant, who might himself be a freeholder, *liber tenens*, and yet possess villain land. John de Reeve had become rich; his name implies that he had come from a family who held office, possibly in a royal manor; the house in which he lived having a hall and a dais, indicates the superior character of his tenement. I may also remark that his abode was in the south-west country, and that, to the best of my recollection, royal manors, and consequently tenants in ancient demesnes, abound in Wilts and Somerset. The description of his house would lead to the idea that he dwelt in the hall of the demesne. He was of the same freeledge (p. 564) as his two neighbours; but it was afterwards (p. 593), that they were made

[The First Part.]

[How John at first avoids the King, and then takes him home.]

GOD : through thy might and thy mercy, — God bless all who love merriment!
all *that* loueth game and glee,
their soules to heauen bringe!
best is mirth of all solace ;
therfore I hope itt betokens grace,
of mirth who hath likinge.

as I heard tell this other yeere, — A Lancashire clerk found
a clarke came out of Lancashire :
a rolle[1] he had reading, — this story
a bourde[2] written therein he ffound,[3]
that some time ffell in England,[4] — of Edward
in Edwards dayes our King.

by East, west, north, and Southe,
all this realme well run[5] hee cowthe,[6]
castle, tower, and towne.

freemen. I shall be very glad if what I have written should seem to throw light upon the condition of John de Reeve.

And I remain,
Yours very faithfully,
W. H. HALE.

Mr. Toulmin Smith, in a communication made to the Editors, is of opinion that the Reeve "was the King's collector of local dues—in other words the Farmer of the taxes. He was in bond to the King (as all collectors still are) to remit truly, and hence, and not as a vassal, his bondsman. The collector would only be afraid of the King because he did not want it known what a capital bargain he had made, lest the price paid by him for his office should be raised." But there is nothing whatever in the ballad to justify this interpretation of the Reeve's fear. Nor are we prepared to acquiesce in the confusion of the terms "bondman" and "bondsman."—H.

[1] rolle.—P. Qu. MS. rolde.—F.
[2] i. e. Jest. Junius.—P.
[3] fonde.—P.
[4] Englonde, qu.—P.
[5] i. e. run over.—P.
[6] couthe, could. So, 'he ne couth,' He could not. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

of *that* name were Kings 3 ;
Longshanks. but Edward with the long shankes was hee,
a Lord of great renowne.

One day, out hawking, the King loses all his
as the *King* rode a hunting vpon a day,
3 ffawcons [1] fflew away ;
he ffollowed wonderous ffast.
thé rode vpon their horsses *that* tyde,
they rode forth on euery side,
the country they out cast ;

followers
ffrom morning vntill eueninge late,
many menn abroad they gate
wandring all alone ;
the night came att the last ;
there was no man *that* wist
what way the King was gone,

except a Bishop and an Earl.
saue a Bishopp & an Erle ffree
that was allwayes the king ffull nye,
& thus then gan they say :

The three lose their way,
" itt is a ffolly, by St. Iohn,
ffor vs thus to ryde alone
soe many a wilsome [2] way;

" a *King* and an Erle to ryde in hast,
a bishopp ffrom his coste [3] to be cast,
ffor hunting sikerlye.[4]

and the weather is very bad.
the whether happned [5] wonderous ill,
all night wee may ryde vnskill,[6]
nott wotting where wee bee."

[1] 3 [of his] fawc[s] Qu.—P.
[2] *wilsome, wilsum.* Desert, solitary, wandering. i. e. Wild : (Scotch) Gloss. to Ramsay's Evergreen, q.d. *wildsome*. Gloss. to G.D.—P.
[3] province, district.—F.
[4] surely, certainly : *sicker*, sur, certain. Johns[n].—P.
[5] happneth, query.—P.
[6] i.e. unskill'd.—P.

then the *King* began to say,
"good Sir Bishopp, I you pray
some comfort, if you may."
as they stoode talking[1] all about, They see a man
they were ware of a carle[2] stout:
"good deene, ffellow!" can[3] they say.

then the Erle was well apayd[4]:
"you be welcome, good ffellow!" hee sayd,
"of ffellowshipp wee pray thee!"
the carle ffull hye on horsse sate,[5] on horseback
his leggs were short and broad,[6]
his stirropps were of tree[7];

a payre of shooes were[8] stiffe & store,[9]
on his heele a rustye spurre, riding away from them.
thus fforwards rydeth hee.
the Bishopp rode after on his palfrey: The Bishop asks him to stop,
"abyde, good ffellow, I thee pray,
and take vs home with thee!"

The carle answered him *that* tyde, [page 358]
"ffrom me thou gett oft noe other guide, but the man won't,
I sweare by sweete St. Iohn[10]!"
then said the Erle ware and wise,
"thou canst litle of gentrise[11]!
say not soe ffor shame!"

[1] *forté* were stalking.—P.
[2] Carle (*ceorl.*) Vir tenuioris atque obscuræ sortis. idem ac *churl* &c. Jun. —P. The shape of the initial *c* in the MS. begins to change here frequently. It is made like an *l* instead of a foreigner's *c*, accented. It might be printed C, but that the old form of the C is retained, as in *Curteouslye*, l. 121.—F.
[3] can, delend.—P. can *is* did.—F.
[4] glad. *lætus*. Jun.—P.
[5] The rhyme requires *rode*.—Dyce.
[6] [some deal] *brade* or *braid*—Lancasshire Dialect.—P
[7] i.e. wood.—P. *treene*, wooden, p. 181, l. 1.—F.
[8] *Forté* The shoes he ware were &c. —P.
[9] *stour*, *sture*, great, thick, ingens crassus, Jun., stiff, strong, robust. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.
[10] Jame, see st. 22ª [l. 132]—P.
[11] *Genterice* is still in use in Scotland, for gentility, honourable birth. See Gloss. to Ramsay's Evergreen.—P.

the carle answered the Erle vnto,
he has nothing to do with courtesy. " with gentlenesse [1] I haue nothing to doe,
I tell thee by my ffay."
the weather was cold & euen roughe [2];
the *King* and the Erle sate and loughe,
the Bishopp did him soe pray.

The King and Earl the *King* said, " soe mote I thee [3]!
hee is a carle, whosoeuer hee be!
I reade [4] wee ryde him neere."
thé sayd [5] with words hend, [6]
beg the man to stop, " ryd saftlye, gentle ffreind,
& bring vs to some harbor."

then to tarry the carle was lothe,
but he still rides on. but rode forth as he was wrothe,
I tell you sickerlye.
The King tells them the king sayd, " by mary bright,
I troe [7] wee shall ryde all this night
in wast vnskillffullye [8];

to pull the man down. " I ffeare wee shall come to no towne;
ryde to the carle and pull him downe
hastilye without delay."
The Bishop asks him to stop. the Bishopp said soone on hye,
" abyde, good ffellow, & take vs with thee!
ffor my loue, I thee pray."

[1] gentrise, qu.—P.
[2] even*ing* rough.—P. pronounced *row*.

þe Amyral bende ys browes *rowe*,
& clepede is consaile.
Kyng Sortyb*r*ant & oþre ynowe
ther come wyþ-oute fayle.

Sir Ferumbras, MS. Ashmole 33, fol. 26.

Thow a Sarsens hed ye bere,
Row, and full of lowsy here.

Skelton, Poems against Garnesche, l. 124. Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 123.—F.

[3] *thee*, i. e. thrive. Lye.—P.
[4] i. e. counsel: *reade* is counsel, consilium. Junius.—P.
[5] sayd [to him].—P.
[6] i.e. kind, *hend*, *hende*, i. e. feat, fine, gentle, *forté*, q.d. handy or handsome. Skinner, ab Isl. henta, i. e. decere. Lye. MS.—P.
[7] trow, confido, opinor. Lye.—P.
[8] without reason. O. N. *skil*, reason. —F.

the Erle said, " by god in heauen !
92 oft men meete att vnsett steuen [1] ;
to quite thee well wee may."
the carle sayd, " by St. Iohn
I am [2] affraye of you eche one,
96 I tell you by my ffay ! "

The Earl says he'll pay him out some day.

The man explains that he is afraid of them.

the carle sayd, " by Marye bright,
I am afrayd of you this night !
I see you rowne [3] and reason,[4]
100 I know [5] you not & itt were day,
I troe you thinke more then you say,
I am affrayd of treason.

" the night is merke,[6] I may not see
104 what kind of men *that* you bee.
but & you will doe one thinge,
swere to doe me not [7] desease,[8]
then wold I ffaine you please,
108 if I cold, with any thinge."

If they'll swear not to hurt him,

he'll help them.

then sayd the Erle with words ffree,
" I pray you, ffellow, come hither to mee,
& to some towne vs bringe ;
112 & after, if wee may thee kenn,
amonge Lords and gentlemen
wee shall requite [9] thy dealinge."

The Earl says, if he will, they'll

reward him among Lords.

" of lords," sayes hee, " speake no more [10] !
116 with them I haue nothing to doe,
nor neuer thinke to haue ;

The man says he'll

[1] i. e. unexpectedly : at a time unappointed. *Steven*, tempus statutum. Jun.—P. See p. 386, note [3], above.—F.
[2] MS. ann.—F.
[3] *rowne*, i. e. whisper.—P.
[4] t. i. talk, as in Shakspere, &c.—Dyce.
[5] *forté* knew.—P.
[6] i. e. dark.—P.
[7] no disease.—P.
[8] prejudice, to make uneasy. see Johnson.—P.
[9] *forté*, quite.—P.
[10] moe.—P. Compare
Aqueyntanse of lordschip wyll y noght,
For, furste or laste, dere hit woll be bowght.—Proverbs from MS. Ii. iii., back of last leaf. Camb. Univ. Lib., in *Reliq. Antiq.*, vol. i. p. 205.—F.

ffor I had rather be brought in bale,
my hood or *that* [1] I wold vayle,[2]
never crouch to Lords. on them to crouch or craue.[3] "

The King asks him who he is. the *King* sayd Curteouslye,
"what manner of man aree yee
att home in your dwellinge?"
The King's bondman, "a husbandman, fforssooth I am,
& the Kings bondman [4];
thereof I haue good Likinge."

"*Sir*, when spake you *with* our King?"
tho' he never spoke to him. "in ffaith, neuer, in all my liuing!
he knoweth not my name;
& I haue my Capull [5] & my crofft [6];
if I speake not *with* the *King* oft,
I care not, by St. Iame!"

[1] or that, i. e. before that.—P.

[2] vail, to let fall; to suffer, to descend, in token of respect. Fr. *avaller le bonet.* Johnson.—P.

[3] Was John, like Chaucer's Reeve, 'a sklendre colericke man'? Among the marks of persons of 'Chollericke complexion' are: 'The sixth is, they be stout stomacked, that is, they can suffer no injuries, by reason of the heate in them. And therefore Avicen sayth, That to take every thing impatiently signifieth heate. The seauenth is, they be liberall to those that honour them,'—as John says in lines 169, 243, he'll give the wanderers all they want, so that they be thankful:—'The fourteenth is, he is wily,'—cp. the first bad supper, below;—'The eleuenth is, he is soone angry, through his hote nature'—as the King's porter experiences, l. 731;—'The thirteenth is, he is bold, for boldnesse commeth of great heat, specially about the heart,'—cp. l. 304;—John's cowardice at first, l. 97, was but prudence, the better part of valour. Also, he must have had a beard. 'The ninth is, a Colericke person is hayry, by reason of the heate that openeth the pores, and moueth the matter of hayres to the skinne. And therefore it is a common saying, *The Colericke man is as hayrie as a Goat.*' On the other hand John must have had a cross of 'the sanguine person' in him, for 'Secondly, the Sanguine person is merry and jocond, that is to say, with merry words he moueth other to laugh, or else he is glad through benignity of the sanguine humour, prouoking a man to gladnesse and jocondity, through cleare and perfect spirits ingendred of bloud. Thirdly, he gladly heareth fables and merry sports, for the same cause. . Fifthly, he gladly drinketh good Wine. Sixthly, he delighteth to feede on good meate, by reason that the sanguine person desireth the most like to his complexion, that is, good Wines and good meates.' *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 169–71.—F.

[4] i. e. Vassall.—P.

[5] capull, i. e. *keyfil*, Welch for a Horse. Lye.—P.

[6] Croft est agellus prope domum rusticum. Lye.—P.

" what is thy name, ffellow, by thy leaue ? " His name is John de Reeve;
" marry," q*uo*th hee, " Iohn de Reeue [1];
I care not who itt heare;
ffor if you come into my inne,[2]
with beeffe & bread you shall beginn he can feed them
soone att your supper[3]; [page 359]

" salt Bacon of a yeere old, with stale bacon and sour ale:
ale *that* is both sower & cold,[4]—
I vse neither braggatt[5] nor beere, — he brews no beer, for
I lett you witt without lett,
I dare eate noe other meate,
I sell my wheate ech yeere." he sells his wheat,

" why doe you, Iohn, sell your wheate? "
" ffor [I] dare[6] not eate *that* I gett. he dare not keep it,
therof I am ffull wrothe;
ffor I loue a draught of good drinke as well though he likes good drink and bread.
as any man *that* doth itt sell,
& alsoe a good wheat loffe.

" ffor he *that* ffirst[7] starueth Iohn de reeue, May all who starve him come to grief!
I pray to god hee may neuer well[8] cheeue,[9]
neither on water nor land,
whether itt be[10] Sherriffe or King
that makes such statuinge,[11]
I outcept[12] neuer a one!

[1] Query, John the Reeve, i.e. Bailiff. Jun. See St. 7, P[t] 3.—P.

[2] *inne*, Sax. est cubiculum, caverna, diversorium domus. Inne, a house, habitation.—P.

[3] suppere.—P.

[4] *Non sit acetosa cervisia, sed bene clara* . . . This text declareth fiue things, by which one may know good Ale and Beere. The first is, that it be not sower, for that hurteth the stomacke. A sower thing (as Avicen saith in many places) hurteth the sinewes. And the stomacke is a member full of sinewes, especially about the brim or mouth. *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 59.—F.

[5] Chauc. *Brakit*, Camb. Br. *bragod*. A sweet drink made of honey & spices, used in Wales, &c. Urry's Gloss.—P.

[6] I dare, Qu.—P.

[7] first, *delend*, Qu.—P.

[8] well, *delend*, Qu.—P.

[9] thrive, qu.—P. Fr. *chevir*, to bring a business to a head, get well through it; from *chef*.—F.

[10] MS. ber.—F.

[11] statuing.—P.

[12] *forté* except.—P. An odd hybrid. *Outtake* is the older word.—F.

" ffor and the *King*s penny were Layd by mine,
I durst as well as hee drinke the [1] wine
till all my good [2] were gone.
He asks where they live. but sithence *that* wee are mett [3] soe meete,
tell mee where is *your* recreate,[4]
you seeme good laddes eche one."

The Earl says, the Erle answered *with* words ffaire,
In the King's house. " in the kings house is our repayre,[5]
if [6] wee bee out of the way."
John promises to lodge them if " this night," q*uo*th Iohn, " you shall not spill;
such harbour I shall bring you till;
I hett [7] itt you to-day.

they are thankful, " soe *that* yee take itt thankeffullye
in gods name & St. Iollye,
I aske noe other pay;
but if they're saucy he'll keep 'em out, & if you be sturdy & stout,
I shall garr [8] you to [9] stand *with*out,
ffor ought *that* you can say.

with the help of his two neighbours, " for I haue 2 neighbors won [10] by mee
of the same ffreeledge [11] *that* am I,
of old band-shipp [12] are wee:
owned by the Bishop of Durham and the Earl of Glo'ster, the Bishopp of Durham this towne [13] oweth,
the Erle of Gloster—who-soe him knoweth—
Lord of the other is hee.

[1] the, delend.—P.
[2] goods, qu.—P.
[3] One stroke too many in the MS.—F.
[4] ? MS. retreate, home.—F.
[5] *repair*, resort, abode, the act of betaking oneself any whither. Johnson.—P.
[6] ? but.—F.
[7] i. e. I promise, assure.—P.
[8] cause.—F.
[9] To, delend. Qu.—P.
[10] i. e. dwell.—P.
[11] *frelege*, freedom, power, privilege: a quo forté corrupt. It is yet used in Sheffield. Ray. Gloss. ad G. Doug. who has render'd *Cui tanta Deo permissa potestas*, Quhat God has to him grantit, sic *frelege*, St. 9, v. 97.—P. A.-Sax. *freólâc* is A free offering, a sacrifice: but *-lac* and *-ledge* have the meaning of state, condition.—F.
[12] à *band*, Vinculu*m*, retinaculum, ligamen, nexus; A.S. *banda*.—P.
[13] Perhaps Tone, viz. the one of his Companions was vassal to the Bishop, vid. p. 66, V. 251 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 159, l. 466 of text].—P.

" wist my neighbors *that* I were thratt,[1]
I vow to god thé wold not lett
ffor to come soone to mee ;
if any wrong were to mee done, who'd fight all afternoon for him.
wee 3 durst ffight a whole afternoone,
I tell you sikerlye."

the *King* sayd, " Iohn, tell vs not this tale ; The King says their clothes are wet,
wee are not ordayned ffor battell,[2]
our weeds are wett and cold ;
heere is no man *that* yee shall greeue.
but helpe vs, Iohn, by yo*u*r leaue, they want a good fire.
with bright a ffeeare[3] and bold."

" Ifaith," sayd Iohn, "*that* you shall want, John says he can't give them that,
ffor ffuell heere is wonderous scant,
as I heere haue yee told.
thou getteth noe other of Iohn de Reeue ;
ffor the kings statutes,[4] whilest I liue, as he is a bondman.
I thinke to vse and hold.

" If thou find in my house payment ffine,[5] If he were to feed them well,
or in my kitchin poultry slaine,
peraduenture thou wold say
that Iohn Reeue his bond hath broken :
I wold not *that* such words weere spoken
in the kings[6] house another day,

[1] A.-S. *þreatian*, to threaten, disquiet, distress.—F.

[2] battayle. Chaue.—P.

[3] with a bright fire &c.—P.

[4] ? referring to William the Conqueror's law that fires and lights were to be put out at the 8 o'clock curfew, and people go to bed. The evening must have been far advanced when John spoke.—F.

[5] I *would* read 'If thou find in my house Pain de main,' fortassè corruptè pro pain de maine, i.e. white bread. So Chaucer, 'White was his face as paine de maine.' Rime of Sir Thopas. Lye. —P. 'Payman, a kind of cheese-cake.' Halliwell. Pyment or Piment was both a special honeyed and spiced wine,—see a recipe in Halliwell,—and also the general name for sweet wines: see *Henderson's Hist.*, p. 283, and *Babees Book*, &c., p. 202. If 'payment' is used here for bread, as in l. 428, part ii. below, then I suppose it means 'spiced bread.'—F.

[6] To the King an :—P.

it might get to some officials' ears, and injure him.

" ffor itt might turne me to great greeffe [1] ;
such proud ladds *that* beare office
wold danger a pore man aye ;
& or I wold pray thee of mercy longe,
yett weere I better [2] to lett thee gange
in twentye twiine devills way.[3] "

thus thé rode to the towne :

John takes the King, Bishop, and Earl to his hall.

Iohn de Reeue lighted downe
beside a comlye hall.[4]
4 men beliue [5] came wight [6] ;
they hasted them ffull swyft
when they heard Iohn call ;
thé served him honestly and able,
And [led [7]] his horsse to the stable, [page 360]
& lett noe terme misfall.

His wife welcomes them.

some went to warne their dame
that Iohn had brought guests home.[8]
shee came to welcome them tyte [9]
in a side [10] kirtle of greene,[11]
her head was dight all by-deene,[12]
the wiffe was of noe pryde ;

her kerchers were all of silke,

Her hair is white.

her hayre as white as any milke,
loue-some of hue [13] and hyde ;

[1] Two letters are marked out after the *g*.—F.

[2] Yt were better.—P.

[3] 'twenty devil way' is the ordinary phrase.—F.

[4] Cp. Chaucer's description of the Reeve's 'wonying fair upon an heth.' *Prol. Cant. T.* l. 609.—F.

[5] *belive*, instantly. Lye.—P.

[6] *wight*, swift, nimble. Johnson; also stout, valiant, clever, active. Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

[7] And [led] his &c.—P.

[8] I would read thus (St. 38)
To welcome *them* that tyde
Shee came in a side Kirtle &c.—P.

[9] brôt [3] guests hame. Qu.—P.

[10] all. or, that tyde.—P. *tyte*, quickly. —F.

[11] i. e. long.—P. A.-S. *sid*, wide.—F.

[12] *bedene*, Scotch, is, immediately. Gloss. to Ramsays Evergreen; a Germ. *bedienen* præstare officium. Gloss. ad G.D.—P. Dutch *by dien*, by this.—F.

[13] ? MS. huid.—F. hue, Qu. See Egar & Grime, pa.—P.

shee was thicke, & some deal broad,
of comlye ffashyon was shee made,
both belly, backe, and side.

She is comely.

then Iohn called his men all,
sayes, "build me a ffire in the hall,
& giue their Capulls meate;
lay before them corne and hay;
ffor my loue rubb of the clay,
ffor they beene weary and wett;

John orders a fire for his guests, and food for their horses.

"lay vnder them straw to the knee,
ffor courtyes [1] comonly wold be Iollye,
and haue but litle to spend."

then hee said, "by St. Iohn,
you are welcome euery one,
if you take itt thankefullye!
curtesye I learned neu[e]r none,
but after mee, ffellowes, I read you gone."
till a chamber they went all 3;

John bids them welcome,

a charcole [2] ffire was burning bright,
candles on chandlours [3] light,
Eche ffreake [4] might other see.
"where are your sords [5]?" quoth Iohn de Reeue.
the Erle said, "Sir, by your leaue,
wee weare none, pardye."

and shows them into a room with a fire and candles.

[1] courtyers.—P.

[2] Charcoal fires were used to avoid the smoke from wood or coal getting into men's eyes, as there were no chimneys. See *Ladye Bessiye*, vol. iii., and cp. *Kinge and Miller*, p. 150, l. 40, above.—F.

[3] chandlours. Fr. *chandelier*, a Candlestick.—P.

[4] freke, man. Jun.—P.

[5] swords.—P.

John asks the Earl who the long-legged fellow is.

then Iohn rowned [1] with the Erle soe ffree:
" what long ffellow is yonder," quoth hee,
" *that* is [2] soe long of lim and lyre [3] ? "
the Erle answered with words small,
" yonder is Peeres pay-ffor-all,
the Queenes Cheefe ffawconer.[4] "

"The Queen's head Falconer."

" ah, ah ! " quoth Iohn, "ffor gods good,
"If I had his gay hood,
where gott hee *that* gay hood,
glitering as gold itt were ?
& I were as proud as hee is like,
there is no man in England ryke [5]
I'd keep no man's hawks.
shold garr me keepe his gleads [6] one yeere.

But who's that next the Falconer ? "

" I pray you, sir, ffor gods werke,
who is yond in yonder serke [7]
that rydeth [8] Peeres soe nye ? "
the Erle answered him againe,
" yonder is a pore chaplaine,
"That's a poor Chaplain,
long aduanced or hee bee;

and I am a Sumpter-man."

" & I my selfe am a sumpter man,[9]
other craft keepe I none,
I say you withouten Misse."
"Gay fellows, and penniless too, I suppose!"
" you are ffresh ffellowes in your appay,[10]
Iolly Ietters [11] in your array,
proud ladds, & I trow penyles."

[1] whispered.—F.
[2] that is, delend.—P.
[3] lim, i.e. limb: lyre, i.e. flesh, quicquid carnosum & nervosum in homine. Lye. Also Lire, is complexion or air of *the* face. Gloss. ad G. D.—P. " Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes her *lyre*." Lyndesay's *Hist. of Squyer Meldrum*.—F.
[4] fawconere.—P.
[5] ryke, A.-Sax. *rice* regnum, imperium. —P.
[6] *gleads*, i.e. Kites.—P.
[7] *serke*, Indusium, a shirt or such garment. Jun.—P.
[8] ? standeth.—F.
[9] *fortè* mon.—P.
[10] ? content, self-satisfaction.—F.
[11] To *jet*, inter alia, signifies to strut, to agitate the body by a proud gait. So the Turky-Cock is said to *jett*, when he bridles &c. See Johnson, from Shakesp. 12th Night. *Jetters* then are strutters &c. See pag. 237 [of MS.; p. 155, l. 178 of text, above].—P.

the K*ing* said, "soe mote I thee,
there is not a penny amongst [1] vs 3
to buy vs bread and fflesh."
"ah, ha!" q*uo*th Iohn, "there is [2] small charge;
ffor courtyes [3] comonlye are att large,
if they goe neuer soe ffresh.

"I goe girt in a russett gowne,
my hood is of homemade browne,
I weare neither burnett [4] nor greene,
& yett I troe I haue in store
a 1000^{li} and some deale more,
ffor all yee are prouder and ffine;

"therfore I say, as mote I thee,[5]
a bondman itt is good [6] [to] bee,[7]
& come of carles kinne;
ffor and I bee in tauerne [8] sett,
to drinke as good wine I will not Lett,
as London [9] Edward or his Queene."

the Erle sayd, "by gods might,
Iohn, thou art a comly knight,
and sturdy in euerye ffray."
"a knight!" q*uo*th Iohn, "doe away, ffor shame!
I am the King's bondman.
Such wast words doe away! [page 361]

"I know you not in y*our* estate;
I am misnurtured, well I wott [10];
I will not therto say nay.

"We haven't a penny to pay for our food," says the King.

"Ah, courtiers generally live on other people;

but though I wear russet,

I've 1000*l.* in store.

It's well to be a bondman,

for I drink as good wine as the King."

"You're a comely knight, John."

"Knight! nonsense!

[1] *annongst* in the MS.—F.
[2] *fortè* that is.—P.
[3] courtyers.—P.
[4] *burnet*, a kind of colour, whether that of the Pimpernel, w*hi*ch is called Burnet, or a dark brown (French *brunette*) stuff worn by Persons of quality. Gloss? ad G. Doug.—P.
[5] St. 49, as mote I thee. Thee,—to thrive. Vid. Jun. & Lye.—P.
[6] *fortè* "as good."—P.
[7] bee, or to bee. Qu.—P.
[8] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[9] fortè delend.—P.
[10] fortè *wate*; G. Doug: *wete*, *weet*. Chauc.—P.

But if any one wrongs me I'll fight him."

but if any such doe me wrong,[1]
I will ffight *with* him hand to hand,[2]
when I am cladd in mine[3] array."

"Have you travelled beyond sea, John?"

the Bishopp sayd, "you seeme sturdye:
trauelled you neu*er* beyond the sea?"

"Not I!

Ihon sayd sharplye "nay!
I know none such strange guise,

But I can hold my own on the road at home,

but att home on my[4] owne wise
I dare hold the hye way;

and have got into trouble by it."

"*&* *that* hath done Iohn Reeue scath,
ffor I haue made such as you wrath
with choppes and chances[5] yare."

"Have you any armour or weapons, John?"

"Iohn de Reeue,[6]" sayd our King,
"hast thou any armouringe,
or any weapon to weare?"

"None but a two-pronged pitchfork,

"I vow, Sir, to god," sayd Iohn thoe,[7]
"but a pikefforke *with* graines 2—
my ffather vsed neuer other[8] speare:—

a rusty sword, and a broad knife,

a rusty sword *that* well will byte,
& a handffull, a thyttille[9] syde
that [10]sharplye will stare,[11]

tho' perhaps I can fight as well as you.

"an acton[12] *&* a habargyon a ffoote side;
& yett p*er*aduenture I durst abyde[13]
as well as thou, Peeres, ffor all thy painted geere."

[1] fortè *wrang*. Dialect. boreal.—P.
[2] *fortè* hond to hond.—P.
[3] ? *mime* in the MS.—F.
[4] *fortè* in my.—P.
[5] Changes, Qu. *yare*, ready. dextrous, ready. —P.
[6] John the Reeve.—P.
[7] thoe, i.e. then.—P.
[8] had no other. Qu.—P.
[9] *thuitel*, a knife. Halliwell. A.-Sax. *þwitan*, to cut off.—F. *thytill*, some weapon, perhaps a Dagger, so named from its being worn upon the thigh, *thigh-till*. *syde* is long; perhaps the verse should be read "And a thytill a handful syde," i.e. a handful long: so a foot side, is a foot long. Vid. Stan. 26, P[t] 3[d].—P. *Syde* is also broad, wide.—F.
[10] will full sharplye share.—P.
[11] share.—P.
[12] Acton, Fr[ench] *Hocqueton*, sagum militare: a kind of armour made of Taffity or leather, quilted thick, and stuck full of thread, fringe, &c. reaching from the neck to the knee, worn under the Habergeon, to save the body from Bruises &c. Skene's exposition of difficil words contain'd in *the* 4 buiks of Regiam Magestatem, 1641 Q[to]—ubi plura.—P.
[13] stand a charge, fight; last out.—F.

quoth Iohn, "I reede wee goe to the hall,
wee 3 ffellowes; & peeres pay=for=all
the proudest before shall fare."

But let's go to supper."

thither they raked[1] anon-wright[2]:
a charcole ffyer burning bright
with manye a strang[3] brand.
the hall was large & some deale wyde,
there bords were[4] couered on euerye syde,
there mirth was comanded.[5]

They go to the Hall, which has a fire in it,

and tables laid.

then the good wiffe sayd with a seemlye cheere,
"your supper is readye there."
"yett watter,[6]" quoth Iohn, "letts see."
by then came Iohn's neighbors 2,
hobkin[7] long and hob alsoe:
the ffirst ffitt here ffind wee.

John's neighbours, Hobkin and Hodgkin, come in.

[1] went.—F.
[2] right.—P.
[3] strong.—P.
[4] *werer* in the MS.—F.
[5] *forté*, at command.—P.
[6] This was for washing hands. See *Babees Book*, p. 5, l. 129, &c.

Whenne that ye se youre lorde to mete shalle goo,
Be redy to fecche him *water* sone.—F.

[7] Hodgkin, vid. infra.—P.

[The Second Part.]

[How John feasts the King, and dances with him.]

John arranges his guests:

2d parte.

Iohn sayd, "for want of a marshall, I will take
the wand:[1]
Peeres ffauconer before shall gange;
begin the dish[2] shall hee.
goe to the bench, thou proud chaplaine,
my wiffe shall sitt thee againe;
thy meate-fellow[3] shall shee bee."
he sett the Erle against the King;
they were ffaine att his bidding.
thus Iohn marshalled his meanye.[4]

his prettiest daughter next the King, the other by the Earl;

Then Iohn sperred[5] where his daughters were:
"the ffairer shall sitt by the ffawconere;
he is the best ffarrand[6] man:
the other shall the Sompter man haue."
the Erle sayd, "soe god me saue!
of curtesye, Iohn, thou can.[7]"

and says that if

"If my selfe," q*uo*th Iohn, "be bound,[8]
yett my daughters beene well ffarrand,
I tell you sickerlye.
Peeres, & thou had wedded Iohn daughter reeue,
there were no man *that* durst thee greeue
neither ffor gold nor ffee.

the King married one,

[1] John *said* as marshal I'll take the wand &c.—P. Compare *The Boke of Curtasye*, Sloane MS. 1486, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc., ed. Furnivall in *Babees Book* &c. E. E. Text Soc. 1868,

Fowre me*n* þer ben þat ȝerdis schall*e* bere,
Porter, marshall*e*, stuarde, vsshere;
The porter schall*e* haue þe lengest wande,
The marshall*e* a schorter schall*e* haue in hande.

l. 352–6; *Babees Book, &c.* p. 309.

In hall*e*, marshall*e* all*e* men schall*e* sett
After here degre, *with*-outen lett.
l. 403–4.—F.

[2] deese, dais.—F.

[3] i.e. Mess-mate.—P.

[4] familia, multitudo. Lye.—P.

[5] i.e. enquired.—P.

[6] *farrand*, perhaps the same as *farrantly*, a word in Staffordshire signifying sufficient, handsome, proper &c. T.P. *farand, farrant*, beseeming, becoming, courteous, handsome. Gloss. to G. Doug[s]. —P.

[7] knowest.—F.

[8] bonde, or bande.—P.

" Sompter man, & thou the other had,[1] and the Earl the other, they'd be made men.
in good ffaith then thou were made
ffor euer in this cuntrye;
then, Peeres,[2] thou might[3] beare the prize.
yett I wold this chaplaine had a benefize, And as for the Bishop,
as mote I[4] thariue[5] or three[6]!

"in this towne a kirke there is; if he, John, were king, he'd give him their parish church.
& I were king, itt shold be his,
he shold haue itt of mee;
yett will I helpe as well as I may."
the *King*, the Erle, the Bishopp, can say, They all 3 promise to reward him.
"Iohn, & wee liue wee shall quitte thee."

when his daughters were come to dease,[7]
" sitt ffarther," q*uo*th Iohn w*i*thouten Leaze,[8]
"ffor there shalbe no more.[9] [page 362]
these strange ffellowes I doe not ken;
p*er*aduenture they may be some[10] gentlemen;
therfore I and my neighbors towe,

" att side end bord wee[11] will bee, John and his two neighbours sit at a side table.
out of the gentles companye[12]:
thinke yee not best soe?
ffor itt was neuer the Law of England[13]
to sett gentles blood w*i*th bound[14];
therfore to supp*er* will wee goe.[15] "

[1] yee—had, Qu.—P.
[2] Tho' Peeres, &c.—P.
[3] mought, mote.—P.
[4] so mote I.—P.
[5] Qu. MS. There is one stroke too few for *thariue*. "Thrive or thee" is the phrase intended.—F.
[6] all three, Qu.—P.
[7] *Deis*, erat altior & eminentior mensa in aula. The high table. See Jun. *Deis*, desk, bench, seat, table. Per metonym. adj., a feast, banquet, or entertainm*e*nt Et per al. meton. to set at deis with one (Lat. *hospitium*) is taken for friendship, alliance, or [cov]enant.—P.
[8] *Lese*, Lying, falsehood, treachery. Urry, Gloss. to Chaucer.—P.
[9] moe.—P.
[10] some *delend*.—P.
[11] At side bord end wee &c. Vid. St. 15. At siden borde we &c. So withouten for without. Shenstone.—P.
[12] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[13] Englonde.—P.
[14] bonde.—P.
[15] wee'll go.—P.

The supper is bean bread, salt bacon, broth, lean beef, sour ale.

by then came in beane bread,[1]
salt Bacon rusted and redd,
& brewice[2] in a blacke dish,
leane salt beefe of a yeere old,
ale *that* was both sower & cold:
this was the ffirst service:

eche one had of that ylke[3] a messe.
the king sayd, "soe haue I blisse,
such service nerest[4] I see."
quoth Iohn, "thou gettest noe other of mee
att this time but this."[5]

"yes, good fellow," the *King* gan say,
"take this service here[6] away,
& better bread vs bringe;
& gett vs some better drinke;
we shall thee requite, as wee thinke,
without any letting."

he'll give him no better, unless they all swear

quoth Iohn, "beshrew the morsell of bread
this night *that* shall come in your head
but thou sweare me one thinge!
swere to me by booke and bell
that thou shalt neuer Iohn Reeue bettell
vnto Edward our kinge."

The King vows he'll never tell him,

quoth the king, "to thee my truth I plight,
he shall nott witt our service[7]
no more then he doth nowe,
neuer while wee 3 liue in land."
"therto," quoth Iohn, "hold vp thy hand,
& then I will thee troe."

[1] Compare the loaves of beans and bran baked for his children by the Ploughman. *Vision*, p. 89, l. 270 ed. Skeat.—F.

[2] Brewice, i.e. Broth, Pottage. Jun.—P. The *ice* stands over *ish* marked out.—F.

[3] ilk, *ipse* that ilk, *idem* that same. Lye.—P.

[4] never, or ne'er.—P.

[5] Forté other [Meate or other Service] Q.th John, at this Time, but this Thou gettest none of me.—P.

[6] MS. herer.—F.

[7] our service witt. Qu.—P.

"loe," *quoth* the king, "my hand is heere!"
"soe is mine!" *quoth* the Erle *with* a merry cheere, and so say the Earl
"thereto I giue god a vowe."
"haue heere my hand!" the Bishopp sayd. and Bishop.
"marry," *quoth* Iohn, "thou may hold thee well apayd,
ffor itt is ffor thy power.[1]

"take this away, thou hobkin[2] long, John orders the bad supper off,
& let vs sitt out of the throng
att a side bords end;
these strange ffellowes thinke vncouthlye
this night att our[3] Cookerye,
such as god hath vs sent.[4]"

by them[5] came in the payment bread, and then has in the good: spiced bread, and good wine.
wine *that* was both white and redd
in siluer cupp[e]s cleare.
"a ha!" *quoth* Iohn,[6] "our supp*er* begins with drinke!
tasste itt, ladds! & looke how[7] yee thinke,[8] He tells them to taste his wine.
ffor my loue, and make good cheere!

"of meate & drinke you shall haue good ffare; There is plenty of it,
& as ffor good wine, wee will not spare,
I goe[9] you to vnderstand.[10]
ffor euerye yeere, I tell thee thoe,[11]
I will haue a tunn or towe and the best that can be got.
of the best *that* may be ffound.[12]

"yee shall see 3 Churles heere
drinke the wine *with* a merry cheere;
I pray you doe you soe;

[1] Forté,
Qu^th^ John yee may be well ap^d^
For it is in my power now.—P.
Power is for *Prowe*, profit, advantage; Fr. *prou*.—F.
[2] Hodgkin, vid. Infra.—P.
[3] of our &c.—P.
[4] God doth us send.—P.
[5] ? MS. then.—F.
[6] Quoth John, &c. (a ha *delend*).—P.
[7] *Forté* tell how &c.—P.
[8] Qu. slink, perhaps thinke.—P.
[9] Qu. give.—P.
[10] understonde.—P.
[11] thee now or true.—P.
[12] fonde.—P.

They'll all sup, and then dance.

& when our supper is all doone,
you and wee will dance soone;
letts see who best can doe."

The Earl says the King can drink no better wine.

the Erle sayd, "by Marry bright,
wheresoeuer the *King* lyeth this night,
he drinketh no better wine
then thou selfe[1] does att this tyde."
"infaith," quoth Iohn, "soe had leeuer[2] I did
then liue ay in woe & payne.[3]

"If I be come of Carles kinne,
part of the good *that* I may winne, [page 3 63]
some therof shall be mine.
he *that* neuer spendeth but alway spareth,
comonlye oft[4] the worsse he ffareth;
others will broake[5] itt ffine.[6]"

Next come the boar's head,

by then came in red wine & ale,
the bores head[7] into the hall,
then sheild[8] with sauces seere[9];

capons,

Capons both baked & rosted,[10]

venison,

woodcockes, venison, without bost,
& dish meeate[11] dight ffull deere.

swans,

swannes they had piping hott,

curlews,

Coneys, curleys,[12] well I wott,

herons, &c.

the crane, the hearne[13] in ffere,[14]

[1] thyself.—P.
[2] i.e. rather: I leever, *legend.*—P.
[3] pine or pyne. Chauc. idem.—P.
[4] oft, *delend.*—P.
[5] to brouke, broke, to brook, bear; To use, enjoy. Urry in Chauc.—P.
[6] fine for finely.—P.
[7] See the Carol, *The boris hede furst*, in Mrs. Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS. No. 10. The carol is printed in *Reliq. Antiq.* vol. ii., *Babees Book* &c. p. 397.—F.
[8] The sword of Bacon is call'd the Shield: and the horny Part of brawn in some places.—P.
[9] *seere*, *sere*, several; many; contract. from *sever*, or *several*. Gloss. ad G. D. —P.
[10] roste.—P.
[11] sweet dishes, &c. Russell says in his *Boke of Nurture*, l. 513–14,
Some maner cury of Cookes crafft sotelly y haue espied,
how þeire dischmetes ar dressid with hony not claryfied.—F.
[12] curlews.—P.
[13] heron. See Russell, in *Babees Book*, p. 143–4. Compare this feast with Russell's *Fest for a Franklen*, B.B. p. 172–3. —F.
[14] i.e. together, along.—P.

pigeons, partrid[g]es, with spicerye, — partridges, tarts &c.
Elkes,[1] fflomes,[2] with ffroterye.[3]
Iohn bade them make good cheere.

the Erle sayd, "soe mote I thee, — The Earl says it's a royal feast;
Iohn, you serue vs royallye!
if yee had dwelled att London,[4]
if king Edward where here,[5] — the King might be pleased with it.
he might be a-payd[6] with this supper,[7]
such ffreindshipp wee haue ffound."

"Nay," sayd Iohn, "by gods grace, — "If he were here, he shouldn't have a scrap," says John.
& Edward wher in[8] this place,
hee shold not touch this tonne.
hee wold be wrath with Iohn, I hope;
thereffore I beshrew[9] the soupe[10]
that shall come in his mouth[11]!"

theratt the *King* laughed & made good cheere.
the Bishopp sayd, "wee fare well heere!"
the Erle sayd as him thought.
they spake lattine amongst them there[12]: — They talk Latin together. John tells them to
"infayth," quoth Iohn, "and yee greeue mee,
ffull deere itt shalbe bought.

"speake English euerye-eche one,[13] — talk English,
or else sitt still, in the devills name!
such talke loue I naught.[14]
Lattine spoken amongst Lewd[15] men,
therin noe reason ffind I can;
ffor ffalshood itt is wrought.

[1] '*Elk*, a wild swan. Northern.' Halliwell. ? *yelk*, some dish of eggs.—F.
[2] ? *flauns*, a kind of cheesecake.—F.
[3] fruterye, fruit collectively taken, *fruiterie* Fr. Johnson.—P. Fritters, I have no doubt. See them in Russell's *Boke of Nurture* (p. 168–70 *Babees Book*) and many other Bills of Fare.—F.
[4] *Forte* As ye at London won'd.—P.
[5] Edward's self were heere.—P.
[6] to appay, to satisfy, to content, hence 'well appaid' is pleased. 'ill appayd' is uneasy (Fr. *appayer*). Johns.—P.
[7] suppere.—P.
[8] MS. wherin.—F. were in.—P.
[9] *beshrew*, verbum male precantis. Jun. —P.
[10] sup, soupe.—P.
[11] That in his Mouth sholde come.—P.
[12] perhaps "three."—P.
[13] everiche one.—P.
[14] not, or hold I naught.—P.
[15] Lewd, i.e. Laymen. Johnson.—P.

he doesn't like whispering,

"row[n]ing,[1] I loue itt[2] neither young nor old;
therefore yee ought not to bee to bold,
neither att Meate nor meale.

it's traitors' work

hee was ffalse *that* rowning began;
theerfore I say to you certaine
I loue itt neuer a deale:

and not to be tolerated by any courteous host.

"that man can [nought] of curtesye
that lets att his meate rowning bee,[3]
I say, soe haue I seile.[4]"

The Earl promises to leave off.

the Erle sayd right againe,
"att your bidding wee will be baine,[5]
wee thinke you say right weele."

Then sweets come in,

by this came vp ffrom the kitchin
sirrupps[6] on plates[7] good and ffine,
wrought in a ffayre array.

and John proposes that they shall be merry

"Sirrah,[8]" sayth Iohn, "sithe wee are mett,
& as good ffellowes together sett,
lett vs be blythe to-day.

and he and his mates shall

"Hodgkin long, & hob of the Lath,[9]
you are counted good ffellowes both,[10]
now is no time to thrine[11];

[1] rowning, they are used promiscously in Chaucr —P.

[2] *in*, qu.; or loved neither.—P.

[3] John is right here. Whispering is strictly forbidden by the old Books of Courtesy, &c.

"Loke þou *rownde* not in no mannys ere."
Babees Book, p. 20, l. 54.

Looke that ye be in rihte stable sylence,
Withe-oute lowde lauhtere or Iangelynge,
Rovnynge, Iapynge or other Insolence.
ib. p. 253, l. 93-5.

Bekenyng, fynguryng, non þou vse,
And pryue *rownyng* loke thou refuse.
Boke of Curtasye, l. 250, Bab. Book, p. 306.

[4] *seil*, Scotch, i.e. prosperity, happiness. Gloss? to Ramsay's Ever-green. à Teut. *selig*. &c., beatus, felix. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

[5] so *bane* in G. Doug. is ready. Æ. 3, v. 96, Antiquam exquirite matrem: 'to seik zour auld moder make ze bane.' perhaps for *bowne*, metri gratia. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

[6] Compare Russell, l. 509, (in *Babees Book &c.*) speaking of cooks:

Some with Sireppis (Sawces), Sewes and soppes.—F.

[7] *fortè* platters.—P.

[8] *Fortè* Sirs.—P. Sirrahs.—Dyce.

[9] Lathe.—P.

[10] baith.—P.

[11] The German *thränen*, to run over, weep, is the only word I can suggest for this, though it could hardly become *thrine*. A.-S. *þringan* is to throng, crowd, press. *Trine*, to hang. Halliwell.—F.

this wine is new come out of ffrance;
516 be god! me list well to dance, dance.
therfore take my hand in thine;

"ffor wee will ffor our guests sake
hop and dance, & Reuell make."
520 the truth ffor to know,
vp he rose, & dranke the wine: John stands up
"wee must haue powder of ginger therein,"
Iohn sayd, as I troe.

524 Iohn bade them stand vp all about,
"& yee shall see the carles stout
dance about the bowle.
Hob of the lathe [1] & Hodgkin long, with Hob and Hodgkin, and they dance
528 in ffayth you dance your mesures wrong!
methinkes *that* I shold know.

"yee dance neither Gallyard [2] nor hawe,[3]
Trace [4] nor true mesure, as I trowe,[5] [page 364]
532 but hopp as yee were woode."
when they began of ffoote to ffayle,
thé tumbled top ouer tayle, till they tumble down.
& M*aster* and M*aster* they yode.

536 fforth they stepped on stones store [6];
Hob of the lathe lay on the fflore,
his brow brast out of blood.
"ah, ha!" Quoth Iohn, "thou makes good game! John laughs at Hob,
540 had thou not ffalled, wee had not laught;
thou gladds vs all, by the rood."

[1] *lathe* est horreum; a Corn-house, a Grange. Jun.—P.

[2] A quick and lively dance introduced into this country about 1541. Halliwell. —F.

[3] *Hay*, Qu. Dance the Hay.—P. A round country dance. Halliwell.—F.

[4] *Trasinge*, ap[d] G. Douglas, is explain'd in y[e] Gloss., 'stepping, walking softly,' from the Fr. *trace*, a step; but it is join'd with dancing in y[e] follow*ing* Passage:
The harpis & gythornis playis attanis,
Upstert Troyanis, & syne Italianis
And gan do doubil brangillis & gambettis
Dansis & roundis *trasing* mony gatis.
—P.

[5] *Fortè*, as I say.—P.

[6] *store*, *stour*, *sture*, ingens, crassus. Lye.—P.

and pulls him up.

Iohn hent[1] vp hobb[2] by the hand,[3]
sayes, "methinkes wee dance our measures wronge,
by him *that* sitteth in throne."

They begin to play at kicks,

then they began to kicke & wince,[4]
Iohn hitt the king ouer the shinnes
with a payre of new clowted shoone.

and the King has a merry night.

sith K*ing* Edward was mad a knight,
had he neuer soe merry a night
as he had with Iohn de Reeue.[5]
to bed thé busked them anon,
their liueryes[6] were serued them vp soone
with a merry cheere;

Next morning

& thus[7] they sleeped till morning att prine[8]
in ffull good sheetes of Line.

they hear Mass,

a masse[9] he garred them to haue,
& after they dight them to dine

breakfast,

with boyled capons good & ffine.
the Duke sayd,[10] "soe god me saue,

promise John a reward,

if euer wee come to our abone,[11]
we shall thee quitt our Barrison[12];
thou shalt not need itt[13] to craue."

[1] i.e. held. Lye.—P.
[2] The first *b* is made over a *p* in the MS.—F.
[3] hond or wrang.—P.
[4] *Winche*, to kick. Halliwell.—F.
[5] the Reeve, *or* John Reeve there.—P.
[6] Allowances of meat and drink &c. '*Lyueray* he hase of mete and drynke.' *Boke of Curtasye*, l. 371, *Babees Book*, p. 310. Bouge of Court it is called in *Household Ordinances*, t. Edw. IV.—F.
[7] there.—P.
[8] prime sic legerit. Lye. D. *fortè* morn^{e} prime, or morn at prime.—P.
[9] perhaps *Mess*.—P. Mass was heard by all in the morning.—F.
[10] The Erle *said*.—P.
[11] *Fortasse* Wone.—P. *Abofe* is abode, dwelling (Halliwell); *abone*, above.—F.
[12] Warrison [gift, reward] see P^{t} 3rd St. 40.—P.
[13] *it* delend.—P.

[The Third Part.]

[How the King invites John to court, and rewards him.]

the king tooke leaue att man & mayde [1];
564 Iohn sett him in the rode way;
to windsor can hee [2] ryde.

and take their leave.

Then all the court was ffull faine
that the king was comen againe,
568 & thanked chr[i]st *that* tyde.

King Edward is welcomed at Windsor.

3d parte

the Ierfawcons were taken againe
in the fforrest of windsor without laine,[3]
the Lords did soe *pro*vyde,
572 they thanked god & St Iollye.
to tell the Queene of their harbor [4]
the lords had ffull great pryde.

They tell the Queen about John de Reeve,

The Queene sayd, "*Sir*, by yo*ur* leaue,
576 I pray you send ffor *that* Noble Reeue,
that I may see him *with* sight."

and she asks the King to send for him.

the Messenger was made to wend,
& bidd Iohn Reeue goe to the King
580 hastilye *with* all his might.

A messenger tells John to come to the King.

Iohn waxed vnfaine [5] in bone & blood,
saith, "dame, to me this is noe good,
my truth to you I plight."
584 "you must come in yo*ur* best array."
"what too," sayd Iohn, "*Sir*, I thee pray?"
"thou must be made a Knight."

He is put out at first,

[1] may.—Dyce.
[2] gan he &c.—P. *Can* means did.—F.
[3] MS. laime.—F. Vid. Stanz. 45.—P.
[4] *forte* harborye, or harberye.—P. lodging.—F.
[5] displeased, literally 'unglad.'—P.

thinks his late guests

"a knight," sayd Iohn, "by Marry myld,
I know right well I am beguiled
with the guests I harbord late.
to debate they will me bring;
yett cast [1] I mee ffor nothinge
noe sorrow ffor to take;

have got him into a scrape;

"but never mind,

wife, fetch my armour,

"Allice, ffeitch mee downe my side Acton,
my round pallett [2] to my crowne,
is made of Millayne [3] plate,
a pitch-fforke and a sword.[4]"
shee sayd shee was affrayd [5]
this deede wold make debate.

pitchfork, and sword."

Allice ffeitched downe his Acton syde;
hee tooke itt ffor no litle pryde,
yett must hee itt weare.
the Scaberd was rent withouten doubt,
a large handfull the bleade [6] hanged out:
Iohn the REEUE sayd there,

The scabbard is torn.

John calls for leather and a nail to mend it,

"gett lether & a nayle," Iohn can say,
"lett me sow itt [7] a chape to-day,
Lest men scorne my geere. [page 365]
Now," sayd Iohn, "will I see
[w]hether [8] itt will out lightlye
or [9] I meane itt to weare."

and tries to pull the blade out.

Iohn pulled ffast att the blade:
(I wold hee had kist my arse *that* itt made!)
he cold not gett itt out.

[1] to cast, to calculate, to reckon, compute. Item, to contrive, to turn the thoughts. Johnson.—P.

[2] Pallat, in G. Doug: is used for *caput*. Scot. bor. *pallet* or *pallat* is the crown of the Head or Skull. Gloss. ad G. Doug: Hence it sho*u*ld signify here an Helmet or Skull-cap.—P.

[3] See note [2], vol. i. p. 68.—F.

[4] *forte* sweard.—P.

[5] affear'd.—P.

[6] blade.—P.

[7] *Fortè* sow in. in, qy.—P. *Chape*; the hook of a scabbard; the metal part at the top. Halliwell.—F.

[8] whether.—P.

[9] or, i.e. before.—P.

Allice held, & Iohn draughe,[1] — His wife holds, he pulls,
either att other ffast loughe,[2]
I doe yee out of doubt.

Iohn pulled att the scaberd soe hard, — and he falls back against a post.
againe a post he ran backward
& gaue his head a rowte.[3]
his wiffe did laughe when he did ffall, — His wife and men laugh at him.
& soe did his [4] meanye all
that were there neere about.

Iohn sent after his neighbors both,[5] — He sends for Hodgkin and Hob,
Hodgkine long & hobb of the lath.[6]
they were beene[7] att his biddinge.
3 pottles of wine [8] in a dishe — to drink and take leave of him.
they supped itt [9] all off, as I wis,
all there att their p*ar*tinge.

Iohn sayd, " & I had my buckler,[10] — Then he calls for his
theres nothing *that* shold me dare,
I tell you all in ffere.[11]
ffeitch me downe," q*uo*th he, " my gloues ; — gloves,
they came but [12] on my [13] hands but once
this 22 [14] yeere.

" ffeitch mee my Capull," sayd hee there. — his horse,
his saddle was of a new manner,[15]
his stirropps were of a tree.[16]
" dame," he sayd, " ffeitch me wine ; — and more wine.
I will drinke to thee [17] once againe,
I troe I shall neuer thee see.

[1] drowghe, Chauc[r], i.e. drew.—P.
[2] lough, or lowghe, i.e. laughed. Chauc[r] —P.
[3] Great or violent stir. Devon. Hall! —F.
[4] *his* in the MS.—F.
[5] baith. —P.
[6] Lathe.—P.
[7] Qu. bowne, bane, bayne, Vid. P[t] 2. St. 29 [t.i. 28 of MS., l. 504 above].—P.
[8] MS. wime.—F.
[9] *itt*, delend, censeo.—P.
[10] bucklere.—P.
[11] in fere, together, intire, wholly. Gloss. ad G.D.—P.
[12] delend. Qu.—P.
[13] came upon my.—P.
[14] two & twentye.—P.
[15] mannere.—P.
[16] of tree.—P. wood.—F.
[17] An upright stroke, which may be for 1, stands between *thee* and *once*.—F.

He, Hodgkin, and Hob

"Hodgkin long, & hob of the lathe,
tarry & drinke with me bothe,[1]
ffor my cares are ffast commaunde.[2]"

drink five gallons;

they dranke 5 gallons verament:
"ffarwell ffellowes all present,
ffor I am readye to gange!"

Iohn was soe combred in his geere
hee cold not gett vpon his mare
till hodgkinn heaue vp[3] behind.

and Hodgkin heaves him on to his mare.

"Now ffarwell, Sir, by the roode!"
to neither Knight nor Barron good
his hatt he wold not vayle
till[4] he came to the Kings gate:
the Porter wold not lett him in theratt,
nor come within the walle,

When he gets to Windsor Castle, the porter won't let him in,

till a Knight came walking out.
they sayd, "yonder standeth a carle stout
in a rusticall arraye."
on him they all wondred wright,[5]
& said he was an vnseemelye wight,
& thus to him they[6] gan say:

"hayle, ffellow! where wast thou borne?
thee beseemeth ffull well to weare a horne!
where had thou *that* ffaire geere?
I troe a man might seeke ffull long,
one like to thee ar *that* hee ffound,[7]
tho he sought all this yeere."

and the servants chaff him.

[1] bathe or baith.—P.
[2] i.e. are coming fast. *comand*, idem ac coming.—P.
[3] hove up.—P.
[4] when. Qu.—P.
[5] right.—P.
[6] they *delend*.—P.
[7] fonde.—P. ? ffong, got hold of.—Dyce.

668 Iohn bade them kisse the devills arse[1]: — John says
"ffor you my geare is much the worsse[2]!
you will itt not amend,
by my ffaith, *that* can I lead!
672 vpon[3] the head I shall you shread — he'll crack their crowns if they don't go.
but if you hence wende!

"the devill him speede vpon his crowne — The devil take the fellow who brought him there!
that causeth[4] me to come to this towne,
676 whether he weare Iacke or Iill!
what shold such men as I doe heere
att the kings Manner[5]?
I might haue beene att home still."

680 as Iohn stoode fflyting[6] ffast, — Then John sees his guest, the Earl,
he saw one of his guests come at the last;
to him he spake ffull bold,
to him he ffast ffull rode,[7]
684 he vayled neither hatt nor hood;
sayth, "thou hast me betold! [page 366] — and reproaches him with having told of him.

"full well I wott by this light
that thou hast disdainde mee right;
688 ffor wrat[h] I waxe neere wood!"
The Erle sayd, "by Marry bright, — The Earl says he won't be hurt,
Iohn, thou made vs a merry night;
thou shalt haue nothing but good."

692 the Erle tooke leaue att Iohn Reue,
sayd, "thou shalt come in without greefe;
I pray thee tarry a while."

[1] Erse, Chauc.—P.
[2] werse, Chauc.—P.
[3] MS. vpan *or* vpom.—F.
[4] *Forte* caused.—P.
[5] Mannere.—P. Dwelling, mansion. —F.
[6] To flyte, i.e. to chide, is still in use in Scotland. Gloss. to Ramsay's Evergreen. *flyt*, to scold, chide. A.-S. *flitan*, contendere, rixari. Gloss. ad G. Doug. —P.
[7] full faste rode.—P.

and goes to tell the King that John is at the gate.

the Erle into the hall went,
& told the *King* verament
that[1] Iohn Reeue was att the gate;
"to no man list hee lout.
a rusty sword gird[2] him about,
& a long ffawchyon, I wott.[3]"

King Edward orders John to be brought in to table.

the *King* said, "goe wee to meate,
& bringe him when[4] wee are sett;
our dame shall haue a play."

The Earl describes John's armour,

"he hath 10 arrowes in a thonge,
some are short & some are long,
the sooth as I shold say;

"a rusty sallett[5] vpon his crowne,
his hood were made home browne[6];
there may nothing him dare;

his knife,

a thytill hee hath ffast in his hand
that hangeth in a peake band,[7]
& sharplye itt will share.

"he hath a pouch hanging ffull wyde,
a rusty Buckeler on the other syde,

gloves,

his mittons[8] are of blacke clothe.
who-soe to him sayth ought but good,
[9][I swear it to you by the rood,]

and temper.

ffull soone hee wilbe wrothe."

John tells the porter to let him in.

then Iohn sayd, "Porter, lett mee in!
some of my goods thou shalt win;
I loue not ffor to pray."

[1] That *delend.*—P.
[2] girdeth.—P.
[3] weet. Item. wate, wat, i.e. know, knew, wot. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.
[4] him in, when.—P.
[5] Aliter *salad*, a Gallic. *Salade*, a Head-piece. *Celada*, or *Zelada*, Spanish. Lye. vid. St. 6, Pt. 3d [l. 594 above].—P.
[6] of homespun brown: or rather, was of homemade brow[n]. See Pt. 1, St. 48 [l. 284 above].—P.
[7] See the Picture of Chaucer.—P.
[8] Cp. Twey mitteynes as meter. *Piers Plowman's Crede.*—F.
[9] A line wanting.—P.

the Porter sayd, "stand abacke ! The porter says he'll give him a rap.
& thou come neere I shall thee rappe,
724 thou carle, by my ffay ! "

Iohn tooke his fforke [1] in his hand, On which John charges him with his pitchfork,
he bare his fforke on an End,
he thought to make a ffray ;
728 his Capull was wight,[2] & corne ffedd ;
vpon the Porter hee him spedd, nearly kills him,
and him had welnye slaine.[3]

he hitt the Porter vpon the crowne,
732 with *that* stroke hee ffell downe,
fforsooth as I you tell ;
& then hee rode into the hall, and then rides into the King's hall,
& all the doggs both great & small [4]
736 on Iohn ffast can thé yell.[5]

Iohn layd about as hee were wood,
& 4 hee killed as hee stood ; killing four of his dogs on the way.
the rest will now be ware.
740 then came fforth a squier hend,
& sayd, "Iohn, I am thy ffreind, One squire asks him to dismount ;
I pray you light downe heere."

another sayd, "giue me thy fforke," another, to give up his fork ;
744 & Iohn sayd, "nay, by S^t^ W*illia*m of Yorke,[6]
ffirst I will cracke thy crowne ! "

[1] forke. Perhaps *stocke*, which is used by Gaw*ai*n Doug*l*as for a dagger, rapier, Æn. 7, 669, "veruque sabello" being render'd "with stokkis sabellyne." ab Ital. *stoico*, ensis longior. Gloss. ad G. D. *Stock*, caudex, Truncus. Jun. It signifies also the handle of anything. Johnson. A staff or long Pole.—P. John's tool is of course his two-grained pitchfork that he describes in line 319, and asks for in line 596 above.—F.

[2] Vid. Pt. 1, St. 36.—P.

[3] did well-nye slay.—P.

[4] Dogs had possession of the whole of the houses in Early English days. See the directions for turning them out of the lord's bedroom in Russell, the Sloane MS. Boke of Curtasye, &c. in *Babees Book*, p. 182, l. 969 ; p. 283, l. 93, p. 69.—F.

[5] gan to yell.—P.

[6] ? what saint.—F.

a third, his sword

another sayd, "lay downe thy sword [1];
sett vp thy horsse; be not affeard;
thy bow, good Iohn, lay downe;

"I shall hold your stirroppe;
and helmet. doe of your pallett & your hoode
ere thé ffall, as I troe.

He must be very stupid not to see in whose presence he is.

yee see not who sitteth att the meate;
yee are a wonderous silly ffreake,
& alsoe passing sloe [2]!"

"What the devil's that to you?" says John. "I shall wear my sword."

"what devill," sayd Iohn, "is *that* ffor thee [3]?
itt is my owne, soe mote I thee!
therfore I will itt weare."

The Queen asks who he *can* be.

the Queene beheld him in hast:
"my lord,[4]" shee sayd, "ffor gods ffast,
who is yonder *that* doth ryde?
such a ffellow saw I neuer yore [5]!
shee saith, "hee hath the quaintest geere,
he is but simple of pryde." [page 367]

John rides on,

right soe came Iohn as hee were wood;
he vayled neither hatt nor hood,
he was a ffaley [6] ffreake;

with his pitchfork at the charge,

he tooke his fforke as hee wold Iust;
vp to the dease [7] ffast he itt thrust.
the Queene ffor ffeare did speake,

and frightens the Queen.

& sayd, "lords, beware, ffor gods grace!
ffor hee [8] will ffrowte [9] some in the fface
if yee take not good heede!"

[1] swerde.—P.
[2] slow.—P.
[3] y^e^ deuill . . is that to thee.—P.
[4] my Lords. Qu.—P.
[5] yore, jamdudum, jam olim. Jun. perhaps here.—P.
[6] perhaps *stately*.—P. ? *Ferley*, wonderful.—F.
[7] Dease, or Deis. See P^t^ 2^d^ S^t^ 6.—P.
[8] MS. thee.—F.
[9] Perhaps from Fr. *froter*, in the sense of to bang or beat (*battre, frapper*), or in its original sense to rub. To *frote* is in use in this sense in Shropshire.—T. P.

thé laughed without doubt,
& soe did all *that* were about,
to see Iohn on his steede.

The rest laugh.

then sayd Iohn to our Queene,
"thou mayst be proud, dame, as I weene,
to haue such a ffawconer [1] !
ffor he is a well ffarrand man,
& much good manner [2] hee can,
I tell you sooth in ffere.
[3] [.]
"but, lord," hee sayd, "my good, its thine;
my body alsoe, ffor to pine,
ffor thou art king with crowne.
but, lord, thy word is hono*rable*,
both stedffast, sure, and stable,
& alsoe [4] great of renowne!

John tells the Queen she may be proud of her falconer.

He's a fine-looking man.

[Then finding that it's King Edward I.,] to whom his goods and body belong,

"therfore haue mind [5] what thou me hight
when thou with me [harbord [6]] a night,
a warryson [7] *that* I shold haue."
Iohn spoke to him with sturdye mood,
hee vayled neither hatt nor hood,
but stood with him checkmate.[8]

he reminds him of the pledge he made the night he lodged with him.

the King sayd, "fellow mine,
ffor thy capons hott, & good red wine,
much thankes I doe giue thee."
the Queene sayd, "by Mary bright,
award him as his [9] right;
well aduanced lett him bee!"

Edward thanks him for his capons and wine,

[1] fawconere.—P.
[2] manners.—P.
[3] Some lines wanting here, contain*ing* the discovery of the King's rank. Some lines seem wanting here.—P.
[4] also *delend*.—P.
[5] *nind* in the MS.—F.
[6] me [passedst] a.—P.
[7] *warison*, reward. Scottish. See Gloss. to Ramsay's Ever-green.—P.
[8] Qu. Cheek-mate: *mate* is companion, *Socius, sodalis*, q.d. cheek by Jole. This passage may also be explain'd from the Term in chess; checkmate being when the king is hem'd in by some inferiour Piece; so that he cannot stir.—T. P.
[9] fortè *as is*, or *as it is*.—P.

the K*ing* sayd vntill him then,
" Iohn, I make thee a gentleman;
thy manner place [1] I thee giue,
& a 100li to thee and thine,[2]
& euery yeere a tunn of red wine
soe long as thou dost liue."

makes him a gentleman, gives him his house and 100*l.* a year.

but then Iohn began to kneele:
" I thanke you, my Lord, as I haue soule,[3]
therof I am well payd.[4] "
thee K*ing* tooke a coller bright,
& sayd, " Iohn, heere I make thee a knight
w*i*th worshippe." when hee sayd,

John kneels and thanks the King,

who then puts a collar on him, and knights him.

then was Iohn euill apayd,[5]
& amongst them all thus hee sayd,
" ffull oft I haue heard tell
that after a coller comes a rope;
I shall be hanged by the throate;
methinkes itt doth not well."

John fears that

a rope will follow the collar, and doesn't like it.

[6] " sith thou hast taken this estate,
that euery man may itt wott,[7]
thou must begin the bord."
then Iohn therof was nothing ffaine—
I tell you truth w*i*th-outen laine,[8]—
he spake neuer a word,

But they tell him he must sit in the chief place.

but att the bords end he sate him downe;
ffor hee had leeuer beene att home
then att all[9] their ffrankish[10] ffare;

He does so, wishing himself at home.

[1] *place* delend.—P. dwelling place.—F.
[2] *and thime* in the MS.—F.
[3] sele or seil.—P.
[4] fortè apayd, i.e. content.—P.
[5] i.e. sad, *tristis.* (See Jun[s]) uneasy.—P.
[6] something is wanting here.—P.
[7] wate, or weet.—P.
[8] *lean*, celare, occultare, ab. Isl. *leina*, *launa*, occultare. Lye.—P.
[9] *All* is redundant.—P.
[10] frank, *liber*, *liberalis.* Jun.—P.

ffor there was wine, well I wott;
828 royall meates of the best sortes
were sett before him there.

a gallon of wine was put in a dishe; — He drinks off a gallon of wine,
Iohn supped itt of, both more & lesse.
832 "ffeitch," *Quoth* the *King*, "such more.[1]"
"by my Lady,[2]" *Quoth* Iohn, "this is good wine!
lett vs make merry, ffor now itt is time; — and wants to make merry.
Christs curse on him *that* doth itt spare[3]!"

836 *with that* came in the Porter[4] hend — The porter comes in
& kneeled downe before the King,
was all[5] berunnen[6] *with* blood. — all over blood.
then the *King* in hart was woe,
840 sayes, "Porter, who hath dight thee soe? — "Who did this?" says the King.
tell on; I wax neere wood."

"Now infaith," sayd Iohn, "*that* same was I, — "I," says John, "to teach him manners.
for to teach him some curtesye,
844 [7] ffor thou hast taught him noe good. [page 368]
for when thou came to my pore place, — When you came to me, if anyone had told you to
with mee thou found soe great a grace,
[8] noe man did bidd thee stand *with*out;

848 "ffor if any man had against thee spoken, — stop outside, I'd have broken his head.
his head ffull soone I shold haue broken,"
Iohn sayd, "*with*-outen doubt.
therfore I warne thy porters ffree, — Your porters mustn't be so saucy next time."
852 when any man [comes] out of my[9] Countrye,
another[10] [time] lett them not be soe stout.

[1] mare or mair.—P.
[2] *forté* our Lady.—P.
[3] on them that spare.—P.
[4] MS. Porters.—F.
[5] One was all &c.—P.
[6] MS. berumen.—F.
[7] For none thou hast him taught. Qu. —P.
[8] None bade thee stand *with*out.—P.
[9] Any come out, or comes from my &c.—P.
[10] *delend* another.—P.

" if both thy porters goe walling [1] wood,
begod I shall reaue [2] their hood,
or goe on ffoote boote.
but thou, Lord, hast after me sent,
& I am come att thy commandement
hastilye withouten doubt."

The King acknowledges that his porter was in fault,

the King sayd, " by St. Iame !
Iohn, my porters were to blame;
yee did nothing but right."
he tooke the case into his hand;

but makes John kiss him

then to kisse [3] hee made them gange;
then laughed both *King* and Knight.

and be friends.

" I pray you," q*uo*th the *King*, " good ffellows bee."
" yes," q*uo*th Iohn, " soe mote I thee,
we were not wrathe [4] ore night."

The Bishop promises to put John's two sons to school,

then they [5] Bishopp sayd to him thoe,
" Iohn, send hither thy sonnes 2;
to the schoole [6] I shall them ffind,
& soe god may for them werke,
that either of them haue a kirke
if ffortune be their ffreind.

and says the King will find his daughters good husbands.

" also send hither thye daughters both [7];
2 marryages the *King* will garr them to haue,[8]
& wedd them *with* a ringe.

[1] walling, i.e. boiling, fervent; S. *wellan*. Lye.—P.

[2] reave, i.e. bereave (like as reft is for bereft) to take away by stealth or violence. Johnson. (used rather for *rive*, i.e. cleave.)—P.

[3] Cp. Chaucer's making the Host and Pardoner kiss. *Cant. Tales*, end of The Pardoneres Tale:

' And ye, sir host, that ben to me so deere,
I pray yow that ye kisse the pardoner;
And pardoner, I pray you draweth yow ner,
And as we dede, let us laugh and playe.'
Anon thay kisse, and riden forth her waye.

v. iii., p. 105, l. 502–6, ed. Morris.—F.

[4] wrothe.—P.

[5] the.—P.

[6] *Forte* At schoole.—P.

[7] baith.—P.

[8] gar them have.—P.

went[1] fforth, Iohn, on thy way,
looke thou be kind & curteous aye,
of meate & drinke be neu[e]r nithing.[2]"

then Iohn tooke leaue of K*ing* & Queene,[3] — John takes leave of the Court.
& after att all the court by-deene,
& went fforth on his way.
he sent his daughters to the K*ing*, — The King marries his daughters to two squires;
& they were weded w*i*th a ringe
vnto 2 squiers gay.

his sonnes both hardye & wight, — knights
the one of them was made a K*nigh*t, — one of his sons,
& fresh in euery ffray;
the other a p*a*rson of a kirke, — gives the other a living,
gods seruice ffor to worke,
to god serue[4] night & day.

thus Iohn Reeue and his wiffe
w*i*th mirth & Iolty[5] ledden their liffe;
to god they made Laudinge.
Hodgikin long & hobb[6] of the lathe, — and makes Hodgkin and Hob
they were made ffreemen bothe[7] — freemen.
through the grace of the K*ing* hend.[8]

then thought [John][9] on the Bishopps word, — John de Reeve
& euer after kept open bord — keeps open house
ffor guests *that* god him send;
till death ffeitcht him away — till he die s.
to the blisse *that* lasteth aye:
& thus Iohn Reeue made an end.

[1] wend.—P.
[2] Nithing, *nequam*, naught, It. a dastard poltron: here it seems to mean niggardly.—P. A.-S. *niðing*, a wicked man, an outlaw,—Bosworth,—later, a niggard.—F.
[3] Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.
[4] to serve God.—P.
[5] Jollity.—P.
[6] A stroke like a *t* follows in the MS. —F.
[7] baith.—P.
[8] Perhaps hend King.—P.
[9] thought [he].—P.

thus endeth the tale of Reeue soe wight.[1]

God save all who have heard this story!

god *that* is soe ffull of might,
to heauen their soules bring
that haue heard this litle story,
that liued[2] sometimes in the south-west countrye
in long[3] Edwards dayes our K*ing*.

ffns.

[1] See Page 210 [of MS.] top of y^e^ Page (fell some time, &c.).—P.

[2] Forte *happned*.—P.

[3] long-[shanks] or without *long*.—P.

Appendix.

I.

Agincourt Ballads.

(See p. 159, Nos. 3 and 4.)

1. Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory.

A spirited black-letter ballad, of early date, the only existing copy of which was, however, "printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield," not long anterior to the Civil Wars; it bears for title "Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory," purporting to have been sung "to a pleasant new tune." *Collier's Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where English slue and hurt
All their French foemen?
With our pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat downe,
Shot by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Kill'd the French like tame sparrows,
Slaine by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where we won field and fort?
French fled like wo-men
By land, and eke by water;
Never was seene such slaughter,
Made by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
English of every sort,
 High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories tell us,
 Thanks to our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Either tale, or report,
 Quickly will show men
What can be done by courage,
Men without food or forage,
 Still lusty bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where such a fight was fought,
 As, when they grow men,
Our boys shall imitate;
Nor need we long to waite;
 They'll be good bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where our fifth Harry taught
 Frenchmen to know men:
And when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
 Good English bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Huzza for Agincourt!
When that day is forgot
 There will be no men.
It was a day of glory,
And till our heads are hoary
 Praise we our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
When our best hopes were nought,

Tenfold our foemen.
Harry led his men to battle,
Slue the French like sheep and cattle:
Huzza! our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
O, it was noble sport!
Then did we owe men;
Men, who a victory won us
'Gainst any odds among us:
Such were our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Dear was the victory bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French:
Rare English bowmen![1]

2. King Henry V. his Conquest of France In Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King; In sending him (instead of the Tribute) a Ton of Tennis Balls.

(From the copy in Chetham's Library, Manchester, obligingly transcribed by Mr. Jones, the Librarian. Dr. Rimbault has a copy of this ballad "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard." He says that traditional versions of it also appeared in the Rev. J. C. Tyler's *Henry of Monmouth*, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 197, and in Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, printed by the Percy Society in 1846. *Notes and Queries*, No. 23, Jan. 25, 1851, vol. iii. p. 51, col. 1.)

As our King lay musing on his bed,
He bethought himself upon a time,
Of a tribute that was due from France,
Had not been paid for so long a time.
Fal, lal, &c.

[1] In the original it is "Rare English *women*," but probably a mistake for "bowmen," the printer having been misled by the word "wench" above. All the other stanzas end with "bowmen."—J. P. Collier.

He called for his lovely page,
 His lovely page then called he;
Saying, you must go to the King of France,
 To the King of France, sir, ride speedily.
O then went away this lovely page,
 This lovely page then away went he;
Low he came to the King of France,
 And when fell down on his bended knee.
My master greets you, worthy sir,
 Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
That you will send him his tribute home,
 Or in French land you soon will him see.
 Fal, lal, &c.

Your master's young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into my degree:
And I will send him three Tennis-Balls,
 That with them he may learn to play.

O then returned this lovely page,
 This lovely page then returned he,
And when he came to our gracious King,
 Low he fell down on his bended knee.
What news? what news? my trusty page,
 What is the news you have brought to me?
I have brought such news from the King of France,
 That he and you will ne'er agree.
He says, you're young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into his degree;
And he will send you three Tennis-Balls,
 That with them you may learn to play.
Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire
 And Derby Hills that are so free:
No marry'd man or widow's son,
 For no widow's curse shall go with me.
They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
 And Derby Hills that are so free:
No marry'd man, nor no widow's son,
 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we march'd into the French land,
 With drums and trumpets so merrily;
And then bespoke the King of France,
 Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,
They kill'd our Englishmen so free.
We kill'd ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they run away.
And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrily;
O then bespoke the King of France,
The Lord have mercy on my men and me,
O I will send him his tribute home,
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
And the finest flower that is in all France
To the Rose of England I will give free.

II.

King Estmere.

(See p. 200, note 1.)

We give here reprints of this ballad as it appeared in the 1st and 4th editions of the *Reliques*, putting in italics all the words changed in spelling or position, or for other words, in the two editions, so as to make Percy's acknowledged changes apparent. His unacknowledged ones we must leave to the critical power of our readers to ascertain.

First Edition, 1765.	Fourth Edition, 1794.
Hearken to me, gentlemen, Come and you shall heare; Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren, That ever *born* y-were.	Hearken to me, gentlemen, Come and you shall heare; Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren [1] That ever *borne* y-were.
The tone of them was Adler *yonge*, The tother was kyng Estmere; The were as bolde men in their *deedes*, As any were farr and neare.	The tone of them was Adler *younge*, The tother was kyng Estmere; The were as bolde men in their *deeds*, As any were farr and neare.
As they were drinking ale and wine Within kyng Estmeres halle: *Whan* will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr, A wyfe to *gladd* us all?	As they were drinking ale and wine Within kyng Estmeres halle [2]: *When* will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr, A wyfe to *glad* us all?
Then bespake him kyng Estmere, And answered him hastilee: I knowe not that ladye in any *lande*, *That is* able [4] to *marry* with mee.	Then bespake him kyng Estmere, And answered him hastilee [3]: I know not that ladye in any *land* *That's* able [4] to *marrye* with mee.
Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother, Men call her bright and sheene; If I were kyng here in your stead, That ladye *sholde* be quecne.	Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother, Men call her bright and sheene; If I were kyng here in your stead, That ladye *shold* be my queene.

Ver. 3. brether. fol. MS.
Ver. 10. his brother's hall. fol. MS.

[3] Ver. 14. hartilye. fol. MS.
[4] He means fit, suitable.

First Edition, 1765.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout *merrye* Engländ,
Where we might find a messenger
Betweene us *two* to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothér,
Ile beare you *companèe*;
Many throughe fals messengers are *deceivde*,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht *steedes*,
And when *they* came to *kyng* Adlands halle,
Of *red golde* shone their *weedes*.

And *whan* the came to kyng Adlands *halle*
Before the goodlye *yate*,
Ther they found good kyng Adländ
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Adländ;
Nowe Christ *thee* save and see.
Sayd, you be welcome, *kyng* Estmere,
Right hartilye *unto* mee.

You have a daughter, *sayd* Adler *yonge*,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to *bee* queene.

Yesterdaye was *at* my *deare* daughtèr
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then *shee* nicked him of naye,
I *feare* sheele doe *youe* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter *deare*
Before I goe hence awaye.

Fourth Edition, 1794.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout *merry* Engländ,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us *towe* to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you *companye*;
Many throughe fals messengers are [1] *deceived*,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht *steeds*,
And when *the* came to *king* Adlands halle,
Of *redd gold* shone their *weeds*.

And *when* the came to kyng Adlands *hall*
Before the goodlye *gate*,
There they found good kyng Adländ
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Adländ;
Now Christ *you* save and see.
Sayd, You be welcome, *king* Estmere,
Right hartilye *to* mee.

You have a daughter, *said* Adler *younge*,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to *be* queene.

Yesterday was *att* my *deere* daughtèr
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne; [2]
And then *she* nicked him of naye,
And I *doubt* sheele *do you* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth [3] on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter *deere*
Before I goe hence awaye.

[1] Ver. 27. Many a man . . . is. fol. MS. [2] Ver. 46. The king his sonne of Spayn. fol. MS. [3] Misprinted 'leeve thou.

First Edition, 1765.

Althoughe itt is seven *yeare* and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
Shee shall come *downe once* for your sake
To glad my guestès *all.*

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes *lacede* in pall,
And halfe a *hondred* of *bolde* knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And *eke* as *mauye* gentle *squieres,*
To *waite* upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye *rynge* on her *smalle* fingèr,
Shone of the chrystall free.

Sayes, Christ you save, my *deare madàme*;
Sayes, Christ you save and see.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And *iff* you love me, as you saye,
So well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt *may* bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of *that foule paynim*
Wee neede not stande in *doubte.*

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plyght* his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

Fourth Edition, 1794.

Although itt is seven *yeers* and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come *once downe* for your sake
To glad my guestès *alle.*

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes *laced* in pall,
And halfe a *hundred* of *bold* knightes,
To bring her [from] bowre to hall;
And as *many* gentle *squiers,*
To *tend* upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye *ring* on her *small* fingèr,
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, God you save, my *deere madàm*;
Saies, God you save and see."
Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And, *if* you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt *shal* bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of *the king of Spaine*[1]
Wee neede not stande in *doubt.*

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plight* his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

[1] Ver. 89. of the King his sonne of Spaine. fol. MS.

FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many *a* one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a *grimme* barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Then shee sent after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either *returne* and fighte,
Or goe home and *lose* his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another *whyle* he ranne;
Till he had oretaken *kyng* Estmere
I-wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, *tydinges*, kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *myle*,
A *myle* out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a *grimme* barone,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and *lose* your ladyè.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, *deare* brothèr,
My reade shall ryde [1] at thee,
Whiche waye we best may turne and fighte,
To save this fayre ladyè.

FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a *bold* barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent *one* after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either *turne againe* and fighte,
Or goe home and *loose* his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another *while* he ranne;
Till he had oretaken *king* Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, *tydings*, kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O, tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *mile*,
A *mile* out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a *bold* barone.
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and *loose* your ladyè.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, *deere* brothèr,
My reade shall ryde [2] at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

[1] *Sic.* [2] *Sic* MS. It should probably be "ryse," i.e. my counsel shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.

First Edition, 1765.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise [1] at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,[3]
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

There *groweth* an hearbe within this fielde,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
Itt will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north *countrèe*;
And Ile be your *boye*, so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you *shall* be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I *will* be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this *land*.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in *gramaryè*,
That we towe are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On *towe* good renish steedes;
And *whan* they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe *theratt*.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr:
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

Fourth Edition, 1794.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise [2] at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,[3]
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

There *growes* an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north *countrye*;
And Ile be your *boy*, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you *shal* be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I *wil* be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this *lande*.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in *grammaryè*,
That we towe are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On *tow* good renish steedes;
And *whan* they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe *thereatt*.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

[1] *Sic.* [2] *Sic* MS. [3] See at the end of this ballad, Note *** [not reprinted here.—F.]

First Edition, 1765.

We been harpers, sayd Adler *yonge*,
Come out of the northe *countrèe*;
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he *light off* his steede
Up att the fayre hall *board*;
The *frothe*, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light *on* kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, Stable *thou* steede, thou proud harpèr,
Goe stable him in the stalle;
Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My *ladd* he is so lither, he *sayd*,
He will *do* nought that's meete;
And *aye that I cold but find the man*,
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud *wordes*, *sayd* the *Paynim kyng*,
Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy *lad* and thee.

O *lett* that man come downe, he *sayd*,
A sight of him *wolde* I see;
And *whan* hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

Fourth Edition, 1794.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler *younge*,
Come out of the northe *countrye*;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he *stabled* his steede
Soe fayre att the hall *bord*;
The *froth*, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light *in* kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable *thy* steed, thou proud harpèr,
Saies, Stable him in the stalle;
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.[1]

My *ladde* he is so lither, he *said*,
He will *doe* nought that's meete;
And *is there any man in this hall*
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud *words*, *sayes* the *king of Spaine*,
Thou harper here to mee:
There is a man within this halle,
Will beate thy *ladd* and thee.

O *let* that man come downe, he *said*,
A sight of him *wold* I see;
And *when* hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

[1] Ver. 202. To stable his steede. fol. MS.

First Edition, 1765.

And how nowe, kempe, *sayd* the kyng of *Spayne*,
And how what aileth thee?
He *sayes*, *Itt* is *written* in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere *then pulled* forth his harpe,
And *playd theron so sweete*:
Upstarte the ladye from the *kynge*,
As hee sate at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
Now stay thy harpe, I say;
For *an* thou *playest* as thou *beginnest*,
Thou'lt till my *bride awaye.*

He *strucke* upon his harpe *agayne*,
And playd *both fayre and free*;
The ladye *was so pleasde theratt*,
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, *sayd the kyng of Spayne*,
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As *there be stryngs thereon.*

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell *it ye*?
To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together *we* bee.

Now sell me, *syr kyng*, thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts *laced in pall*,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As *there be rings in the hall.*

And what wold ye doe with my bryde *so* gay,
Iff I did sell her *yee*?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee *than* thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
"Noe harper but a kyng.

Fourth Edition, 1794.

And how nowe, kempe, *said* the kyng of *Spaine*,
And how what aileth thee?
He *saies*, *It* is *writt* in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere *pulld* forth his harpe,
And *plaid a pretty thinge*:
The ladye upstart from the *borde*,
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For Gods love I pray thee
For *and* thou *playes* as thou *beginns*,
Thou'lt till[1] my *bryde from mee.*

He *stroake* upon his harpe *againe*,
And playd *a pretty thinge*;
The ladye *lough a loud laughter*,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, sell me thy harpe, *thou proud harper*,
And thy stringès all,
For as many gold nobles, 'thou shalt have'
As *heere bee ringes in the hall.*

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he sayd,'
If I did sell *itt yee*?
"To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,[2]
When abed together *wee* bee."

Now sell me, *quoth hee*, thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts *by thy knee*,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As *leaves been on a tree.*

And what wold ye doe with my bryde *soe* gay,
Iff I did sell her *thee*?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee *then* thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,[3]
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
"Noe harper, but a kyng.

[1] *i.e.* Entice. *Vid.* Gloss.
[2] *i.e.* a tune, or strain of music. See Gloss.
[3] Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

First Edition, 1765.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
" As playnlye thou mayest see;
" And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
" Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye *louked*, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath *sir Bremor* slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *byte*,
Throughe help of gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his *wyfe*,
And brought her home to *merrye* England
With her to leade his *lyfe*.

Fourth Edition, 1794.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
" As playnlye thou mayest see;
" And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
" Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye *looked*, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,[1]
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath *the Sowdan* slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *fyte*,
Throughe help of Gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his *wiffe*,
And brought her home to *merry* England
With her to leade his *life*.

[1] These lines must be Percy's own.—F.

III.

Beginning of Guy and Phillis, *p.* 201.

Percy says in his *Reliques*, iii. 105, 1st ed., that his text of "The Legend of Sir Guy" is "Printed from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection." As he tore the beginning of it out of his Folio, I applied to the Librarian of Magdalene to correct by the Pepys copy a transcript of the first twenty-two stanzas of Percy's text; but as I could not give a reference to the volume and page where the ballad is, and the Librarian's catalogue is not yet complete, he has not sent me the collation. I am therefore obliged to print the beginning of the "inferior copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 193" (Child).

SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

WAS ever knight, for ladys sake,
So toss'd in love, as I, Sir Guy,
For Phillis fair, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?
She gave me leave myself to try
The valiant knight with shield and spear,
Ere that her love she would grant me;
Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,
In deeds of arms the doughty knight,
That every day in England was,
With sword and spear in field to fight;
An English man I was by birth,
In faith of Christ a Christian true;
The wicked laws of infidels
I sought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years, and odd
After our saviour Christ his birth,
When king Athèlstan wore the crown,
I lived here upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwick earl,
And, as I said, on very truth,
A ladys love did me constrain
To seek strange ventures in my youth:

To try my fame by feats of arms,
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved, for her sake,
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.
For first I sail'd to Normandy,
And there I stoutly won in fight,
The emperours daughter of Almain,
From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,
To help the emperour to his right,
Against the mighty soldans host
Of puissant Persians for to fight:
Where I did slay of Saracens
And heathen pagans, many a man,
And slew the soldans cousin dear,
Who had to name, doughty Colbrón.

Ezkeldered, that famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue,
And Almain, king of Tyre, also,
Most terrible too in fight to view:
I went into the soldans host,
Being thither on ambassage sent,
And brought away his head with me,
I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
Which I also myself did slay,
As he a lion did pursue,
Most fiercely met me by the way.
From thence I pass'd the seas of Greece,
And came to Pavy land aright,
Where I the duke of Pavy kill'd,
His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
Towards fair Phillis, lady bright;
For love of whom I travel'd far,
To try my manhood and my might.
But when I had espoused her,
I stay'd with her but forty days,
But there I left this lady fair,
And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take,
Unto that blessed holy land,
For Jesus Christ my saviours sake:
Where I earl Jonas did redeem,
And all his sons, which were fifteen,
Who with the cruel Saracen,
In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,
In battle fiercely hand to hand:
And doughty Barknard killed I,
The mighty duke of that same land.
Then I to England came again,
And here with Colbron fell I fought,
An ugly giant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
And slew him dead right valiantly;
Where I the land did then redeem
From Danish tribute utterly;
And afterwards I offered up
The use of weapons solemnly,
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor-forest, &c.

Ritson. *A Select Collection of English Songs*, vol. ii. p. 296–299. Part IV., *Ancient Ballads.*

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